

Frontispiece.



EDMUND WALLER Esq.

Frontispiece.



EDMUND WALLER Esq.

THE
WORKS

OF

Edmund Waller, Esq; *K*

IN

VERSE *and* PROSE.

PUBLISHED

By Mr. *FENTON*.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand.

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WORKS

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PUBLISHED

By Mr. FENTON



Printed for J. in the Strand.

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Dedication.



Opus marmor M. RYDBRAKE Londini



TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
THE
LADY Margaret Cavendishe Harley.

LET others boast the nine AONIAN
maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet-resound-
ing shades;
Where P H O E B U S heard the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the Laurels learn the lofty verse.
In vain! Nor P H O E B U S, nor the boasted NINE,
Inflame the raptur'd Soul with rays divine;
None but the Fair infuse the sacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

DEDICATION.

When WALLER, kindling with cœlestial rage,
View'd the bright HARLEY of that wond'ring age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The GRACES sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possess'd,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast:
But, fir'd to fame by SIDNEY's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureat realm he urg'd his toil.
His MUSE, by nature form'd to please the Fair,
Or sing of Heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender Pow'rs of love:
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than JUNO grac'd with CYTHEREA's zone.

As Angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light:
The florid, and sublime, the grave, and gay,
From WALLER's beams imbibe a purer ray:
Illumin'd thence in equal Lays to bound
Their copious sense, and harmonise the sound;
With varied Notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
Maker, and model, of melodious verse!
Accept these votive-honors at thy herse.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
Infuse thy Genius, and my fancy raise!

DEDICATION.

So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To ORPHEUS pay the song his Shade inspires.

In WALLER's fame, O fairest HARLEY! view
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to YOU.
To YOU what deathless charms are thence decreed,
In SACHARISSA's fate vouchsafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of with'ring TIME,
Her beauties flourish in Ambrosial prime:
Still kindling rapture, see! she moves in state;
Gods, Nymphs, and Heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight,
In purest minds may stain the virgin-white:
How bright, and chaste, the Poet and his Theme!
So CYNTHIA shines on ARETHUSA's stream.
A fainted VIRTUE to the spheres may sing
Those strains, that ravish'd here the Martyr-King.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,
To FAME whate'er was due he gave to FAME;
And, what he could not praise, forgot to name:
Thus EDEN's rose without a thorn display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.

Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd:
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,

DEDICATION.

The swains in green retreats, with flourrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound :
Fancy persu'd the paths where beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs sigh'd ;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd Fair
Breath'd in a flow'r, or sparkled in a star.
Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flow'rs
Where SPRING resides in soft ELYSIAN bow'rs ;
While these the bow'rs adorn, and they the sphere,
Will SACHARISSA's charms in song appear.
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name
Must take a dimmer interval of fame ;
When YOU to full meridian lustre rise,
With MORTON's shape, and GLORIANA's eyes ;
With CARLISLE's wit, her gesture, and her mien ;
And, like seraphic RICH, with zeal serene :
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd !
That Angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd MORN awakes the MAY,
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow !
The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow :
Her TITIAN tints the PAINTER-Nymph resumes ;
The canvas warm with roseate beauty blooms :

In-

DEDICATION

Inspir'd with life by SCULPTURE's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and softens with your smile:
Proud to receive the form, by fate design'd
The fairest model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the MUSE's heav'nly voice!
The waving woods, and echoing vales rejoice:
Attend, ye gales! to MARGARETA's praise;
And all ye list'ning LOVES record the Lays!
So, PHILOMELA charms th' IDALIAN grove,
When VENUS, in the glowing Orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
The first, the brightest, of the starry train.

What fav'rite Youth assign the Fates to rise,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's Garter'd shield sustains
Trophies, achiev'd on GALLIA's viny plains:
Or, smiling PEACE a mingled wreath displays,
The Patriot's olive, and the Poet's bays:
Adorn, ye Fates! the fav'rite Youth assign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind:
In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good:
His breast the guardian Ark of heav'n-born law,
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd;
Not fear'd, but honor'd; and with love obey'd.

DEDICATION.

In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wise, brave, and studious to support the State.
With candor, firm ; without ambition, bold ;
No deed discolor'd with the guilt of gold.
That Heav'n may judge the choicest blessings due ;
And give the various Good compris'd in You.

E. FENTON.



THE



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OF THE
Danger His MAJESTY
(being PRINCE)

Escaped in the Road at SAINT ANDERO.



OW had his HIGHNESS bid farewell to
SPAIN,
And reach'd the sphere of his own pow'r,
the Main;

With BRITISH bounty in his ship he feasts
th' HESPERIAN Princes, his amazed guests,
To find that wat'ry wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great MADRID.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons echo'd from th'affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
DACCUS the seed of cloud-compelling JOVE:
While to his harp divine ARION sings
The loves, and conquests, of our ALBION Kings.

Of the fourth EDWARD was his noble song,
Of force, goodly, valiant, beautiful and young:

B

He

2 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

He rent the crown from vanquish'd HENRY's head;
 Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:
 'Till LOVE, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
 Brought MARS and WARWICK to the conquer'd side:
 Neglected WARWICK (whose bold hand, like Fate,
 Gives and resumes the sceptre of our State)
 Woos for his Master; and, with double shame,
 Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
 The Lady BONA; whom just anger burns,
 And foreign war with civil rage returns.
 Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
 Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same;
 When FRANCE shall boast of her, whose conqu'ring eyes
 Have made the best of ENGLISH hearts their prize;
 Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,
 And change again the counsels of our State.

What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
 To him that feels the secret wound is known.

With the sweet sound of this harmonious Lay,
 About the keel delighted dolphins play;
 Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
 Which must anon this Royal troop engage:
 To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
 Within the town commanded by our fleet.

These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
 Proud with the burden of so brave a charge;
 With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
 NEPTUNE's smooth face, and cleave the yielding Deep:
 Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
 Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
 As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
 Their force at foot-ball, care of victory

Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;
They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
Toft to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds;
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold BRITONS still securely row'd;
CHARLES and his virtue was their sacred load:
Than which a greater pledge heav'n could not give,
That the good boat this tempest should out-live.

But storms increase! and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the PRINCE's face;
The rest resign their courage, skill, and fight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle vessel, (wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver THAMES to ride,)
Wanders astonish'd in the angry Main,
As TITAN's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his * advent'rous son,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire;
Waves threaten now, as that was scar'd by fire.
Th' impatient sea grows impotent and raves,
That, night assisting, his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
Th' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side:
So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.
The pale IBERIANS had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care;

* Phaeton.

B 2

To

4 POEMS upon several Occasions.

To see the PRINCE with danger mov'd no more,
 Than with the pleasures of their Court before:
 God-like his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
 Could soften, nor the face of Death affright:
 Next to the pow'r of making tempests cease,
 Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.
 Great MARO cou'd no greater tempest feign,
 When the loud winds usurping on the Main
 For angry JUNO, labor'd to destroy
 The hated reliques of confounded TROY:
 His bold ÆNEAS, on like billows tost
 In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
 Dissolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
 Proclaims them happy whom the GREEKS had quell'd
 In honorable fight: our Hero set
 In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
 So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
 Than ever PRIAM, when he flourish'd, wore;
 His loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
 His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
 That argues fear: if any thought annoys
 The Gallant Youth, 'tis love's untasted joys;
 And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
 For which he lately pawn'd his heart in FRANCE;
 Where he had seen a brighter Nymph, than *she
 That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
 That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
 The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
 Nor angry THETIS, raise her waves above
 Th' heroic PRINCE's courage, or his love:
 'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
 The shrine shou'd perish, where that image dwelt.

* Venus.

Ah

POEMS upon several Occasions. 5

Ah LOVE forbid ! the noblest of thy train
Should not survive to let her know his pain :
Who nor his peril minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
Among the bright Nymphs of the GALLICK Court ;
All highly born, obsequious to her sport :
They roses seem, which in their early pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide :
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so :
Like bright AURORA, whose refulgent ray
Foretels the fervor of ensuing day ;
And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafie shadows, from the threaten'd heat.

From CUPID's string of many shafts that fled,
Wing'd with those plumes which noble FAME had shed,
As through the wond'ring world she flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold ;
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
But LOVE's first summons seldom are obey'd :
Light was the wound, the PRINCE's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of JASON, THESEUS, and such Worthies old,
As with the story best resemblance hold.
And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
What old MUSEUS so divinely sung :
Which art with life and love did so inspire,
That she discerns, and favours that desire,
Which there provokes th'advent'rous youth to swim,
And in LEANDER's danger pities him ;

6 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
 To frame his story like that amorous GREEK's.
 For from the stern of some good Ship appears
 A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
 New courage from reviving hope they take,
 And climbing o'er the Waves, that taper make;
 On which the hope of all their lives depends,
 As his on that fair HERO's hand extends.
 The ship at anchor, like a fixed Rock,
 Breaks the proud billows which her large sides knock;
 Whose rage restrained, foaming higher swells,
 And from her port the weary barge repels,
 Threatning to make her, forced out again,
 Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.
 Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
 Wou'd not be moved for our sister States:
 For ENGLAND is the third successful throw,
 And then the Genius of that land they know:
 Whose PRINCE must be (as their own books devise)
 Lord of the scene, where now his danger lies.
 Well sung the ROMAN bard; "all human things
 "Of dearest value hang on slender strings."
 O see the then sole hope, and in design
 Of Heav'n our joy, supported by a line!
 Which for that instant was Heav'n's care above,
 The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
 On which the fabric of our world depends;
 One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.



*Of his MAJESTY's receiving the News of
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Death.*

SO earnest with thy God! Can no new care,
No sense of danger interrupt thy pray'r?
The sacred wrestler, till a blessing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers heav'n:
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stop'd,
When from the body such a limb was lop'd,
As to thy present state was no less maim;
Tho' thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
Bold HOMER durst not so great virtue feign
In his *best pattern: of PATROCLUS slain,
With such amazement as weak mothers use,
And frantic gesture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by Royal HECTOR's lance:
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.

† The famous painter cou'd allow no place
For private sorrow, in a Prince's face:
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
'Twas want of such a precedent as this,
Made the old heathen frame their Gods amiss.
Their PHOEBUS shou'd not act a sonder part
For the ‡ fair boy, than he did for his hart:
Nor blame for HYACINTHUS' fate his own,
That kept from him wish'd death, had't thou been known.

B 4

He

* Achilles.

† Timanthes.

‡ Cyparissus.

8 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

He that with thine shall weigh good DAVID's deeds,
 Shall find his passion, nor his love, exceeds:
 He curst the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
 But let false ZIBA with his heir divide:
 Where thy immortal love to thy blest friends,
 Like that of Heav'n, upon their seed descends.
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
 God-like, unmov'd; and yet like woman, kind!
 Which of the antient Poets had not brought
 Our CHARLES's pedigree from heav'n; and taught
 How some bright dame, compress'd by mighty Jove,
 Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

To the KING on His NAVY.

WHERE-E'ER thy Navy spreads her canvas wings,
 Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings:
 The FRENCH, and SPANIARD, when thy Flags appear,
 Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
 So JOVE from IDA did both hosts survey,
 And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.
 Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
 The mightiest still upon the smallest fed:
 Thou on the Deep imposest nobler laws;
 And by that justice hast remov'd the cause
 Of those rude tempests, which for rapine sent,
 Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
 Now shall the Ocean, as thy THAMES, be free
 From both those fates, of storms, and piracy.
 But we most happy, who can fear no force
 But winged troops, or PEGASEAN horse:

POEMS upon several Occasions.

'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another nation; as to touch our soil.
Should Nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid Main,
Thy pow'r were safe; and her destructive hand
Wou'd but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful Fleet would style thee Lord of all,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned Ball:
Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.

The world's restorer once cou'd not indure,
That finish'd BABEL shou'd those men secure,
Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood
Above the reach of any second flood:
To thee his chosen more indulgent, He
Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety:

On the taking of SALLE.

OF JASON, THESEUS, and such Worthies old,
Light seem the tales antiquity has told:
Such beasts, and monsters, as their force oppress,
Some places only, and some times, infest:
SALLE that scorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threatening with a rude,
And savage-race, successively renew'd:
Their King despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profess'd to all the world beside:
This pest of mankind gives our Hero fame;
And thro' th' obliged world dilates his name.

10 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

The Prophet once to cruel AGAG said,
 As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
 So shall the sword make thine: and with that word
 He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword.
 Just CHARLES like measure has return'd to these,
 Whose pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas:
 With ships, they made the spoiled merchant mourn;
 With ships, their city and themselves are torn.
 One squadron of our winged castles sent
 O'er-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
 For not content the dangers to increase,
 And act the part of tempests in the seas;
 Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
 Whole flocks of sheep, and ravish'd cattle bore.
 Safely they might on other nations prey;
 Fools to provoke the Sov'reign of the sea!
 Mad CACUS so, whom like ill fate persuades,
 The herd of fair ALCMENA's seed invades;
 Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
 Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.

MOROCCO's Monarch, wondring at this fact,
 Save that his presence his affairs exact,
 Had come in person, to have seen and known
 The injur'd world's revenger, and his own.
 Hither he sends the chief among his Peers,
 Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears,
 To the renown'd for piety and force,
 Poor captives manumis'd, and matchless horse.



Upon

Upon his MAJESTY's repairing of St. PAUL's.

THAT shipwreck'd vessel which th' Apostle bore,
 Scarce suffer'd more upon MELITA's shore,
 Than did his Temple in the sea of time;
 Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
 When the *first Monarch of this happy Isle,
 Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,
 This work of cost and piety begun,
 To be accomplish'd by his Glorious Son:
 Who all that came within the ample thought
 Of his wise Sire, has to perfection brought.
 He, like AMPHION, makes those quarries leap
 Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
 For in his art of regiment is found
 A pow'r, like that of harmony in sound.

Those antique minstrels sure were CHARLES-like Kings,
 Cities their lutes, and subjects hearts their strings;
 On which with so divine a hand they strook,
 Consent of motion from their breath they took:
 So, all our minds with his conspire to grace
 The Gentiles' great Apostle; and deface
 Those state-obscuring sheds, that like a chain
 Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
 Which the glad Saint shakes off at his command,
 As once the viper from his sacred hand.
 So joys the aged oak, when we divide
 The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.

Ambition rather would affect the fame
 Of some new structure, to have born her name:

Two

* K. James I.

12 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty, and greatness of his mind:
Which not content to be above the rage,
And injury, of all-impairing age;
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half-swallow'd, from the jaws of time-
Reduce: an earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new Church, but the old refine:
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace command,
More than by force of argument, or hand.
For, doubtful reason few can apprehend;
And war brings ruin, where it shou'd amend:
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sov'reignty in rudest minds.

Not ought which SHEBA'S wond'ring Queen beheld:
Amongst the works of SOLOMON, excell'd
His ships, and buildings; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity, and art.

While the propitious heav'n's this work attend,
Long-wanted showers they forget to send:
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance, than our vital food:

The sun, which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty cou'd so far extend:
The KING built all; but CHARLES, the western end;
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heav'n!

LAOMEDON that had the Gods in pay,
NEPTUNE, with him * that rules the sacred day,
Cou'd no such structure raise: TROY wall'd so high,
Th' ATRIDES might as well have forc'd the sky.

* Apollo.

Glad,

POEMS upon several Occasions. 13

Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings,
To see such pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy, than build.

* * * *Sic gratia Regum*

Pieris tentata modis. * * *

HORAT.

To the QUEEN, occasion'd upon sight of
Her MAJESTY'S Picture.

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble sight
Presents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of Royal splendor hides from weaker eyes:
And all access, save by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory: here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image seeming to give leave,
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen;
And by our Muse saluted, Mighty QUEEN:
In whom th' extremes of pow'r and beauty move,
The QUEEN of BRITAIN, and the QUEEN of love!

As the bright sun (to which we owe no light
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,
T'extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,
As your high Majesty with awful fear
In human breasts might qualifie that fire,
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher,

Than

14 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

Than when the scorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.

No other nymphs have title to mens hearts,
But as their meanness larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves;
With admiration ! for a pitch so high
(Save sacred CHARLES his) never love durst fly.
Heav'n that prefer'd a sceptre to your hand,
Favor'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a QUEEN.
All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,
Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
No pow'r atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals LOVE's empire, both in heav'n and earth:
Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself have thrown
As bright, and fierce a lightning, as his own:
Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his swift passage to th' HESPERIAN Dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To some intended spoil, a fairer prey;
The Royal Youth pursuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the GALLIC Court:
There public care with private passion, fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confess his greatness, and his love,
And the free faith of your *Great Brother prove;
With his † ACHATES, breaking through the cloud
Of that disguise which did their Graces throud;

* Lewis XIII. K. of France. † D. of Buckingham.

And mixing with those Gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies, and outshine them all?
Or on his journey o'er the mountains side?—
So, when the fair LEUCOTHOE he espy'd,
To check his steeds impatient PHOEBUS earn'd;
Though all the world was in his course concern'd:
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so?
Not so divine a flame, since deathless Gods
Forbore to visit the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breast did burn;
Nor shall, 'till piety and they return.

Of the QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field:
But if (the promise of a cloudless Day)
AURORA smiling bids her rise, and play;
Then strait she shews, 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rd's heav'n, as if from heav'n her note she fetch'd:

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;
But since the light, which now informs our age,
Breaks from the Court, indulgent to her rage;
Thither my Muse, like bold PROMETHEUS, flies,
To light her torch at GLORIANA's eyes.

Those sov'reign beams, which heal the wounded soul,
And all our cares, but once beheld, controul!

There

16 POEMS upon several Occasions.

There the poor lover, that has long undrud;
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cur'd;
Fares like the man, who first upon the ground
A glow-worm spy'd; supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone:
He held it dear, 'till by the springing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lop'd limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High heav'n, and these expostulations use.

- " Could nature then no private woman grace,
- " Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
- " Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
- " Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
- " Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
- " What envious Pow'r has plac'd this glorious light?"

Thus, in a starry night, fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky;
Which, tho' they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compassion, to mankind:
To whom while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face:
For mercy has, cou'd mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious QUEEN.
Such guard, and comfort, the distressed find
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind;
That whom ill fate wou'd ruin, it prefers,
For all the miserable are made hers.

So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,
 Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds, shields:
 The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
 But shade, and shelter, to the flock allows.

Joy of our age, and safety of the next!
 For which so oft thy fertile womb is vex:
 Nobly contented, for the public good,
 To waste thy spirits, and diffuse thy blood:
 What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
 Where Monarchs, thus descended, are to reign?
 Led by commanders of so fair a line,
 Our seas no longer shall our pow'r confine.

A brave romance who wou'd exactly frame,
 First brings his knight from some immortal dame:
 And then a weapon, and a flaming shield,
 Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield:
 None might the mother of ACHILLES be,
 But the * fair pearl, and glory of the sea:
 The man † to whom great MARG gives such fame,
 From the high bed of heav'nly VENUS came:
 And our next CHARLES, whom all the stars design
 Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

The APOLOGY of SLEEP,

*For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing
 but sleep when she pleaseth.*

MY charge it is those breaches to repair,
 Which nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care:
 Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
 On troubled minds: but nought can add to her,

* *Thetis.*

† *Aeneas.*

Whom

18 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Whom heav'n, and her transcendent thoughts, have plac'd
Above those ills, which wretched mortals taste.

Bright as the deathless Gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free :
LOVE at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What dream can I present to recompense?

Shou'd I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command :
Or place her in OLYMPUS' top, a guest
Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feast :
That pow'r wou'd seem, that entertainment, short
Of the true splendor of her present Court;
Where all the joys, and all the glories are,
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapors made,
Ascending do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To over-cast her ever-shining mind :
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,
Where flowing NILUS want of rain supplies;
That chrystal heav'n, where PHOEBUS never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what so hard which Numbers cannot force?
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course :
The bold * MÆONIAN made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful temples, in the dew of sleep.
And since the Muses do invoke my pow'r,
I shall no more decline that sacred bow'r,
Where GLORIANA their great mistress lies :
But gently taming those victorious eyes,

* *Hamer.*

Charm

Charm all her senses; 'till the joyful Sun
Without a rival half his course has run:
Who while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

P U E R P E R I U M.

YOU Gods that have the pow'r
To trouble, and compose
All that's beneath your Bow'r,
Calm silence on the seas, on earth impose.

Fair VENUS, in thy soft arms
The God of rage confine;
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What tho' he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breast can'st tame,
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddess, give this thy sacred island rest,
Make heav'n smile,
That no storm disturb us, while
Thy chief care, our HALCYON, builds her nest.

Great GLORIANA! fair GLORIANA!
Bright as high heav'n is, and fertile as earth;
Whose beauty relieves us,
Whose royal-bed gives us
Both glory and peace:
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

*To the QUEEN-MOTHER of FRANCE,
upon her Landing.*

GREAT QUEEN of EUROPE! where thy off-spring wear
All the chief crowns; where Princes are thy heirs;

As welcome thou to sea-girt BRITAIN'S shore,
As erst LATONA (who fair CYNTHIA bore)
To DELOS was: here shines a Nymph as bright,
By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light,
Why was her joy in BELGIA confin'd?
Or why did you so much regard the wind?
Scarce cou'd the ocean (tho' inrag'd) have tost
Thy sov'reign bark, but where th' obsequious coast
Pays tribute to thy bed; ROME's conqu'ring hand
More vanquish'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd: glad BEREYCYNTHIA so
Among her deathless progeny did go:
A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,
Mother of all that on AMBROSIA fed.
Thy godlike race must sway the age to come;
As the OLYMPUS peopled with her womb.

Wou'd those commanders of mankind obey
Their honor'd parent; all pretenses lay
Down at your royal feet; compose their jarrs,
And on the growing TURK discharge these wars:
The Christian knights that sacred tomb shou'd wrest
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East:
Our ENGLAND'S PRINCE, and GALLIA'S DOLPHIN, might
Like young RINALDO, and TANCREDI fight:
In single combate by their swords again,
The proud ARGANTES, and fierce SOLDAN, slain;

Again

gain might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your * TUSCAN Muse exalt the fight.

The Country to my Lady of CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the sacred Muse-inspir'd,
ORPHEUS alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd,
And nature's self, in those that could not lye:
Your beauty next our solitude invades,
And warms us, shining through the thickest shades.

Nor ought the tribute, which the wondring Court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn
The answer, and consent, to that report,
Which, echo-like, the country do's return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our Springs
Present th' impartial images of things.

A † rural judge dispos'd of beauty's prize;
A simple Shepherd was preferr'd to Jove:
Down to the mountains from the partial skies,
Came JUNO, PALLAS, and the Queen of love,
To plead for that, which was so justly giv'n
To the bright CARLISLE of the Court of heav'n.

CARLISLE! a name which all our woods are taught,
Loud as their AMARYLLIS, to resound:
CARLISLE! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of ev'ry tree, that's worthy of the wound:
From PHOEBUS' rage our shadows, and our streams,
May guard us better than from CARLISLE's beams.

* Tasso.

† Paris.

The

The Countess of CARLISLE in Mourning.

WHEN from black clouds no part of sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the sun appear;

Heav'n then would seem thy image, and reflect
Those sable vestments, and that bright aspect.

A spark of virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity, is fairer made;

Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get:

A VENUS rising from a sea of Jet!

Such was th' appearance of new-formed light,
While yet it struggled with eternal night.

Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase
Of glory, by thy noble Lord's decease.

We find not that the * laughter-loving dame

Mourn'd for ANCHISES; 'twas enough she came

To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,

And that his living eyes such beauty fed:

Had she been there, untimely joy through all

Mens hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.

Those eyes were made to banish grief: as well

Bright PHOEBUS might affect in shades to dwell,

As they to put on sorrow: nothing stands,

But pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy commands.

If thou lament, thou must do so alone;

Grief in thy presence can lay hold on none.

Yet still persist the memory to love

Of that great MERCURY, of our mighty Jove:

Who by the pow'r of his enchanting tongue,

Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs wrung.

War he prevented, or soon made it cease;

Instructing Princes in the arts of peace:

* Venus.

Such

Such as made SHEBA's curious Queen resort
 To the * large-hearted HEBREW's famous Court.
 Had HOMER sat amongst his wondring guests,
 He might have learn'd at those stupendous feasts,
 With greater bounty, and more sacred state,
 The banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
 But oh! what elocution might he use,
 What potent charms, that could so soon infuse
 His absent Master's love into the heart
 Of HENRIETTA! forcing her to part
 From her lov'd brother, country, and the sun;
 And, like CAMILLA, o'er the waves to run
 Into his arms: while the PARISIAN dames
 Mourn for their ravish'd glory; at her flames
 No less amaz'd, than the amazed stars,
 When the bold Charmer of THESSALIA wars
 With heav'n it self; and Numbers does repeat,
 Which call descending CYNTHIA from her seat.

*In Answer to one who writ a Libel against the
 Countess of CARLISLE.*

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
 With DIOMEDE, to wound the Queen of love?
 Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair?
 Not the just PALLAS in thy breast did move
 So blind a rage, with such a diff'rent fate:
 He honor won, where thou hast purchas'd hate.
 She gave assistance to his TROJAN foe;
 Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,

* Solomon.

Doſt

24 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe;
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canst thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy ARTHUR's shield,
Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?
So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics swell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies;
Rewarding PHOEBUS, for inspiring so
His noble brain, by likening to those eyes
His joyful beams: but PHOEBUS is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy, nor thy sight;
So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

Of Her Chamber.

THEY taste of death that do at heav'n arrive;
But we this paradise approach alive.
Instead of DEATH, the dart of LOVE does strike;
And renders all within these walls alike:
The high in titles, and the shepherd, here
Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear:
All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the Fair,
Lose thought of what themselves, or others are:
Ambition lose; and have no other scope,
Save CARLISLE's favor, to employ their hope.

The

The * THRACIAN could (tho' all those tales were true
The bold GREEKS tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,
Fearless, and wrathless, while they heard him play.
The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdu'd alike, all but one passion have:
No worthy mind, but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
While she with chearful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like PHOEBUS, so divides her light,
And warms us, that she stoops not from her height.

TO PHYLIS.

PHYLIS, 'twas LOVE that injur'd you,
And on that rock your THYRSIS threw;
Who for proud CÆLIA could have dy'd,
While you no less accus'd his pride.

Fond LOVE his darts at random throws,
And nothing springs from what he sows:
From foes discharg'd, as often meet
The shining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire;
As souls that join in one desire.

LOVE made the lovely VENUS burn
In vain, and for the ‡ cold youth mourn,
Who the pursuit of churlish beasts
Prefer'd, to sleeping on her breasts.

LOVE makes so many hearts the prize,
Of the bright CARLISLE's conqu'ring eyes;

* Orpheus. ‡ Adonis.

C

Which

26 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Which she regards no more, than they
The tears of lesser Beauties weigh.
So have I seen the lost clouds pour
Into the sea a useless show'r;
And the vex'd sailors curse the rain,
For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.

Then, PHYLIS, since our passions are
Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
But sport of heav'n, which takes delight
To look upon this PARTHIAN fight
Of LOVE, still flying, or in chase,
Never encount'ring face to face;
No more to LOVE we'll sacrifice,
But to the best of Deities:
And let our hearts, which LOVE disjoin'd,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

*To my Lord of NORTHUMBERLAND,
upon the Death of his Lady.*

TO this great loss a sea of tears is due;
But the whole debt not to be paid by you.
Charge not your self with all, nor render vain
Those show'rs, the eyes of us your servants rain,
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part?
Virtue wou'd blush, if time should boast (which dries,
Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief; where reason triumphs so
Over all passions, that they ne'er cou'd grow

Beyond

Beyond their limits in your noble breast,
To harm another, or impeach your rest.
This we observ'd, delighting to obey
One, who did never from his great self stray:
Whose mild example seemed to engage
Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.

The brave ÆMILIUS, his great charge laid down,
(The force of ROME, and fate of MACEDON)

In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke
Of changing Fortune; and thus highly spoke
Before ROME's people: "We did oft implore,
" That if the heav'ns had any bad in store
" For your ÆMILIUS, they wou'd pour that ill
" On his own house, and let you flourish still."

You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent
Whole springs; and summers to the public lent:
Suspended all the pleasures of your life,

And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife:
For which your country's more obliged, than
For many lives of old, less-happy, men.

You, that have sacrific'd so great a part
Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart
Your sorrow too; and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight.

Then with ÆMILIAN courage bear this cross,
Since public persons only public loss
Ought to affect. And tho' her form, and youth,
Her application to your will, and truth;
That noble sweetness, and that humble state,
(All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate!)

Might give excuse to any common breast.
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress'd:

28 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd
With passion, but your character maintain'd
To the last Act: it is enough her stone
May honor'd be with superscription
Of the sole Lady, who had pow'r to move
The great NORTHUMBERLAND to grieve, and love.

*To my LORD ADMIRAL, of his late
Sickness and Recovery.*

WITH joy like ours, the THRACIAN youth invades
ORPHEUS, returning from th' ELYSIAN shades;
Embrace the Hero, and his stay implore;
Make it their public suit, he would no more
Desert them so; and for his spouse's sake,
His vanish'd love, tempt the LETHEAN lake:
The Ladies too, the brightest of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who shall the fair EURYDICE succeed:
EURYDICE! for whom his num'rous moan
Makes list'ning trees, and savage mountains groan:
Thro' all the air his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the land affecting, and the Main:
When the glad news that you were Admiral,
Scarce thro' the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our Great CHARLES, whose wisdom shines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuse a new.

So more than private was the joy, and grief,
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd;
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed,) seems
Her self to suffer in those sharp extremes:
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our loves suspend,
Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend.
As lillies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend:
Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry
He is too faultless, and too young, to dye.
So like Immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away:
Who would not languish, by so fair a train
To be lamented, and restor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the Blest? O'er young ADONIS so
Fair VENUS mourn'd, and with the precious show'r
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flow'r.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame,
By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But step by step persue thee to the grave.

And now, relentless Fate about to end
The line, which backward does so far extend
That antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes;

30 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Kind PHOEBUS interposing, bid me say
Such storms no more shall shake that house; but they
Like NEPTUNE, and his † sea-born Neece, shall be
The shining glories of the land and sea :
With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age;
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

S O N G.

STAY, PHOEBUS, stay !
The world to which you fly so fast,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haste
With no such object, nor salure your rise
With no such wonder, as DE MORNAY's eyes.

Well do's this prove
The error of those antique books,
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling earth snatch her away.

On my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY's Picture.

SUCH was PHILOCLEA, and such *DORUS' flame!
The † matchless SIDNEY that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd:
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With such extremes of excellence, compose;
Wonders so distant in one face disclose !

Such

† Venus. * Pamela. † Sir Philip Sidney.

Such chearful modesty, such humble state,
 Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,
 As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
 Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
 All the rich flow'rs through his ARCADIA found,
 Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
 Had but this copy, (which the artist took
 From the fair picture of that noble book,)
 Stood at KALANDER'S, *the brave friends had jarr'd;
 And rivals made, th'ensuing story marr'd.
 Just nature first instructed by his thought,
 In his own house thus practis'd what he taught:
 This glorious piece transcends what he could think;
 So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

TO VAN DYCK,

RARE Artisan, whose pencil moves
 Not our delights alone, but loves!
 From thy shop of beauty we
 Slaves return, that enter'd free.
 The heedless lover does not know
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so:
 But, confounded with thy art,
 Inquires her name that has his heart.
 Another who did long refrain,
 Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
 With dear remembrance of that face,
 Where now he reads new hope of grace;

* *Pyrocles and Musidorus.*

32 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Nor scorn, nor cruelty does find:
 But gladly suffers a false wind
 To blow the ashes of despair,
 From the reviving brand of care.
 Fool! that forgets her stubborn look
 This softness from thy finger took.
 Strange that thy hand should not inspire
 The beauty only, but the fire:
 Not the form alone, and grace,
 But act, and power, of a face.
 May'st thou yet thy self as well,
 As all the world besides, excel!
 So you th' unfeigned truth rehearse,
 (That I may make it live in verse)
 Why thou could'st not at one assay,
 That face to after-times convey,
 Which this admires. Was it thy wit
 To make her oft before thee sit?
 Confess, and we'll forgive thee this:
 For who would not repeat that bliss?
 And frequent sight of such a dame
 Buy, with the hazard of his fame?
 Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
 Though thy good hand had failed still;
 When nature's self so often errs?
 She for this many thousand years
 Seems to have practis'd with much care,
 To frame the race of women fair;
 Yet never could a perfect birth
 Produce before, to grace the earth:
 Which waxed old, e're it could see
 Her that amaz'd thy Art, and thee.

But

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal colors grow,
That could this deathless piece compose? ---
In lillies? or the fading rose?
No; for this theft thou hast climb'd high'r,
Than did PROMETHEUS for his fire.

At PENS-HURST.

HAD DOROTHEA liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her pow'r, that gave
The peace, and glory, which these alleys have:
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place:
And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did ORPHEUS' lyre:
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rd's her bow'd,
They round about her into arbors crowd:
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshal'd and obsequious band.
AMPHION so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A pow'r, like that of harmony in sound.
Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,

34 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

It could not equalize the hundredth part,
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart ! ----
Go boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble SIDNEY's birth ; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine ;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument, and pledge, of humble love :
His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise high'r,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at PENS-HURST groan,
Oppressed with their timely load ;
And seem to make their silent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad :
They to delight his taste, or eye,
Would spend themselves in fruit, and dye.

Not that thy harmless deer repine,
And think themselves unjustly slain
By any other hand than thine,
Whose arrows they would gladly stain :
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with FRANCE, which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause,
Which now exacts your presence here ;
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of public, and domestic, care.

For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of *THETIS' son,
(For which such stern debate did rise,
That the great AJAX TELAMON
Refus'd to live without the prize)
Those ACHIVE Peers did more engage,
Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty, which begun
To warm us so, when thou wert here,
Now scorches like the raging sun,
When SIRIUS does first appear.
O fix this flame; and let despair
Redeem the rest from endless care!

Of the LADY who can sleep when she pleases.

NO wonder SLEEP from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himself in SACHARISSA's eyes.
As fair ASTEREA once from earth to heav'n,
By strife, and loud impiety, was driv'n:
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wife SOMNUS to that paradise repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,
To court the Nymph, for whom those wretches wake.
More proud than PHOEBUS of his throne of gold
Is the soft God, those softer limbs to hold:
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies
In dark'ning clouds, the pow'r to close her eyes:

* Achilles.

Eyes;

36 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Eyes, which so far all other lights controul,
They warm our mortal parts, but these our soul!

Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast
Holds such deep quiet, and untroubled rest,
Know, that tho' VENUS, and her Son, shou'd spare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care;
Yet HYMEN may in force his vigils keep;
And, for another's joy, suspend her sleep.

Of the Mis-report of her being Painted.

AS when a sort of wolves infest the night,
With their wild howlings at fair CYNTHIA'S light;
The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,
But never reach the mistress of the skies:
So, with the news of SACHARISSA'S wrongs,
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues:
Call LOVE to witness, that no painted fire
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire:
While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more
With this new malice, than our loves before;
But, from the height of her great mind, looks down
On both our passions, without smile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame, whom heav'n affecteth so!
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
Like glorious colors thro' the flow'ry meads;
When lavish nature with her best attire
Cloaths the gay spring, the season of desire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
With the same art wherewith she paints the morn:

With

With the same art, wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted clouds which form THAUMANTIAS' bow.

Of her passing through a Crowd of People.

AS in old CHAOS (heav'n with earth confus'd,
And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruis'd :)
The sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd :
So in this throng bright SACHARISSA far'd,
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard :
As ships, tho' never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a tempest on their Admiral.
A greater favor this disorder brought
Unto her servants, than their awful thought
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
While LOVE insults, disguised in the cloud,
And welcome force, of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired Palm :
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs ;
Tho' loth he seems her tender leaves to press,
More loth he is that friendly storm should cease ;
From whose rude bounty he the double use
At once receives, of pleasure, and excuse.



The

The Story of PHOEBUS and DAPHNE
apply'd.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
 Fair SACHARISSA lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
 Like PHOEBUS sung the no less amorous boy;
 Like DAPHNE she, as lovely, and as coy!
 With Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues;
 With Numbers such as PHOEBUS' self might use!
 Such is the chase, when love and fancy leads,
 O'er craggy mountains, and thro' flow'ry meads;
 Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
 Or form some image of his cruel Fair,
 Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
 O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
 Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
 All, but the Nymph that should redress his wrong,
 Attend his passion, and approve his song.
 Like PHOEBUS thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

Fabula PHOEBI & DAPHNES.

ARCADIAE juvenis THYRSIS, PHOEBIQUE sacerdos,
 Ingenti frustra SACHARISSAE ardebat amore.
 Haud Deus ipse olim DAPHNĒ majora canebat;
 Nec fuit asperior DAPHNE, nec pulchrior illa:

Carminibus PHOEBEO dignis premit ille fugacem
 Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates
 Pascua : formosam nunc his componere Nympham,
 Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.
 Audist illa procul miserum, citharamque sonantem;
 Audist, at nullis respexit mota querelis!
 Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta
 Sidera perculsi referunt nova carmina montes.
 Sic, non quæsitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
 Elapsâ reperit DAPHNE sua laurea PHOEBUS.

S O N G.

SAY, lovely Dream! where could'st thou find
 Shades to counterfeit that face?

Colors of this glorious kind

Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n it self thou sure wer't drest

With that angel-like disguise:

Thus deluded am I blest,

And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind

To be other than a Dream:

Cruel SACHARISSA's mind

Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,

Change that heav'nly face of thine;

Paint despis'd love in thy face,

And make it to appear like mine.

Pale,

40 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,

With a pity-moving shape;

Such as wander by the brook

Of LETHE, or from graves escape,

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,

In whose shape thou shinest so;

Softly in her sleeping ear,

With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,

Thus surprised she may fall:

Sleep does disproportion hide,

And, death resembling, equals all.

*To Mrs. BRAUGHTON, Servant to
SACHARISSA.*

FAIR fellow-servant! may your gentle ear
Prove more propitious to my slighted care,
Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief
(Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief) -
Receive these plaints: nor will her high disdain
Forbid my humble Muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,
Some modest PERSIAN, or some weak-ey'd MOOR,
No higher dares advance his dazled sight,
Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their ascending God adorns the east,
And, graced with his beams, out-shines the rest.

Thy

Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets those arrows which confound us so.
A thousand CUPIDS in those curls do sit,
(Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit:
The GRACES put not more exactly on
Th' attire of VENUS, when the Ball she won;
Than SACHARISSA by thy care is drest,
When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the soft season know, when best her mind
May be to pity, or to love, inclin'd:
In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,
Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear
Of that stern Goddess: you, her priest, declare
What off'rings may propitiate the Fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,
Or polish'd lines which longer last than they.
For if I thought she took delight in those,
To where the chearful morn do's first disclose,
(The shady night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch such gems.
But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in mines, or fisties' shells;
Her nobler part as far exceeding these,
None but immortal gifts her mind should please.
The shining jewels GREECE, and TROY, bestow'd
On * SPARTA'S Queen, her lovely neck did load,
And snowy wrists: but when the town was burn'd,
Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd:
Her beauty too had perish'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame.

* Helen.

At PENS-HURST.

WHILE in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear:
 When to the beeches I report my flame,
 They bow their heads, as if they felt the same:
 To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bow'rs
 With loud complaints, they answer me in show'rs.
 To Thee a wild and cruel soul is giv'n,
 More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
 LOVE's foe protest! why dost thou falsely feign
 Thy self a SIDNEY? from which noble strain
 * He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
 Of LOVE; and warm our nation with his flame;
 That all we can of love, or high desire,
 Seems but the smoke of amorous SIDNEY's fire.
 Nor call her mother, who so well does prove
 One breast may hold both chastity, and love.
 Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
 In joy, and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
 One so destructive: to no humane stock
 We owe this fierce unkindness: but the rock;
 That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
 Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
 Of such stern beauty, plac'd those † healing springs;
 Which not more help, than that destruction brings.
 Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
 I might, like ORPHEUS, with my num'rous moan
 Melt to compassion: now, my trait'rous song
 With thee conspires, to do the finger wrong:

While

* Sir Philip Sidney. † Tunbridge Wells.

While thus I suffer not my self to lose
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!

This last complaint th'indulgent ears did pierce
Of just APOLLO, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one, whom he had taught to sing;
Thus he advis'd me: "On yon aged tree
" Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea;
" That there with wonders thy diverted mind
" Some truce at least may with this passion find."
Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging Main;
And from the winds, and tempests, does expect
A milder fate, than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which heav'n has heap'd on her.

To my young Lady LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I so untimely forth
Into a world, which wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet,

44 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Yet, fairest blossom! do not flight
 That age which you may know so soon:
 The rosy morn resigns her light,
 And milder glory, to the noon:
 And then what wonders shall you do,
 Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime:
 And summer, though it be less gay,
 Yet is not look'd on as a time
 Of declination, or decay:
 For, with a full hand, that does bring
 All that was promis'd by the spring.

To AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
 What you unto THYRSIS owe;
 I will tell you how I do
 SACHARISSA love, and You.
 Joy salutes me, when I set
 My blest eyes on AMORET:
 But with wonder I am strook,
 While I on the other look.

If sweet AMORET complains,
 I have sense of all her pains:
 But for SACHARISSA I
 Do not only grieve, but die.
 All that of my self is mine,
 Lovely AMORET! is thine:

SACHARISSA's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection;
I would not thus long have born
Haughty SACHARISSA's scorn:
But 'tis sure some Pow'r above,
Which controuls our wills in love!

If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicites me,
Beauteous AMORET! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly scal'd) does know!

AMORET! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

SACHARISSA's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain,

Scarce

46 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Scarce can I to heav'n excuse
 The devotion, which I use
 Unto that adored dame:
 For 'tis not unlike the same,
 Which I thither ought to send.
 So that if it could take end,
 'Twould to heav'n it self be due
 To succeed her, and not you:
 Who already have of me
 All that's not idolatry:
 Which, though not so fierce a flame,
 Is longer like to be the same.
 Then smile on me, and I will prove,
 Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

*On the Friendship betwixt SACHARISSA
 and AMORET.*

TELL me, lovely loving Pair!
 Why so kind, and so severe?
 Why so careless of our care,
 Only to your selves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
 You the pow'r of LOVE controul;
 While the boy's deluded darts
 Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
 Still beguiled LOVE does come:
 Where he finds a foreign guest;
 Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtor

Debtors thus with like design,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
Yoak'd in CYTHEREA's car;
Not the wings that lift so high,
And convey her son so far;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more consent do move.

TO AMORET.

AMORET, the Milky Way,
Fram'd of many nameless stars!
The smooth stream, where none can say,
He this drop to that prefers!

AMORET, my lovely foe!
Tell me where thy strength does lye?
Where the pow'r that charms us so?
In thy soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone;
Or thy grace in motion seen;
No such wonders cou'd be done:
Yet thy waist is straight, and clean,

48 POEMS upon several Occasions.

As CUPID's shaft; or HERMES' rod;
And pow'rful too, as either God,

A L A M A L A D E.

AH lovely AMORET, the care
Of all that know what's good, or fair!
Is heav'n become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers, — to pretend?
Hence, to this pining sickness (meant
To weary thee to a consent
Of leaving us) no pow'r is giv'n
Thy beauties to impair: for heav'n
Sollicits thee with such a care,
As roses from their stalks we tear;
When we would still preserve them new,
And fresh, as on the bush they grew.
With such a grace you entertain,
And look with such contempt on pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in storms appear,
Scorch more than when the skies are clear.
And as pale sickness does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, still more clear
Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathless mountains born,
Their light robes by the brambles torn

From

From their fair limbs, exposing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following Gods, increase their flame,
And haste, to catch the flying game.

Upon the Death of my Lady RICH.

MAY those already curst ESSEXIAN plains,
Where hasty death, and pining sickness, reigns,
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light, which all our island grac'd,
Like HERO's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that exposed to the boist'rous wind.

Ah cruel heav'n! to snatch so soon away
Her, for whose life had we had time to pray,
With thousand vows, and tears, we should have sought
That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.

But we alas, no whisper of her pain
Heard, 'till 'twas sin to wish her here again.
That horrid word at once, like lightning spread,
Struck all our ears, — the Lady RICH is dead!

Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue:
That Death should license have to rage among
The fair, the wise, the virtuous, and the young!

The * PAPHIAN Queen from that fierce battel born,
With goared hand, and veil so rudely torn,
Like terror did among th' Immortals breed;
Taught by her wound that Goddesses may bleed.

* Venus.

D All

50. POEMS upon several Occasions.

All stand amazed! but beyond the rest
Th' * heroic dame whose happy womb she blest,
Mov'd with just grief expostulates with heav'n;
Urging the promise to th' obsequious giv'n,
Of longer life: for ne'er was pious soul
More apt t' obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilful eye at once might read the race
Of CALEDONIAN Monarchs in her face,
And sweet humility: her look and mind,
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,
For those that did what she disdain'd to do:
So gentle and severe, that what was bad,
At once her hatred, and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So fast, so faithful, ioyal, and so true,
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force
The rowling lights of heav'n, as change her course.

Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Instruct us to record what she was here!
And when this cloud of sorrow's over-blown,
Through the wide world we'll make her graces known;
So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,
That all our art, and pow'r of speech, is waste.
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise:
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,
Fair SACHARISSA! — and now only fair!
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear;
(Such as the ROMANS did erect of old.)
Where, on a marble pillar, shall be told

* *Christian Countess of Devonshire,*

The

POEMS upon several Occasions.

52

The lovely passion each to other bare,
With the resemblance of that matchless Pair.
NARCISSUS to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like, than yours to her fair mind:
Save that she grac'd the sev'ral parts of life,
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife:
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,
As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is hope, and how regardless Fate,
That such a love should have so short a date!
Lately I saw her sighing part from thee;
(Alas that That the last farewell should be!)
So look'd ASTRAEA, her remove design'd,
On those distressed friends she left behind.
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last:
For, as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So, all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well chosen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the sky.
Then grieve no more, that one so heav'nly shap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd.
Rather, since we beheld her not decay,
But that she vanish'd so entire away;
Her wond'rous beauty, and her goodness, merit,
We should suppose, that some propitious spirit
In that celestial form frequented here;
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

The Battel of the Summer-Islands.

CANTO I.

*What fruits they have, and how heav'n smiles
Upon those late-discover'd isles.*

AID me, BELLONA! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation, and two whales, I write:
Seas stain'd with goar I sing, advent'rous toil!
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.

BERMUDA wall'd with rocks who does not know?
That happy island! where huge lemons grow;
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' HESPERIAN garden boasts of none so fair:
Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of amber-greece is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aspires,
The Prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on od'rous timber born,
Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.
The sweet palmitoes a new BACCHUS yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield:
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carowfing where there liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted thro' the fields do grow,
Such as fierce CATO did the ROMANS show;
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
CARTHAGE, the mistress of so rich a soil.

POEMS upon several Occasions. 53

The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
 But, at some constant seasons ev'ry year,
 Their barren tops with luscious food abound;
 And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
 Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
 To ENGLISH landlords, as their tribute, pay.
 Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
 On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds:
 With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
 On choicest melons, and sweet grapes; they dine:
 And with potatoes sat their wanton swine.
 Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
 Pours out among them, that our coarser land
 Tastes of that bounty; and does cloth return,
 Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
 For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
 Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
 Ripe fruits, and blossoms, on the same trees live:
 At once they promise, what at once they give.
 So sweet the air, so moderate the clime;
 None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
 Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
 To shew how all things were created first!
 The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
 Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste:
 There, a small grain, in some few months, will be
 A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
 The Palma-Christi, and the fair Papà,
 Now but a seed (preventing nature's law)
 In half the circle of the hasty year
 Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.

§4 POEMS upon several Occasions.

And as their trees in our dull region set,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats
Utter unripe, and ill-constrained Notes:
While the supporter of the Poets' Syle,
PHOEBUS, on them eternally does smile.
O! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade; and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet, and best of passions, love.
There while I sing, if gentle LOVE be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the strings so high;
With the sweet sound of SACHARISSA's name,
I'll make the list'ning savages grow tame. ———
But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

*Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this CANTO shows.*

THO' rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the num'rous TURK despise;
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear;
Which shakes their hearts, while thro' the isle they hear
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes, before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, e'er they know
From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may grow:

At length two monsters of unequal size,
 Hard by the shore, a fisher-man espies;
 Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
 And left them pris'ners on the rocky coast.
 One, as a mountain vast; and with her came
 A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
 Here in a pool among the rocks engag'd,
 They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
 The man knew what they were, who heretofore
 Had seen the like lye murther'd on the shore:
 By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
 The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men, to taste:
 As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
 To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
 So, there sometimes the raging ocean fails,
 And her own brood exposes; when the whales
 Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels, quash'd;
 Tho' huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd:
 Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd;
 Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shatter'd.
 Hearts fure of brass they had, who tempted first
 Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have nurs'd:
 The welcome news thro' all the nation spread,
 To sudden joy, and hope, converts their dread:
 What lately was their public terror, they
 Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey:
 Dispose already of th' untaken spoil;
 And, as the purchase of their future toil,
 These share the bones, and they divide the oil.
 So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
 Whose hide he sold, ——— before he caught the beast!

They man their boats, and all their young men arm
 With whatsoever may the monsters harm;
 Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far;
 The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
 Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
 What love, or honor, could invite them to:
 A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
 With reverend age, and lovely lasses, crown'd.
 Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,
 Within the bounds of noble WARWICK's share:
 WARWICK's bold Earl!! than which no title bears
 A greater sound among our BRITISH Peers.
 And worthy he the memory to renew,
 The fate, and honor, to that title due;
 Whose brave adventures have transfer'd his name,
 And thro' the new world spread his growing fame. —
 But how they fought, and what their valor gain'd,
 Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

C A N T O III.

*The bloody fight, successless toil,
 And how the fishes sack'd the isle.*

THE boat which on the first assault did go,
 Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
 Who, when he felt his side so rudely goar'd,
 Loud, as the sea that nourish'd him, he roar'd.
 As a broad beam to please some curious taste,
 While yet alive, in boiling water cast;
 Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
 The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out:

So,

So, with the barbed javelin stung, he raves;
And scourges with his tail the suff'ring waves.
Like SPENSER'S TALUS with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat:
With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly she swims; and when provok'd she wou'd
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud:
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge:
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother, and her foes:
With desp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
And men, and boats, his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest, tho' the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content; and wish this cub away:
Their wish they have; he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap thro' which they thither came,)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake;
A pris'ner there, but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.

18 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
 With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast:
 Her oily side devours both blade and hest;
 And there his steel the bold BERMUDAN left.
 Courage the rest from his example take,
 And now they change the color of the lake:
 Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
 As if they would prevent the tardy tide;
 And raise the flood to that propitious height,
 As might convey her from this fatal freight:
 She swims in blood, and blood does spouting thro',
 To heav'n, that heav'n mens cruelties might know.
 Their fixed javelins in her side she wears,
 And on her back a grove of pikes appears:
 You would have thought, had you the monster seen,
 Thus drest, she had another island been.
 Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
 As well resembled the conspiring voice
 Of routed armies, when the field is won;
 To reach the ears of her escaped son.
 He, tho' a league removed from the foe,
 Hastes to her aid: the pious TROJAN foe,
 Neglecting for CREUSA's life his own,
 Repeats the danger of the burning town.
 The men amazed blush to see the seed
 Of monsters, human piety exceed.
 Well proves this kindness what the GRECIANS sung,
 That LOVE's bright mother from the ocean sprung.
 Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish,
 For composition with th' unconquer'd fish:
 So she their weapons would restore again,
 Thro' rocks they'd hew her passage to the Main.

* *Aeneas.*

But,

But, how instructed in each other's mind,
 Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
 Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
 Whom her courageous son protected so;
 They charge their musquets, and with hot desire
 Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire:
 Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
 And tear the flesh, of the incensed whales.
 But no success their fierce endeavours found,
 Nor this way could they give one fatal wound:
 Now to their Fort they are about to send,
 For the loud engines which their isle defend:
 But what those Pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
 Would have effected on those mighty whales,
 Great NEPTUNE will not have us know; who sends
 A tide so high, that it relieves his friends.
 And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
 Much blood the monsters lost; and they their arms.

S O N G.

PEACE, babling Muse!

I dare not sing what you indite;

Her eyes refuse

To read the passion which they write:

She strikes my lute, but if it sound,

Threatens to hurl it on the ground:

And I no less her anger dread,

Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,

While some fierce lion does embrace

His breathless corps, and lick his face;

Wrasp'd

60 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Wrap'd up in silent fear he lies;
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

Of L O V E.

A Nger, in hasty words, or blows,
It self discharges on our foes:
And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So, ev'ry passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, (born to be controul'd,)
Stoop to the forward, and the bold:
Affect the haughty, and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser cast
Pity, supposing them oppress
With tyrant's force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigor here.

Should

Should some brave TURK, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young;
And beckons to the willing dame,
Prefer'd to quench his present flame;
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend:
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies; he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were:
And that a more majestick Queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty LOVE: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul; and made me bow,
Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs; resolves to try
The combat next: but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He strait resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.



62 POEMS upon several Occasions.

To PHYLIS.

PHYLLIS! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their span;
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth, and beauty, stay,
LOVE hath wings, and will away.
LOVE hath swifter wings than TIME:
Change in love to heav'n does climb;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

PHYLIS! to this truth we owe:
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past desire:
On what shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

To my Lord of FALKLAND.

BRAVE HOLLAND leads, and with him FALKLAND goes:
Who hears this told, and does not strait suppose

We

POEMS upon several Occasions.

63

We send the GRACES, and the MUSES, forth,
To civilize, and to instruct, the north:
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp.
AROLLO bears as well his bow, as harp:
And tho' he be the patron of that spring,
Where in calm peace the sacred virgins sing;
He courage had to guard th'invasion throne
Of Jove, and cast th'ambitious giants down.

Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth; and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art, (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy, which so early kiss'd
Thy youthful temples), with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war, and thee
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest:
Where oaks, and brambles, (if the capse be burn'd)
Confounded lye, to the same ashes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our Island so!
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From heav'n this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I saw, like *the fair HEBREW stand;
When first she felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the seat of civil war.
Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage
Of better fortune for the present age,
Heav'n sends, quoth I, this discord for our good;
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste, our blood:
To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn
Of our proud neighbours; who e'erlong shall mourn.

* Rebekah.

(Tho'

64 POEMS upon several Occasions.

(Tho' now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occasion to resume our arms.

A lion so with self-provoking smart,
(His rebel tail scourging his nobler part,)
Calls up his courage; then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

For drinking of HEALTHS.

LET brutes, and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought, and nature, urges, drink:
A more indulgent mistress guides our sp'its,
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care, as well as thirst, redress;
And with Divinity rewards excess.
Deserted ARIADNE, thus supply'd,
Did perjur'd THESEUS' cruelty deride:
BACCHUS imbrac'd, from her exalted thought
Banish'd the man, her passion, and his fault.
BACCHUS and PHOEBUS are by JOVE ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat supply'd:
All that the grapes owe to his rip'ning fires,
Is paid in Numbers which their juice inspires.
Wine fills the veins, and Healths are understood,
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.



S O N G

S O N G.

I.

CHLORIS farewell! I now must go:
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word, and oath,
A servant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

IV.

But what assurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

V.

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus inconstant prove;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, CHLORIS, no: I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn;
And she distrust me reprobate.
Then

VII.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
 And gain such trust, that I may come
 And banquet sometimes on thy face,
 But make my constant meals at home.

Of my Lady ISABELLA playing on the lute,

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless touch!
 So un-concern'd her self, and we so much!
 What art is this, that with so little pains
 Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
 The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
 And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud:
 Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
 Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
 Here LOVE takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
 Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer:
 Music so softens, and disarms, the mind,
 That not an arrow does resistance find.
 Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
 And acts her self the triumph of her eyes:
 So NERO once, with harp in hand, survey'd
 His flaming ROME, and as it burn'd he play'd.

To a Lady singing a Song of his composing.

CHLORIS, your self you so excel,
 When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
 That, like a spirit, with this spell
 Of my own teaching I am caught.

That

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had ECHO, with so sweet a grace,
NARCISSUS' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

Of Mrs. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air:
And, with her own breath, fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the soul?

So, when a flash of light'ning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid; which hopes the flame
To conquer, tho' from heav'n it came:
But, if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

Of the Marriage of the DWARFS.

DESIGN, or chance, makes others wive;
But nature did this match contrive:
Eve

68 POEMS upon several Occasions.

EVE might as well have ADAM fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom heav'n seem'd to frame,
And measure out, this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care !
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust, and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains, top'd with snow:
And ev'ry man a POLYPHEME
Does to his GALATEA seem;
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah CHLORIS ! that kind nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us:
Creating for our selves us two,
As love has me for only you!

LOVE'S FAREWEL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave:
Resolv'd my country, and my friends,
All that remain'd of me should have.

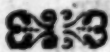
And this resolve no mortal dame,
None but those eyes, could have o'erthrown:
The nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like her self alone.

Thus

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
 Above the fear of private fires;
 Grown, and design'd, for nobler use,
 Not to make warm, but build the house;
 Tho' from our meaner flames secure,
 Must that which falls from heav'n indure.

From a CHILD.

MADAM, as in some climes the warmer sun
 Makes it full summer, e'er the spring's begun:
 And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
 Before our violets dare look abroad:
 So, measure not by any common use,
 The early love your brighter eyes produce.
 When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
 Wrap'd my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,
 That hasty time might never make me grow
 Out of those favors, you afford me now:
 That I might ever such indulgence find;
 And you not blush, or think your self too kind.
 Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,
 Begin to think how you may make them less:
 The sound of love makes your soft heart afraid,
 And guard it self, tho' but a child invade;
 And innocently at your white breast throw
 A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.



On

On a GIRDL E.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind;
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer:
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

To the Mutable Fair.

HERE, CÆLIA! for thy sake I part
 With all that grew so near my heart;
 The passion that I had for thee,
 The faith, the love, the constancy!
 And, that I may successful prove,
 Transform my self to what you love.

Fool that I was! so much to prize
 Those simple virtues you despise:
 Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
 Or hop'd to reach a flying dove.
 For you, that are in motion still,
 Decline our force, and mock our skill:

Who

Who, like DON QUIXOT, do advance.
Against a wind-mill our vain lance.

Now will I wander thro' the air,
Mount, make a stoop at ev'ry Fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names, and courses, know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books:
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By those free vapors are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd fight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide:
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care:
And by that pow'r did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape;
She, with her own resemblance, grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.
Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your THYRSIS lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting CÆLIA caught.
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the Fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the Gods had like success.

72 POEMS upon several Occasions.

For in their story, one, we see,
 Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree:
 A second, with a lover's haste,
 Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
 But she that did a virgin seem,
 Possess'd, appears a wand'ring stream:
 For his supposed love, a third
 Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
 And stands amaz'd, to find his dear
 A wild inhabitant of th' air.

To these old tales such nymphs as you
 Give credit, and still make them new;
 The amorous now like wonders find,
 In the swift changes of your mind.

But, CÆLIA, if you apprehend
 The Muse of your incens'd friend;
 Nor would that he record your blame,
 And make it live, repeat the same;
 Again deceive him, and again,
 And then he swears he'll not complain.
 For still to be deluded so,
 Is all the pleasure lovers know;
 Who, like good falç'ners, take delight,
 Not in the quarry, but the flight.



TO FLAVIA. SONG.

I.

'TIS not your beauty can ingage
My wary heart:
The sun, in all his pride, and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he shines as bright as you,
If brightness could our souls subdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
Which can make THYRSIS' heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In some of our own sex we find.

III.

No, FLAVIA; 'tis your love I fear;
Love's surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts:
Their very shadows make us yield;
Dissemble well, and win the field.



E

The

The FALL.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impression where she lay.

See! how the mould, as loth to leave
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave
Close to the nymph's stain'd garment. Here
The coming spring would first appear;
And all this place with roses strow,
If busy feet would let them grow.

Here VENUS smil'd, to see blind Chance
It self, before her Son, advance;
And a fair image to present,
Of what the Boy so long had meant.
'Twas such a chance as this, made all
The world into this order fall:
Thus the first lovers, on the clay,
Of which they were compos'd, lay:
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the first patterns of our race.

Then blush not, Fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble strait:
How could he then support your weight?
How could the youth, alas! but bend
When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd?
If ought by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.



Of SYLVIA.

OUR sighs are heard, just heav'n declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares:

She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
SYLVIA the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.

So when the sky makes us indure
A storm, it self becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from FLAVIA's self her name;
Lest she provoking heav'n, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.

Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine, and die;
Than her bright morning, over-cast
With sullen clouds, should be defac'd.

The B U D.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,

And did but half it self disclose;
I pluckt it, tho' no better grown;
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
 With such a purple light they shone;
 As if they had been made of fire,
 And spreading so, would flame anon:
 All that was meant by air, or sun,
 To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
 What may the same in forms of love,
 Of purest love, and music too,
 When FLAVIA it aspires to move?
 When that, which life-less buds persuades
 To wax more soft, her youth invades?

S O N G.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty tost!
 See, how the motion does dilate the flame!
 Delighted LOVE his spoils does boast,
 And triumph in this game.
 Fire to no place confin'd,
 Is both our wonder, and our fear;
 Moving the mind,
 As lightning hurled through the air.

High heav'n the glory does increase
 Of all her shining lamps, this artful way:
 The sun in figures, such as these,
 Joys with the moon to play:

To the sweet strains they advance,
Which do result from their own spheres;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she hears:

On the Discovery of a Lady's Painting.

PYGMALION's fate revers'd is mine:
His marble love took flesh, and blood;
All that I worship'd as divine,
That beauty ! now 'tis understood,
Appears to have no more of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,
Although that seeming cause take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A shaking thro' their limbs they find,
Like leaves saluted by the wind :

So, though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me so;
Yet from my breast I cannot tear
The passion, which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy raise
The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond NARCISSUS did admire:
I doat on that which is no where;
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.

78 POEMS upon several Occasions.

No mortal flame was e'er so cruel
As this, which thus survives the fuel!

*To a LADY, from whom he receiv'd a
Silver Pen.*

MADAM! intending to have try'd
The silver favor which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the fable wave:
When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd,

Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon;
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change; who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

I, that express'd her commands
To mighty Lords, and Princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands;
Proud that I would record their names;
Must now be taught an humble style,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!

So I, the wronged pen to please,
Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your Ladyship, in These:
And now 'tis forced to confess,

That

That your great self did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! since first our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favors with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind.
So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit, and state, while no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves;
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

S O N G.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
CHLORIS! I feel my life decay:
That pow'rful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound
Which destroys without a wound.
Peace, CHLORIS, peace! or fing'ring die;
That together you, and I,
To heav'n may go:
For all we know
Of what the Blessed do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

Of Loving at First Sight.

NOT caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from my self, how far behind,
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this Deep?
No: 'tis so rockless, and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with pretious things; not torn
From ship-wreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and ev'ry grace,
Which time, and use, are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colors faint,
And pencil slow, may CUPID paint
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the Boy:
Can, with a single look, inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

The Self-Banish'd.

IT is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay:

But,

But, to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas ! for every thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which PHOEBUS thro' his veins has shot :

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire :
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you :
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made—to love you too.

S O N G.

GO, lovely rose !

Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

82 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her self to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet, and fair!

THYRSIS. GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

AS lately I on silver THAMES did ride,
Sad GALATEA on the bank I spy'd:
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine;
And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your sounding strings so well,
Of Ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note; and let your lute report
The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Fair Nymph! I have in your delights no share;
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew;
And to my aid invoke no Muse but you.

GALATEA.

Hear then, and let your song augment our grief,
Which is so great, as not to wish relief.

She that had all which nature gives, or chance;
Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
To all the joys this island could afford,
The greatest Mistress, and the kindest Lord:
Who with the royal, mix'd her noble, blood;
And in high grace with GLORIANA stood:
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such,
That none e'er thought her happiness too much:
So well-inclin'd her favors to confer,
And kind to all, as heav'n had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well she acted in the span of life,
That tho' few years (too few alas!) she told,
She seem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave
The smiling pendent which adorns her so,
And until autumn, on the bough should grow:
So seem'd her youthful soul not eas'ly forc'd,
Or from so fair, so sweet, a seat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did hasty seem, and slow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

84 POEMS upon several Occasions.

THYRSIS.

Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn:
What heav'n sets highest, and seems most to prize;
Is soon removed from our wond'ring eyes!
But since the * Sisters did so soon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.
Vouchsafe, sad Nymph! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muses I'll commend her name:
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The list'ning trees, and savage mountains, groan:
What rock's not moved when the death is sung
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?

GALATEA.

'Twas HAMILTON! — whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

On the Head of a STAG.

SO we some antique Heroe's strength
Learn by his lance's weight, and length;
As these vast beams express the beast,
Whose shady brows alive they dress.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty NIMROD did pursue.
What huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare such a monster chase?
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile head! which ev'ry year
Could such a crop of wonder bear!

* *Parca.*

The

The teeming earth did never bring
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing:
Which might it never have been cast,
(Each year's growth added to the last.)
These lofty branches had supply'd
The EARTH's bold sons' prodigious pride:
Heav'n with these engines had been scal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To a LADY in retirement.

SEES not my Love, how TIME resumes
The glory which he lent these flow'rs?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours:
TIME, what we forbear, devours!

Had HELEN, or th' * EGYPTIAN Queen,
Been near so thrifty of their graces;
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of age, which finds out faces.
In the most retir'd places,

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaseless show'r,
Upon the autumn, or the spring,
And spare us neither fruit, nor flow'r;
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect
Preserve you from the violation

* Cleopatra.

Of.

86 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Of coming years, then more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion;
Nor would I indulge my passion.

The Miser's Speech; in a Masque.

BALLS of this metal slack'd AT'LANTA's pace,
And on the * amorous youth bestow'd the race:
VENUS, (the nymph's mind measuring by her own,)
Whom the rich spoils of cities overthrown
Had prostrated to MARS, could well advise
Th' advent'rous lover how to gain the prize,
Nor less may JUPITER to gold ascribe:
For, when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
Who can blame DANAE, or the brazen tow'r,
That they withstood not that almighty show'r?
Never till then, did LOVE make JOVE put on
A form more bright, and nobler, than his own:
Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,
That slack devotion should his thunder scape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd APOLLO's wrong,
Those ass's ears on MIDAS' temples hung:
But fond repentance of his happy wish,
Because his meat grew metal like his dish,
Would BACCHUS bless me so, I'd constant hold
Unto my wish, and die creating gold.



* Hippomenes.

Upon

Upon BEN. JOHNSON.

MIRROR of Poets! Mirror of our age!
Which, her whole face beholding on thy Stage,

Pleas'd, and displeas'd, with her own faults, indures
A remedy like those whom music cures.

Thou hast alone those various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations:

So traced with thy all-resembling pen!

That, what-e'er custom has impos'd on men,

Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them so,

That scarce a brother can his brother know)

Is represented to the wond'ring eyes

Of all that see, or read, thy comedies.

Who-ever in those glasses looks, may find

The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind:

And, by the help of so divine an art,

At leisure view, and dress, his nobler part.

NARCISSUS, cozen'd by that flatt'ring Well,

Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,

Had here, discov'ring the deform'd estate

Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate,

But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad

In flesh and blood so well, that PLATO had

Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,

Virtue with colors, speech, and motion grac'd.

The sundry postures of thy copious Muse

Who would express, a thousand tongues must use:

Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;

For as thou could'st all characters impart,

So none could render thine; which still escapes,

Like PROTEUS, in variety of shapes;

Who

88 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Who was, nor this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Plays.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All these good Plays, but those of others too:
Thy wit repeated, does support the Stage;
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No Worthies; form'd by any Muse but thine;
Could purchase robes, to make themselves so fine.

What brave commander is not proud, to see
Thy brave MELANTIUS in his gallantry?
Our greatest Ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, e'er the year be done,
Sees thy ASPASIA weeping in her gown.

I never yet the Tragic strain assay'd,
Deter'd by that inimitable * MAID.
And, when I venture at the Comic style,
Thy SCORNFUL LADY seems to mock my toil.

Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd, and mar'd,
Our sport in Plays, by read'ring it too hard!
So, when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest out-go
So far, but that the best are meas'ring casts,
Their emulation, and their pastime lasts:
But, if some brawny Yeoman of the Guard
Step in, and tofs the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

* The Maid's Tragedy.

To

To Mr. GEORGE SANDYS, on his Translation of some Parts of the BIBLE.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who here with the same spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the choir
Of Angels, who their songs admire!

What-ever those inspired souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged Deep, and both the Poles;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull earth, which does with heav'n consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred Bard! what could bestow
Courage on thee, to soar so high?
Tell me, brave friend! what help'd thee so
To shake off all mortality?
To light this torch, thou hast climb'd high'r
Than * he who stole celestial fire.

To Mr. HENRY LAWES, who had then newly set a Song of mine in the Year 1635.

VERSE makes Heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verses give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath (tho' strain'd) sounds flat and low:

* Prometheus.

But

90 POEMS upon several Occasions.

But if a trumpet take the blast,
It lifts it high, and makes it last:
So in your Airs our numbers dress,
Make a shrill sally from the breast
Of nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,
Our passions to themselves commend;
While LOVE, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice, and heart.

You, by the help of tune, and time,
Can make that song, which was but rhyme:
NOR pleading, no man doubts the Cause;
Or questions verses set by LAWES.

As a Church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim, and faint:
So others, with division, hide
The light of sense, the Poets' pride:
But you alone may truly boast
That not a syllable is lost:
The writer's, and the setter's, skill
At once the ravish'd ears do fill.
Let those which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a song,
Content themselves with *Ut, Re, Mi*:
Let words, and sense, be set by thee.

*To Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, upon
his Two First Books of GONDIBERT,
written in FRANCE.*

THUS the wise nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when storms and winter come;

Per-

POEMS upon several Occasions. 191

Pursuing constantly the chearful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.

The drooping **HEBREWS'** banish'd harps, unstrung
At **BABYLON**, upon the willows hung:
Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage, than in singing well;
While unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you:
Who, with the **MUSES'** help, can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and disorder states.

So **OVID**, when from **CÆSAR'S** rage he fled,
The **ROMAN** Muse to **PONTUS** with him led:
Where he so sung, that we, thro' pity's glass,
See **NERO** milder than **AUGUSTUS** was.
Hereafter such, in thy behalf, shall be
Th' indulgent censure of posterity.

To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curse doth bring:
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
This to thy self. — Now to thy matchless book:
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure fresh language told;
Like new-stamp'd coin, made out of Angel-gold:
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In such a style as Courts may boast of now:
Which no bold tales of Gods, or monsters, swell;
But human passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme; his virtue, or his rage,
Drawn to the life in each elab'rate page.
MARS, nor **BELLONA**, are not named here;
But such a **GONDIBERT** as both might fear:

VENUS

92 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

VENUS had here, and HEBE, been outshin'd,
By thy bright BIRTHA, and thy RHODALIND,
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies, and the GRECIAN Gods!
Whose Deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the sov'reign crown:
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood,
Though not resisted, may be understood.

*To my Worthy Friend Mr. WASE, the
Translator of GRATIUS.*

THUS, by the music, we may know
When noble wits a-hunting go,
Through groves that on PARNASSUS grow.

The MUSES all the chase adorn;
My friend on PEGASUS is born,
And young APOLLO winds the horns.

Having old GRATIUS in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here, huntsmen with delight may read
How to chuse dogs, for scent, or speed;
And how to change, or mend, the breed.

What arms to use, or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat, or to tame;
With all the myst'ries of that game.

But, worthy friend! the face of war
In antient times doth differ far,
From what our fiery battels are.

Nor is it like, since powder known;
That man, so cruel to his own!
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees, from sun to sun;
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text;
To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse, to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage!

Since none does more to PHOEBUS owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts, which you so early know.

*To his worthy Friend Master EVELYN,
upon his Translation of LUCRETIVS.*

LUCRETIVS, (with a stork-like fate,
Born, and translated, in a state)
Comes to proclaim in ENGLISH verse,
No monarch rules the universe:

But

94 POEMS upon several Occasions.

But chance, and atoms, make **THIS ALL**
 In order democratical;
 Where bodies freely run their course,
 Without design, or fate, or force.
 And this in such a strain he sings,
 As if his Muse, with Angel's wings,
 Had soar'd beyond our outmost sphere,
 And other worlds discover'd there.
 For his immortal, boundless wit,
 To nature does no bounds permit;
 But boldly has remov'd those bars
 Of heav'n, and earth, and seas, and stars,
 By which they were before suppos'd,
 By narrow wits, to be inclos'd;
 'Till his free Muse threw down the pale,
 And did at once dispark them all.

So vast this argument did seem,
 That the wise author did esteem
 The **ROMAN** language (which was spread
 O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
 A tongue too narrow, to unfold
 The wonders which he would have told.
 This speaks thy glory, noble friend!
 And **BRITISH** language does commend:

For here, **LUCRETIVS** whole we find,
 His words, his music, and his mind.
 Thy art has to our country brought
 All that he writ, and all he thought.
OVID translated, **VIRGIL** too,
 Shew'd long since what our tongue could do:
 Nor **LUCAN**, we, nor **HORACE** spar'd;
 Only **LUCRETIVS** was too hard.

LUCRETIVS, like a Fort, did stand
Untouch'd; 'till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear.
A garland! made of such new bays,
And fought in such untrodden ways;
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's, and your own.

To his Worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIG-
GONS, upon his Translation of the VENE-
TIAN TRIUMPH.

THE * winged lion's not so fierce in fight,
As LIBERI's hand presents him to our fight:
Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,
Or roar so loud, as BUSINELLO's verse:
But your translation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty BUSINEL.
As their small gallies may not hold compare
With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air:
So, does th' ITALIAN to your genius vail,
Mov'd with a fuller, and a nobler, gale.
Thus, while your Muse spreads the VENETIAN story,
You make all EUROPE emulate her glory:
You make them blush, weak VENICE should defend
The cause of heav'n, while they for words contend;
Shed Christian blood, and populous cities rase,
Because they're taught to use some diff'rent phrase.
If, list'ning to your charms, we could our jars
Compose, and on the TURK discharge these wars;

* The Arms of Venice.

Our

96 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Our BRITISH arms the sacred tomb might wrest
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the east:
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great TASSO celebrate the fight.

CHLORIS and HYLAS. *Made to a
Saraband.*

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh HYLAS! why sit we mute,
Now that each bird saluteth the spring?
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
Never can'st thou want matter to sing:
For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYLAS.

Sweetest! you know, the sweetest of things
Of various flow'rs the bees do compose;
Yet no particular taste it brings
Of violet, wood-bind, pink, or rose:
So, love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS! the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconstant Muse:
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do chuse, bounds their desire.

HYLAS.

HYLAS.

CHLORIS! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm season hither does bring:
TIME from your self does further remove
You, than the winter from the gay spring:
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath blasted.

*In Answer of Sir JOHN SUCKLING's
Verses.*

CON.

STAY here fond youth, and ask no more; be wise;
Knowing too much, long since lost Paradise.

PRO.

And, by your knowledge, we should be bereft
Of all that Paradise which yet is left.

CON.

The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst should still
Last in their pride: and wouldst not take it ill
If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd? he wakes himself that does enjoy.

PRO.

How can the joy, or hope, which you allow
Be styled virtuous, and the end not so?
Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
But——to sleep better: for who-e'er drinks deep
Of this NEPENTHE, rocks himself asleep.

F.

CON,

98 POEMS upon several Occasions.

C O N.

*Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys;
And while it pleaseth much, yet still it cloy.
Who thinks he should be happier made for that,
As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit: this once past,
What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.*

P R O.

*Blessings may be repeated, while they cloy;
But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy?
And if fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy Pair,
Whose joys just H Y M E N warrants all the night,
Consume the day too in this less delight?*

C O N.

*Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
The homeliest thing that mankind does, is so.
The world is of a large extent we see,
And must be peopled, children there must be. —
So must bread too: but since there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?*

P R O.

*I need not plough, since what the stooping Hine
Gets of my pregnant land, must all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so;
For, when ANCHISES did fair VENUS know,
What int'rest had poor VULCAN in the boy,
Famous ÆNEAS, or the present joy?*

C O N.

*Women enjoy'd, what'er before they've been,
Are like Romances read, or scenes once seen:*

Fruition

*Erudition dulls, or spoils the Play, much more
Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.*

P R O.

Plays, and Romances read, and seen, do fall
In our opinions: yet, not seen at all,
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

C O N.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heav'n were not heav'n, if we knew what it were!

P R O.

If 'twere not heav'n, if we know what it were,
'Twould not be heav'n to those that now are there.

C O N.

*And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess: so here, restrains
Holds up delight, that wish excess would faine.*

P R O.

Restraint preserves the pleasure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
In goodly prospects, who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,
And nature blame for limiting our sight:
Where you stand wisely winking, that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

C O N.

*They who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.*

F 2

P R O,

100 POEMS upon several Occasions.

P R O.

Not he, that knows the wealth he has, is poor;
But he, that dares not touch, nor use his store.

*To a Friend, of the different Success of their
Loves.*

THRICE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
Which first began to love, or loves most now:
Fair course of passion! where two lovers start,
And run together, heart still yok'd with heart:
Successful youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious, in the first essay.
Sure love's an art best practis'd at first,
And where th' experienced still prosper worst!
I, with a diff'rent fate, persu'd in vain
The haughty CÆLIA; 'till my just disdain
Of her neglect, above that passion born,
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.
Now she relents; but all too late, to move
A heart directed to a nobler love:
The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more
Now, than my vows, and service, did before.
So, in some well-wrought hangings, you may see
How HECTOR leads, and how the GRECIANS flee:
Here, the fierce MARS his courage so inspires,
That with bold hand the ARGIVE fleet he fires:
But there, from heav'n the * blue-ey'd virgin falls,
And frighted TROY retires within her walls:
They that are foremost in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chase.

* Minerva;

So

So like the chances are of love, and war,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are;
In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

An APOLOGY for having Lov'd before.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprizing juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up:
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be best or no.

So, they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
To the first that's fair, or kind,
Make a present of their heart:
'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man that was in th' ev'ning made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light.

Then, at AURORA, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing tow'rd the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright son did appear,
 All those he 'gan despise;
 His wonder was determin'd there,
 And could no higher rise:

He neither might, nor wish'd to know
 A more resurgent light:
 For that (as mine your beauties now)
 Imploy'd his utmost sight.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth!

Urge not thus your haughty birth:
 The pow'r which you have o'er us, lyes
 Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a Prince! ——— alas! that voice
 Confines you to a narrow choice.
 Should you no honey vow to taste,
 But what the master-bees have plac'd
 In compass of their cells, how small
 A portion to your share would fall?
 Nor all appear among those few,
 Worthy the stock from whence they grew:
 The sap which at the root is bred
 In trees, thro' all the boughs is spread;
 But virtues which in parents shine,
 Make not like progress thro' the line.
 'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:
 The place does oft those graces give.

Great

Great JULIUS on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led:
* He that the world subdu'd, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.
'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth:
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skies.
To the old Heroes hence was giv'n
A pedigree, which reach'd to heav'n:
Of mortal seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd.
And beauty too, in such excess
As yours, ZELINDA! claims no less:
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can describe the shady grove,
Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove;
And yet excuse the faultless dame,
Caught with her spouse's shape, and name:
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

To my Lady MORTON on NEW-YEARS-
DAY, at the LOUVRE in PARIS.

MADAM! new-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind:
Still as they pass, they court, and smile on you;
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.

* Alexander.

F 4

To

104 POEMS upon several Occasions.

To the fair VILLARS we DALKEITH prefer;
And fairest MORTON now as much to her:
So like the sun's advance your titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.

But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays:
From armed foes to bring a * Royal prize,
Shews your brave heart victorious, as your eyes.
If JUDITH, marching with the General's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read;
What may the living do, which brought away
Tho' a less bloody, yet a nobler prey?
Who from our flaming TROY, with a bold hand
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princess, like a brand:
A brand! preserv'd to warm some Prince's heart;
And make whole kingdoms take her † Brother's part.
So VENUS, from prevailing GREEKS, did shrowd
The ‡ hope of ROME, and sav'd him in a cloud.

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps misfortune, and there triumphs crime!
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night:
This portion only may indure the light,
Where the kind Nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomly to scape,
When thro' the guards, the river, and the sea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
The forest wasted; and that lofty tree

Which

* *Henrietta Maria*, youngest Daughter to K. Charles I.

† K. Charles II. ‡ *Æneas*.

Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,
 Before the feathers of her young are grown;
 She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
 But bears them boldly on her wings away:
 So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
 Her Princely burthen to the GALLIC shore.
 Born in the storms of war, this Royal Fair,
 Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous air,
 Tho' now she flies her native isle, (less kind,
 Less safe for her, than either sea, or wind!)
 Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
 See her great Brother on the BRITISH throne:
 Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
 But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

To a Fair Lady playing with a Snake.

STRANGE! that such horror, and such grace,
 Should dwell together in one place;
 A Fury's arm, an Angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
 In CHLORIS' fancy such mistakes,
 To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this, and by her coldness, barr'd,
 Her servants have a task too hard:
 The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve
 May boldly creep; we dare not give
 Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
 He lies, as he his bliss did know;
 And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair EVE! you do not make
 Another tempter of this snake:
 A marble one so warm'd would speak.

*The NIGHT-PIECE, or a Picture drawn
 in the Dark.*

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
 Defends us ill from MIRA's charms:

MIRA can lay her beauty by,
 Take no advantage of the eye;
 Quit all that LELY's art can take,
 And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound,
 Than in another's song is found:
 And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
 Which need no light to reach our hearts.

As the bright stars, and Milky Way,
 Shew'd by the night, are hid by day:
 So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
 He'p'd by the night, new graces find,
 Which, by the splendor of her view
 Dazled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark
 No want of day, nor think it dark:

Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get:
There, blushes, frowns, and gold dislain;
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.

Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays,
With CUPID's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch, (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.

All near approaches threaten death,
We may be ship-wreck'd by her breath:
LOVE, favor'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail;
'Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.

So, we th' ARABIAN coast do know,
At distance, when the spices blow,
By the rich odor taught to steer,
Tho' neither day, nor stars appear.



Part of the Fourth Book of VIRGIL;
ÆNEIS Translated.

Beginning at V. 437.

* * * * Taleſque miſerrima ſletus
Fertque refertque ſoror. * * * *

And ending with

Adnixi torquent ſpumas; & carula verrunt. V. 583.

ALL this her weeping * ſiſter does repeat
To the † ſtern man, whom nothing could intreat;
Loſt were her pray'rs, and fruitleſs were her tears!
Fate, and great Jove, had ſtop'd his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way, and that, they bend
His reeling trunk; and with a boiſtrous ſound
Scatter his leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground;
He fixed ſtands, as deep his root doth lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No leſs on ev'ry ſide the Heroe preſt,
Feels love, and pity, ſhake his noble breaſt;
And down his cheeks tho' fruitleſs tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.
Then DIDO, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel heav'n to hate:
Her reſolution to diſpatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, conſecrate for ſacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes:

* Anna.

† Æneas.

The

The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.
Besides, there stood, as sacred to her * Lord,
A marble temple which she much ador'd;
With snowy fleeces, and fresh garlands, crown'd:
Hence ev'ry night proceeds a dreadful sound;
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb:
And dismal owls preface the ills to come.
Besides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold:
Scorn'd, and deserted, to her self she seems;
And finds *ÆNEAS* cruel in her dreams.

So, to mad *PENTHEUS*, double *TINEES* appears;
And Furies howl in his distemper'd ears.
ORESTES so, with like distraction tost,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.

Now grief, and fury, to their height arrive;
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved sister, with a chearful grace,
(Hope well-dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear sister! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of *ÆTHIOPIA*, lies
The place where *ATLAS* does support the skies:
Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' *HESPERIAN* fruit, and made the dragon sleep:
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
And where she lifts, makes calmest minds to grieve:
The course of rivers, and of heav'n, can stop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top:
Witness, ye Gods! and thou, my dearest part!
How loath I am to tempt this guilty art.

* *Sicbaus*.

Erect

110 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed, where I my ruin did embrace
With all the reliques of our inopious guest,
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be dress'd;
(The knowing-woman thus prescribes) that we
May raise the man out of our memory.

Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth these sacred rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought
Would follow, than *SECHURUS'* murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now, heaped high
The cloven oaks, and lofty pines, do lie;
Hung all with wreaths, and flow'ry garlands round;
So by her self was her own fun'ral crown'd!
Upon the top the *TROJAN'S* image lies,
And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The magic prophetess begins her pray'r:
On *CHAOS*, *EREBUS*, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,
She loudly calls; besprinkling all the room
With drops, suppos'd from *LETAE'S* lake to come.
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moon-light mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands;
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry God,
And ev'ry Pow'r; if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!

Now was the time, when weary mortals sleep
Their careful temples in the dew of *SLEEP*:

On

POEMS upon several Occasions. 131

On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet, and deep silence fell:
But not on Dido! whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd:
A double passion in her breast does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus she afflicts her soul: What shall I do?
With fate inverted, shall I humbly woo?
And some proud Prince, in wild NUMIDIA burn,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?
Or, shall I with th' ungrateful TROYAN go,
Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by sad experience! known
The perjur'd race of false LAOMEDON?
With my SIDONIANS shall I give them chase,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No, — dye! and let this sword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.

Ah sister! vanquish'd with my passion, thou
Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to SICHÆUS still,
And single liv'd, I had not known this ill!

Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breast,
While the DARDANIAN does securely rest
In his tall ship, for sudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the son of Jove appears,
Thus seems to speak the youthful Deity,
Voice, hair, and color, all like MERCURY.

Fair VENUS' seed! can'st thou indulge thy sleep,
Nor better guard in such great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!
If here thy ships the purple morning find,

Thou

112 POEMS *upon several Occasions.*

Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine;
She meditates revenge, resolv'd to dye;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.

This said, the God in shades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd ÆNEAS, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight again:
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas spread:
What God soe'er that thus vouchsaf't to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey.
Assist us still smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious! ---- With that word,
He cuts the cable with his shining sword:
Thro' all the navy doth like ardor reign,
They quit the shore, and rush into the main:
Plac'd on their banks, the lusty TROJANS sweep
NEPTUNE's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

*On the PICTURE of a Fair Youth, taken
after he was Dead.*

AS gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay, and fresh, as on the stalk they grew;
Torn from the root that nourish'd them, a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile;
And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them, show
Fairer than those that to their autumn grow:
So love, and beauty, still that visage grace;
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.

Alive

POEMS upon several Occasions. 113

Alive, the hand of crooked Age had mar'd
Those lovely features, which cold Death has spar'd.

No wonder then he sped in love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell;
When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,
No business had, but to persuade that dame;
Whose mutual love advanc'd the youth so high,
That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

On a Brede of divers Colors, woven by Four Ladies.

TWICE twenty slender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine:
As nature them, so they this shade have wrought;
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not JUNO's bird, when, his fair train dis-spread,
He woos the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dies.

*A PANEGYRIC to my LORD PROTECTOR,
of the present Greatness, and joint Interest,
of his HIGHNESS, and this Nation.*

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from our selves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:
Let

114. POEMS upon several Occasions.

Let partial spirits still aloud complain:
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as NEPTUNE shew'd his face
To chide the winds, and save the TROJAN race:
So, has your HIGHNESS, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the IRISH come,
And the unwilling SCOTS, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now, all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our Fleet:
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this Island to give law,
To balance EUROPE, and her states to awe,)
In this conjunction doth on BRITAIN smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort
Justice to crave, and succour at your Court;

And

POEMS upon several Occasions. 1151

And then your HIGHNESS, not for ours alone,
But for the world's PROTECTOR shall be known:

FAME, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Thro' ev'ry land that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy, and rapine, use.

With such a Chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By Us, embraced by the sea, and You?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
And ev'ry coast may trouble, or relieve:
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive:
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth, hath all that nature craves;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As EGYPT does not on the clouds rely,
But to the NILE owes more than to the sky;
So, what our earth, and what our heav'n, denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The

116 POEMS upon several Occasions.

The taste of hot ARABIA'S spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun, that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in PERSIAN silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, tho' the heaviest metal, hither swims:
Ours is the harvest where the INDIANS mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
ROME, tho' her eagle thro' the world had flown,
Could never make this Island all her own.

Here the third EDWARD, and the BLACK PRINCE too,
FRANCE conqu'ring HENRY flourish'd; and now YOU:
For whom we stay'd, as did the GRECIAN state,
Till ALEXANDER came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the MACEDONIAN cry'd,
He wist not THETIS in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battel lead,
Against th' unwarlike PERSIAN, and the MENE,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils, than honour, to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The CALEDONIANS, arm'd with want, and cold,

Have,

Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old ROMAN wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our ENGLISH iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of ROME.

Like favor find the IRISH, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state:
While by your valor, and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

HOLLAND, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing Posts, the terror, and the news;
Our Neighbour-Princes trembled at their roar:
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your

118 *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

Your never-failing sword made war to cease;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
Our minds with bounty, and with awe, engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Let's pleasure take brave minds in battels won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing; and to punish, loth;
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both;
Lifting up all that prostrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate, or error, had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread;
The only cure which could from heav'n come down,
Was so much pow'r, and piety, in one.

One! whose extraction from an antient line,
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine:
The meanest, in your nature mild and good;
The Noble, rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over your self to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons should live:

Born to command, your Princely virtues slept
Like humble **DAVID**'s, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage, and your matchless worth,
Dazling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when, without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story:
But living virtue, all atchievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This **CÆSAR** found: and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken **BRUTUS** thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence, and wars:
To such a tempest, as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If **ROME**'s great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You!

120 POEMS upon several Occasions.

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
 Could order teach, and their high spirits compose:
 To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
 Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
 And angry grows, if he that first took pain
 To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
 He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
 It self into AUGUSTUS' arms did cast:
 So ENGLAND now, does, with like toil oppress'd,
 Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the MUSES, with such Notes as these,
 Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
 Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
 And draw the image of our MARS in fight:

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
 And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
 How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choak
 Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
 And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muse:
 Here, in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
 But there, My Lord! we'll bays, and olive, bring

To crown your head: while you in triumph ride
 O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside:

While

While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like JOSEPH's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

Of a WAR with SPAIN, and FIGHT
at Sea.

NOW, for some ages, had the pride of SPAIN
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain;
While she bid war to all, that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made dye.
Of nature's bounty men forbore to taste;
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world, her silver, and her gold
Came, like a tempest, to confound the old.
Feeding with these the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone she gives us Emperors, and Popes:
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
EUROPE was shaken with her INDIAN mines.
When BRITAIN, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of SPAIN;
And knowing well, that empire must decline,
Whose chief support, and sinews are of coin;
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose,
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
And now some months, incamping on the Main,
Our naval army, had besieged SPAIN:
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold Fleet confin'd,
From whence, our red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.

122 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the ENGLISH make it their abode:
Whose ready sails with ev'ry wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' unconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root;
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Mean-while, the SPANIARDS in AMERICA
Near to the Line the sun approaching saw;
And hop'd their EUROPEAN coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships, by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons, stuff'd with plate,
The lab'ring winds drive slowly tow'rs their fate.
Before St. LUCAR they their guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard some ships of ours (tho' out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew:
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin that tragic play,
And with their smoky cannons banish day:
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the Fleets.
Thro' yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under diff'rent stars, one fate they have;
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave!

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when ship-wreck was the worst:
More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had sail'd from near th' antartic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,

In fight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock, or sea!
What they would spare, our fiercer art destroys;
Surpassing storms in terror, and in noise.
Once Jove from I D A did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray:
Here, heav'n in vain that kind retreat should sound;
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some, we made prize; while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of Courts.
Vain man! whose rage buries as low that store,
As avarice had dig'd for it before:
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the Deep:
Where T H E R I S kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now, into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies:
The * Marquis, (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element:
Then laid him by his burning Lady's side,
And, since he could not save her, with her dy'd.
Spices, and gums, about them melting fry,
And, phoenix-like, in that rich nest they dye:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd;
And now, together are to ashes turn'd:
Ashes! more worth than all their fun'ral cost;
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.

* of Bajadoz.

G 2

These

124 POEMS upon several Occasions.

These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns:
Beauty, and youth, about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave ENGLISH minds;
That, (the rich spoil forgot, their valor's prize,)
All labor now to save their enemies.
How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath, and fury, to a friendly care!
They that but now for honor, and for plate,
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
And, their young foes indeav'ring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

With these returns victorious MONTAGU,
With laurels in his hand, and half PERU.
Let the brave Generals divide that bough,
Our great PROTECTOR hath such wreaths enough:
His conqu'ring head has no more room for bays.
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermin clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of SPANISH gold.

Upon the Death of the LORD PROTECTOR.

WE must resign! heav'n his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath shakes our Isle;
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air. ---- So ROMULUS was lost!

New

New ROME in such a tempest miss'd her King;
 And, from obeying, fell to worshipping.
 On OETA's top thus HERCULES lay dead,
 With ruin'd oaks, and pines, about him spread:
 The poplar too, whose bough he wont to wear
 On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
 Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
 Our dying Hero, from the continent
 Ravish'd whole towns; and forts from SPANIARDS rest,
 As his last legacy to BRITAIN left.
 The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
 Could give no limits to his vaster mind,
 Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil;
 Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our Isle:
 Under the tropic is our language spoke;
 And part of FLANDERS hath receiv'd our yoke.
 From civil broils he did us dis-engage;
 Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
 And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
 The antient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
 To him, that gave us peace, and empire too.
 Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to see
 No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
 Nature her self took notice of his death,
 And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
 That, to remotest shores her billows roul'd,
 Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.



To the KING, upon his MAJESTY'S
happy Return.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then 'shews his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as tho'
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign: Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendor of your state,
(Wrap'd up, 'till now, in clouds of adverse Fate!)
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprize;
That, if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, SIR! too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting ESTHER, does before you stand,
Watching your sceptre: the revolted sea
Trembles, to think she did your foes obey.

GREAT BRITAIN, like blind POLYPHEME, of late
In a wild rage, became the scorn, and hate,
Of her proud neighbours; who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force, would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant-Isle has got her eye again.
Now, she might spare the ocean; and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
Naked, the GRACES guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunder shall.

Princes

Princes that saw you diff'rent passions prove;
For now they dread the object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.
So SEMELE, contented with the rape
Of JOVE, disguised in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.

And tho' it be our sorrow, and our crime,
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here; yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign.
For, having view'd the persons, and the things,
The councils, state, and strength, of EUROPE'S Kings,
You know your work; ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as heav'n does to the Main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practise, taught.
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern, employ'd:
He ripens spices, fruit, and pretious gums,
Which from remotest regions hither comes.

This seat of yours (from th'other world remov'd)
Had ARCHIMEDES known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force, fix'd here: your pow'r, and skill,
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-suff'ring Monarch! the first ENGLISH-born,
That has the crown of these three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage
Of your own soil, contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue, and your sacred word
At last preventing your unwilling sword)

Armies, and fleets, which kept you out so long,
 Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redress'd his wrong.
 When strait the people, by no force compell'd,
 Nor longer from their inclination held,
 Break forth at once, like powder set on fire;
 And, with a noble rage, their KING require.
 So th' injur'd sea, which from her wonted course,
 To gain some acres, avarice did force,
 If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
 No longer will from her old channel stay;
 Raging, the late-got land she overflows,
 And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefeft, do begin
 To strive for grace, and expiate their sin:
 All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroid;
 Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.

If then such praise the * MACEDONIAN got;
 For having rudely cut the GORDIAN knot;
 What glory's due to him, that could divide
 Such ravel'd int'rests? has the knot unty'd,
 And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
 Where craft, and malice, such impeachments laid?

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
 To his high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
 Of self-demolish'd JERICO so low:
 His Angel 'twas that did before you go;
 Tam'd savage hearts, and made affection yield,
 Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus, patience crown'd, like JOB's, your trouble ends,
 Having your foes to pardon, and your friends:
 For, tho' your courage were so firm a rock,
 What private virtue could indure the shock?

* Alexander.

Like

Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,
And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude INDIANS, tort'ring all the royal race,
Him with the throne, and dear-bought sceptre grace,
That suffers best: what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of your mighty mind,
Is, how you combat Fortune now she's kind:
And this way too you are victorious found;
She flatters with the same success she frown'd.
While, to your self severe, to others kind,
With pow'r unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer parts fall to the people's share.
Safety, and equal government, are things
Which subjects make as happy as their Kings.

Faith, law, and piety, (that banish'd train!)
Justice and truth, with you return again:
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish, without fraud, or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But above all, the Muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:
Kind heav'n at once has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per abenea signa,
Quàm per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
Clarorum apparent * * * **

Horat.

130 POEMS upon several Occasions.

On St. JAMES'S PARK, as lately improv'd
by his MAJESTY.

OF the first Paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by heav'n are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead of rivers rowling by the side
Of EDEN'S garden, here flows-in the tide:
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas to which they go,
Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.

For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of ORPHEUS, or AMPHION'S hand,
In better order could not make them stand.
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough, to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade:
The Gallants dancing by the river side;
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
Methinks I hear the musick in the boats,
And the loud ECHO which returns the Notes:
While over-head a flock of new-sprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the sun controul,

Dark'ning the sky: they hover o'er, and throw'd
The wanton sailers with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides:
The Ladies angling in the chrystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines, and eyes,
They make the fishes, and the men, their prize.
A thousand CUPIDS on the billows ride,
And Sea-Nymphs enter with the swelling tide:
From THETIS sent as spies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her Sov'reign's Court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palat, here you may descry:
The choicest things that furnish'd NOAH's ark,
Or PETER's sheet, inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread:
Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup:
There ice, like chrystal firm, and never lost,
Tempers hot July with December's frost;
Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
Tho' the warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh:
Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,
High on the ALPS, or in deep caves below.

Here, a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy,
To see our Prince his matchless force imploy:
His manly posture, and his graceful meen,
Vigor, and youth, in all his motions seen;

His

132 POEMS upon several Occasions.

His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall:
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoaking culverin 'twere shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living gallery of aged trees:
Bold sons of earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky.
In such green palaces the first Kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and Angels entertain'd:
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.
Free from th' impediments of light, and noise,
Man thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here CHARLES contrives the ord'ring of his states,
Here he resolves his neighb'ring Princes' fates:
What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade;
The world, from INDIA to the frozen north,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The prospect thought, and contemplation, gives.
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply;
The structure by a * Prelate rais'd, WHITE-HALL,
Built with the fortune of ROME's Capitol:
Both, dis-proportion'd to the present state
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.

* Cardinal Wolsey.

From

From hence he does that * antique Pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold :
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep ;
There made like Gods, like mortals there they sleep :
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Those suns of empire ! where they rise, they set.
When others fell, this standing did presage
The crown should triumph over popular rage :
Hard by that † House where all our ills were shap'd,
Th' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So, snow on ÆTNA does unmelted lye,
Whence rowling flames, and scatter'd cinders, fly ;
The distant country in the ruin shares,
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.
Next, that ‡ capacious Hall he sees, the room
Where the whole nation does for justice come :
Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
And Judges grave, on high tribunals, frown.
Here, like the people's pastor he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below :
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does indulgence find :
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
And made a sacrifice to public care.
Here, free from Court-compliances, he walks :
And with himself, his best adviser, talks :
How peaceful olive may his temples shade,
For mending laws, and for restoring trade :
Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.

* Westminster Abbey.

† House of Commons.

‡ Westminster Hall.

134 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Of antient prudence here he ruminates,
 Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states:
 What ruling arts gave great AUGUSTUS fame;
 And how ALCIOES purchas'd such a name.
 His eyes, upon his * native Palace bent
 Close by, suggest a greater argument:
 His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
 On what the world may from that star expect,
 Which at his birth appear'd; to let us see,
 Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
 A Prince, on whom such diff'rent lights did smile,
 Born the divided world to reconcile!
 Whatever heav'n, or high extracted blood
 Could promise, or foretel, he will make good:
 Reform these nations, and improve them more,
 Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

*Of the Invasion and Defeat of the TURKS,
 In the Year 1683.*

THE modern NIMROD, with a safe delight
 Persuing beasts, that save themselves by flight;
 Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
 Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.

A Prince, with eunuchs, and the softer sex,
 Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex:
 Provoke the GERMAN, and, neglecting heav'n,
 Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.

His grand Visier, presuming to invest
 The chief + imperial city of the west,

With

* St. James's. + Vienna.

POEMS upon several Occasions. 135

With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The standard lost, and Janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
The flying TURKS, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom:
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful Kings.

The trembling SULTAN's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct, by another's fate:
The Grand Vifier, a tyrant, tho' a slave,
A fair example to his master gave;
He BASSAS' heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the SULTAN to preserve, must dye.

The fatal bow-string was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought:
Made the world tremble with a num'rous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud;
That of the great, neglecting to be just,
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of dust.

The TURKS so low, why should the Christians lose
Such an advantage of their barb'rous foes?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another SOLYMAN they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That num'rous herd, by such a lion led.
He RHODES, and BUDA, from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.

But, sparing TURKS, as if with rage possess'd,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppress'd:

Cities,

136 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Cities, and provinces, so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!

What Angel shall descend, to reconcile
The Christian-States, and end their guilty toil?
A Prince more fit from heav'n we cannot ask,
Than BRITAIN'S King, for such a glorious task:
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear, and favor, of mankind.
His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is sign'd, and BRITAIN does obtain,
What ROME had sought from her fierce sons in vain.

In battels won, Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this successful union, we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,
Without unsheathing the destructive sword:
Without a Tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest Kings comply?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he march'd into the throne:
And we owe more to heav'n, than to the sword,
The wish'd return of so benign a Lord.

CHARLES, by old GREECE with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique Heroes shall be plac'd.
What THESEUS did, or THEBAN HERCULES,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace:
Which on the TURKS shall greater honor gain,
Than all their giants, and their monsters, slain.

Those

Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

*To the QUEEN, upon her MAJESTY'S
Birth-Day, after her happy recovery from
a dangerous sickness.*

FAREWELL the year! which threaten'd so
The fairest light the world can show.
Welcome the new! whose ev'ry day,
Restoring what was snatch'd away
By pining sickness from the Fair,
That matchless beauty does repair:
So fast! that the approaching spring,
(Which does to flow'ry meadows bring,
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all she had before.

But, we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past;
We, that esteem'd you sent from heav'n,
A pattern to this Island giv'n;
To shew us what the Bless'd do there;
And what alive they practis'd here;
When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then indure;
And tremble yet, as not secure.
So, tho' the sun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipse set free;
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But,

138 POEMS upon several Occasions.

But, that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help so near
For all the evil you can prove;
The kindness of your Royal Love.
He, that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserv'd for you: more dear,
More priz'd, than all those kingdoms were!
For, when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials, and elixirs, fail'd;
On your pale cheek he drop'd the show'r,
Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

*Sung by Mrs. KNIGHT, to her MAJESTY,
on her Birth-Day.*

THIS happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious Saint, a matchless Queen:
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' INFANTA here,
May all those years, which CATHARINE
The Martyr did for heav'n resign,
Be added to the line
Of your blest life among us here!
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share!

May heav'n it self content
With CATHARINE the saint!

With

Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

Of her MAJESTY on NEW-YEAR'S
DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been,
How are we chang'd, since we first saw the Queen?
She, like the sun, does still the same appear;
Bright as she was at her arrival here!

TIME has commission mortals to impair,
But things cœlestial is oblig'd to spare.

May ev'ry New-Year find her still the same,
In health, and beauty, as she hither came!
When Lords, and Commons, with united voice,
Th' INFANTA nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
First of our Queens, whom not the KING alone,
But the whole nation, list'd to the throne.

With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd
The * glorious Prince, that does the TURK confound,
Victorious both! His conduct wins the day;
And her example chafes vice away.
Tho' louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.



* John Sobieski K. of Poland.

Of TEA, commended by her MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, PHOEBUS has his bays;
 Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise,
 The best of Queens, and best of herbs, we owe
 To that bold nation, which the way did show
 To the fair region, where the sun does rise;
 Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
 The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
 Repress those vapors which the head invade;
 And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
 Fit, on her Birth-day, to salute the Queen.

PROLOGUE for the Lady-Actors:

Spoken before K. CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majestic frown;
 But lay aside the greatness of your crown!
 And for that look, which does your people awe,
 When in your throne, and robes, you give them law,
 Lay it by here; and give a gentler smile!
 Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while
 He listens to APOLLO's charming lyre,
 Or judges of the songs he does inspire.
 Comedians on the Stage shew all their skill,
 And after do as love, and fortune, will:
 We are less careful, hid in this disguise;
 In our own cloaths more serious, and more wise.
 Modest at home, upon the Stage more bold;
 We seem warm lovers, tho' our breasts be cold.

A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

*Of her Royal HIGHNESS, Mother to the
Prince of ORANGE: and of her Portrait
written by the late Duchess of YORK while
she liv'd with her.*

HEROIC Nymph! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory, of the BRITISH Court!

Into whose arms the Church, the State, and all
That pretious is, or sacred here, did fall.

Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the INDIES were:

Tho' streighter bounds your fortune did confine,

In your large heart was found a wealthy Mine:

Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,

Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd,

While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,

Your native Isle does with your praises ring:

But above all, a * Nymph of your own train,

Gives us your character in such a strain,

As none but she, who in that Court did dwell,

Could know such worth; or worth describe so well,

So, while we mortals here at heav'n do guess,

And more our weakness, than the place, express;

Some Angel, a domestic there, comes down,

And tells the wonders he hath seen, and known,

* Lady Anne Hyde.

*To the Duchess of ORLEANS, when she
was taking leave of the Court at DOVER.*

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise,
ENGLAND first saw the light of your fair eyes.
In ENGLISH too your early wit was shown:
Favor that language! which was then your own,
When, tho' a child, thro' guards you made your way:
What fleet, or army, could an Angel stay?
Thrice-happy BRITAIN! if she could retain,
Whom she first bred, within her ambient Main,
Our late-burnt LONDON, in apparel new,
Shook off her ashes to have treated you:
But we must see our glory snatch'd away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea:
No wind can favor us; howe'er it blows,
We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose!
Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell —
Fair, lovely, great, and best of Nymphs, farewell!

*Upon her * MAJESTY's New Buildings at
SOMERSET-HOUSE.*

GREAT QUEEN! that does our Island bless,
With Princes, and with palaces:
Treated so ill, chas'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town;
And, with a brave revenge, do show
Their glory went, and came, with you.

While

* *Henrietta Maria, Q. Dowager of K. Charles I.*

POEMS upon several Occasions. 143

While peace from hence, and you were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon, and relieve.

Constant to ENGLAND in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove;
Tho' by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
There, the next spring, again they build.

Accusing some malignant star,
Not BRITAIN, for that fatal war;
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new Mine this work supplies?
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This like the first creation shows,
As if at your command it rose.

Frugality, and bounty too,
(Those diff'ring virtues) meet in you;
From a confin'd, well-manag'd, store,
You both imploy, and feed, the poor.

Let foreign Princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride, and cost;
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the pay.

This, by the Queen her self design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The state, and order, does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with just proportion grac'd,
And all to such advantage plac'd;
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,

Ent'ring

144 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Ent'ring, beneath us we descry;
And wonder how we came so high.

She needs no weary steps ascend;
All seems before her feet to bend:
And here, as she was born, she lies;
High, without taking pains to rise.

Of a TREE cut in PAPER.

FAIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet, from the stain of ink, preserve it white:
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Like track of leverets in morning-snow.
LOVE's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot, or blemish, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colors, or of oil!
For, tho' a painter boughs, and leaves, can make;
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake:
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
ORPHEUS could make the forest dance; but you
Can make the motion, and the forest too.

*To a LADY, from whom he received the fore-
going Copy, which for many years had been
lost.*

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they subdue become their spies:

Secrets,

Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
Presented to oblige the Fair:
No wonder then, that a lost thought
Should there be found, where souls are caught.

The picture of fair VENUS, (that,
For which, men say, the Goddess sat)
Was lost, 'till LELY from your look
Again that glorious image took.

If virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write:
All things, but one, you can restore;
The heart you get returns no more.

*Of the Lady MARY, Princess of
ORANGE.*

AS once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came;
A royal Hero, no less brave,
Produc'd this sweet, this lovely, dame.

To her, the Prince that did oppose
Such mighty armies in the field,
And HOLLAND from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not BELGIA's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the sun does rise;

H

Nor

146 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conqu'ring eyes.

ORANGE, with youth, experience has;
In action young, in council old:

ORANGE is, what AUGUSTUS was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,
Blossoms, and fruit, at once are found:
In him we all admire the same,
His flow'ry youth with wisdom crown'd!

Empire, and freedom, reconcil'd
In HOLLAND are, by great NASSAW:
Like those he sprung from, just, and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy pair! so near ally'd,
In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now LOVE has you together ty'd,
May none this triple knot undo!

The Church shall be the happy place,
Where streams which from the same source run,
Tho' divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all:
For, while he thus his neece bestows,
About our Isle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which ATHENS had,
By th' oracle's advice, of wood:
Had theirs been such as CHARLES has made,
That mighty state 'till now had stood.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
Their work shall with the world remain:

Both bound together, live, or die,
The verses, and the prophecy.

But who can hope his lines should long
Last, in a daily-changing tongue?

While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in LATIN, or in GREEK:
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'er-flows.

CHAUCER his sense can only boast;
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defac'd his matchless strain;
And yet he did not sing in vain.

148 POEMS upon several Occasions.

The Beauties which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous Poet's scope;
And all an ENGLISH pen can hope;
To make the Fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate;
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

*Upon the Earl of ROSCOMMON's Transla-
tion of HORACE, De Arte Poeticâ:
And of the Use of Poetry.*

ROME was not better by her HORACE taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought;
The Poet writ to noble PISO there;
A noble PISO does instruct us here:
Gives us a pattern in his flowing style;
And with rich precepts does oblige our Isle:
BRITAIN! whose genius is in verse express'd;
Bold, and sublime; but negligently dress'd.

HORACE will our superfluous branches prune;
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favor his flight, and moderate his force.

Tho'

POEMS upon several Occasions. 149

Tho' Poets may of inspiration boast,
 Their rage, ill-govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
 He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
 At once his fancy, and his judgment, shows.
 Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence;
 Neglect of which no wit can recompense.
 The fountain which from **HELICON** proceeds,
 That sacred stream! should never water weeds;
 Nor make the crop of thorns, and thistles, grow,
 Which envy, or perverted nature, sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
 Heroic thoughts, and virtue, to infuse:
 Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold;
 But they move more, in lofty Numbers told:
 By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
 We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The **MUSES'** friend, unto himself severe,
 With silent pity looks on all that err:
 But where a brave, a public action shines,
 That he rewards with his immortal lines.
 Whether it be in council, or in fight,
 His country's honor is his chief delight:
 Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,
 Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd
 With admiration, or as much despis'd.)
 Men will be less indulgent to their faults;
 And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
 Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
 Could it be known what they discreetly blot:
 Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
 May like the language of the Gods appear:

150 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Such as, of old, wise Bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake;
Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes.
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the MUSES taught.
So, wand'ring bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the spoil;
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil:
They give us food, which may with Nectar vie,
And wax, that does the absent sun supply.

*Ad COMITEM MONUMETENSEM
de BENTIVOGLIO suo.*

FLORIBUS ANGLIGENIS non hanc tibi necto corollam;
Cum satis indigenis te probet ipse Liber:
Per me ROMA sciet tibi se debere, quod ANGLORUM
ROMANUS didigit cultus ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas ducē CÆSARE vidit,
Candida ROMULIDUM te ducē scripta videt.
Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, esto!
Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis Liber hic instructus, et arte BATAVA,
A BELGA nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera; discordes FLANDRIA quassa monet.

Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator;
 Qui regnant, leni sceptrum tenere manu.
 Maſte, COMES! virtute novâ; veſtri ordinis ingens
 Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
 Dum ſtertunt alii ſomno vinoque ſepulcri,
 Nobilis antiquo ſtemmate digna facis.

*To Mr. KILLEGREW, upon his altering
 his Play PANDORA, from a Tragedy
 into a Comedy, because not approv'd on the
 Stage.*

SIR, you ſhould rather teach our age the way
 Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your Play:
 You had oblig'd us by imploying wit,
 Not to reform PANDORA, but the Pit.
 For, as the nightingale, without the throng
 Of other birds, alone attends her ſong;
 While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
 The whole aſſembly of his fellow-daws:
 So, muſt the writer, whoſe productions ſhould
 Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould:
 Whiſt nobler fancies make a flight too high
 For common view, and leſſen as they fly.



On the Duke of MONMOUTH's Expedition into SCOTLAND, in the Summer Solstice.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger, (* the winged god)
 With sword as potent as his charming rod,
 He flew to execute the King's command:
 And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land;
 Where day, contending with approaching night,
 Assists the Hero with continu'd light.

On foes surpriz'd, and by no night conceal'd,
 He might have rush'd; but noble pity held
 His hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
 Which they would prove, his valor, or his grace.
 This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke;
 And then, like lightning, thro' that cloud he broke.
 His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
 The guilty SCOTs with such a terror shook;
 That to his courage they resign the field,
 Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
 Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
 He grieves so many BRITONS should be lost:
 Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
 To save the flyers, than to win the field:
 And at the Court his int'rest does employ,
 That none, who 'scap'd his fatal sword, should die.

And now, these rash bold men their error find,
 Not trusting one beyond his promise kind:
 One! whose great mind, so bountiful, and brave,
 Had learn'd the art to conquer, and to save.

* Mercury.

In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell:
And give a secret joy to him that reigns,
To see his blood triumph in MONMOUTH'S veins:
To see a Leader whom he got, and chose,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But seeing envy, like the sun, does beat
With scorching rays, on all that's high, and great:
This, ill-requited MONMOUTH! is the bough
The MUSES send, to shade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze;
But time, and thunder, pay respect to bays.
ACHILLES' arms dazzle our present view;
Kept by the Muse as radiant, and as new,
As from the forge of VULCAN first they came:
Thousands of years are past, and they the same.
Such care she takes, to pay desert with fame!
Than which, no Monarch, for his crown's defense,
Knows how to give a nobler recompense.

To a Friend of the Author, a Person of Honor, who lately writ a Religious Book, intitled, Historical Applications, and Occasional Meditations upon several Subjects.

BOLD is the man that dares engage
For piety, in such an age!
Who can presume to find a guard
From scorn, when heav'n's so little spared?

H S

Divines

* K. Charles II.

154 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Divines are pardon'd; they defend
 Altars on which their lives depend:
 But the profane impatient are,
 When nobler pens make this their care:
 For why should these let-in a beam
 Of divine light, to trouble them;
 And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
 That none believes what we are taught?
 High birth, and fortune, warrant give
 That such men write what they believe:
 And, feeling first what they indite,
 New credit give to antient light.
 Amongst these few, our author brings
 His well-known pedigree from Kings.
 This book, the image of his mind,
 Will make his name not hard to find:
 I wish the throng of Great, and Good,
 Made it less eas'ly understood!

*To a Person of Honor, upon his incomparable,
 incomprehensible Poem, intitled THE BRITISH PRINCES.*

SIR! you've oblig'd the BRITISH nation more,
 Than all their Bards could ever do before;
 And, at your own charge, monuments as hard
 As brass, or marble, to your fame, have rear'd.
 For, as all warlike nations take delight
 To hear how their brave ancestors could fight;
 You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
 And no less virtuously improv'd your own:

That

That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
 Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
 You, of your antient Princes, have retriev'd
 More, than the ages knew in which they liv'd:
 Explain'd their customs, and their rights a-new,
 Better than all their Druids ever knew:
 Unriddled those dark oracles, as well
 As those that made them, could themselves foretell.
 For, as the BRITONS long have hop'd in vain,
 ARTHUR would come to govern them again:
 You have fulfill'd that prophesy alone,
 And in your Poem plac'd him on his throne.
 Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men;
 Make Rival-Princes meet in arms, and love,
 Whom distant ages did so far remove.
 For, as eternity has neither past,
 Nor future, authors say, nor first, nor last;
 But is all instant; your eternal Muse
 All ages can to any one reduce.
 Then, why should you, whose miracles of art
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
 Trouble in vain your better-busied head,
 T' observe what times they liv'd in, or were dead?
 For, since you have such arbitrary pow'r,
 It were defect in judgment to go low'r;
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
 As use to take the vulgar latitude.
 For, no man's fit to read what you have writ,
 That holds not some proportion with your wit,
 As light can no way but by light appear,
 He must bring sense, that understands it here.

To Mr. CREECH, on his Translation
of LUCRETIVS.

WHAT all men wish'd, tho' few could hope to see,
We are now blest with, and oblig'd by thee.
Thou! from the ancient learned LATTIN store,
Giv'st us one author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy thoughts——Let not the Stage
The idlest moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place some wond'rous monster breeds,
And the Wits' garden is o'er-run with weeds.
There, Farce is Comedy; bombast call'd strong;
Soft words; with nothing in them, make a song.
'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days;
For sure the Antients never wrote such Plays.
These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
That SPENCER knew, that TASSO felt before;
And Death found surly BEN exceeding poor.
Heav'n turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
Great VIRGIL's happier fortune may he find,
And be our CÆSAR, like AUGUSTUS, kind!
But let not this disturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread:
Thou art not curs'd to write thy verse with care;
But art above what other Poets fear.
What may we not expect from such a hand,
That has, with books, himself at free command?
Thou know'st in youth, what age has sought in vain;
And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.

POEMS upon several Occasions. 8157

So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,
Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit;
We read, and read again: and still admire
Whence came this youth, and whence this wond'rous fire!

Pardon this rapture, Sir! But who can be
Cold, and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
And by your help these wretched lines may live.
But if, when view'd by your severer sight,
They seem unworthy to behold the light;
Let them with speed in deserv'd flames be thrown!
They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan;
But, dying silently, your justice own.

The TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN thro' the world fair MAZARINE had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun;
Hither at length the ROMAN eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.
As heir to JULIUS, she may pretend
A second time to make this Island bend.
But PORTSMOUTH, springing from the antient race
Of BRITONS, which the SAXON here did chase;
As they great CÆSAR did oppose, makes head,
And does against this new invader lead.
That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
Careless, and fearless, to the field does go.
Becoming bluster on the other wait,
And her young look excuses want of height.

Beauty

158 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Beauty gives courage; for, she knows, the day
Must not be won the AMAZONIAN way.
Legions of CUPIDS to the battel come,
For LITTLE BRITAIN these, and those for ROME.
Dress'd to advantage, this illustrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the list appear.
What may the Fates design! for never yet
From distant regions two such Beauties met,
VENUS had been an equal friend to both,
And VICT'RY to declare her self seems loth;
Over the camp with doubtful wings she flies;
'Till CHLORIS shining in the field she spies.
The lovely CHLORIS well attended came,
A thousand GRACES waited on the dame:
Her matchless form made all the ENGLISH glad,
And foreign Beauties less assurance had.
Yet, like the three on IDA's top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the ball.
Which to determine, LOVE himself declin'd,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks! so thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.
Poets, approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their wounds instructed how to write.
They with less hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in ALSATIA:
And, with that foil of violence, and rage,
Set-off the splendor of our golden age:
Where LOVE gives law, Beauty the sceptre sways;
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.



Of an ELEGY made by Mrs. WHARTON.
on the Earl of ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the MUSES! on the herse
Not strowing tears, but lasting verse:
Which so preserve the Hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.

CHLORIS, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just, and high, renown;
That she th' afflicted world relieves,
And shews, that still in her he lives.
Her wit as graceful, great, and good:
Ally'd in genius, as in blood.

His loss supply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph should melt in tears.
Then, fairest CHLORIS! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our sake;
Left his fair soul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

To CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what's eminent, we know,
Must for some cause be valu'd so:
Things without use, tho' they be good,
Are not by us so understood.
The early rose, made to display
Her blushes to the youthful MAY,
Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.

Our stars do shew their excellence,
 Not by their light, but influence:
 When brighter comets, since still-known
 Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
 So, your admitted beauty still
 Is, by effects, made good, or ill.

Upon our late Loss of the Duke of
CAMBRIDGE.

THE failing blossoms which a young plant bears,
 Engage our hope for the succeeding years:
 And hope is all which art, or nature, brings,
 At the first trial, to accomplish things.
 Mankind was first created an essay;
 That ruder draught the Deluge wash'd away,
 How many ages pass'd, what blood, and toil,
 Before we made one Kingdom of this Isle!
 How long in vain had nature striv'd to frame
 A perfect Princess, e'er her HIGHNESS came?
 For joys so great we must with patience wait,
 'Tis the set-price of happiness complete.
 As a first-fruit, heav'n claim'd that lovely boy:
 The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.



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INSTRUCTIONS to a PAINTER, for
the Drawing of the Posture, and Progress,
of his MAJESTY's Forces at Sea, under
the Command of his HIGHNESS-ROYAL:
Together with the Battel, and Victory, ob-
tain'd over the DUTCH, June 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the sea; that portion, which between
The greater world, and this of ours, is seen:
Here place the BRITISH, there the HOLLAND fleet,
Vast floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who should reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd Main.
Make heav'n concern'd, and an unusual star
Declare th'importance of th'approaching war.
Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
The ENGLISH youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant DUKE! whose early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct shew'd.
His bright sword now a dearer int'rest draws,
His Brother's glory, and his country's cause.

Let thy bold pencil, hope, and courage spread
Thro' the whole navy, by that Hero led:
Make all appear, where such a Prince is by,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud sails swell, more than with the wind:
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the BATAVIANS, and their fury tame.

162 POEMS upon several Occasions.

So hungry wolves, tho' greedy of their prey,
Stop, when they find a lion in their way,
Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
Ask his consent, to use the sea, and wind:
While his tall ships in the barr'd Channel stand,
He grasps the INDIES in his armed hand.

Paint an east-wind, and make it blow away
Th'excuse of HOLLAND for their navy's stay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to shun,
Thro' the cold north, and rocky regions run.
To find the coast where morning first appears,
By the dark Pole the wary BELGIAN steers;
Confessing now, he dreads the ENGLISH more,
Than all the dangers of a frozen shore;
While from our arms, security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;
Our first success in war make BACCHUS crown;
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The DUTCH their wine, and all their brandy lose;
Disarm'd of that, from which their courage grows:
While the glad ENGLISH, to relieve their toil,
In Healths to their great Leader drink the spoil.

His high commands to AFRIC's coast extend,
And make the MOORS before the ENGLISH bend:
Those barb'rous pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleas'd to give.
Deserted by the DUTCH, let nations know,
We can our own, and their great business do:
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
Which, worse than tempests, did infect the Main.

Within

Within those STREIGHTS, make HOLLAND'S SMYRNA fleet
 With a small Squadron of the ENGLISH meet:
 Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock
 Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.
 There paint confusion in a various shape;
 Some sink, some yield, and flying some escape:
 EUROPE and AFRICA, from either shore
 Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar:
 While the divided world in this agree,
 Men that fight so, deserve to rule the sea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
 And place our navy by the HOLLAND shore;
 The world they compass'd, while they fought with SPAIN;
 But here already they resign the Main:
 Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
 Diffusive nature could no region lay,
 At home, preserv'd from rocks, and tempests, lie;
 Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
 Their single towns th' IBERIAN armies press;
 We all their Provinces at once invest:
 And, in a month, ruin their traffick more,
 Than that long war could, in an age, before.

But, who can always on the billows lie?
 The wat'ry wilderness yields no supply.
 Spreading our sails, to HARWICH we resort,
 And meet the Beauties of the BRITISH Court.
 Th' illustrious DUCHESS, and her glorious train,
 (Like THETIS, with her Nymphs) adorn the Main.
 The gazing Sea Gods, since the *PAPHIAN Queen
 Sprung from among them, no such fight had seen.
 Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
 Those deathless Pow'rs for us themselves declare:

* Venus,

Re

164 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Resolv'd the aid of NEPTUNE's Court to bring;
And help the nation where such Beauties spring:
The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
And takes new valor from the Ladies' eyes.

Mean-while, like bees when stormy winter's gone,
The DUTCH (as if the sea were all their own)
Desert their ports; and falling in their way,
Our HAMBURG merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before th'approaching fight;
As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes;
Enough to serve us 'till we reach our foes.
Who now appear so numerous, and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold:
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Restrain'd a-while by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient ENGLISH scarce attend the light.
But now the morning, (heav'n severely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
And PHOEBUS lifts above the waves his light,
That he might see, and thus record, the fight.

As when loud winds from diff'rent quarters rush,
Vast clouds incountring one another crush:
With swelling sails, so, from their sev'ral coasts,
Join the BATAVIAN, and the BRITISH, hosts.
For a less prize, with less concern, and rage,
The ROMAN fleets at ACTIUM did engage:
They, for the empire of the world they knew;
These, for the old contend, and for the new.
At the first shock, with blood, and powder stain'd,
Nor heav'n, nor sea, their former face retain'd:

Fury,

Fury, and art, produce effects so strange,
They trouble nature, and her visage change,
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,
And no light shines, but that by which men die;
There YORK appears; so prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as ancient as the sea!
Which down to him, so many ages told,
Has thro' the veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd;
The great ACHILLES march'd not to the field,
'Till VULCAN that impenetrable shield,
And arms, had wrought: yet there no bullets flew,
But shafts, and darts, which the weak PHRYGIANS throw.
Our bolder Hero on the deck does stand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land:
Defensive arms laid by, as useless here,
Where massy balls the neighb'ring rocks do tear.
Some Pow'r unseen those Princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.

Against him first OPDAM his Squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the SWEDES:
Made by that action, and his high command
Worthy to perish by a Prince's hand.
The tall BATAVIAN in a vast ship rides:
Bearing an army in her hollow sides;
Yet, not inclin'd the ENGLISH ship to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his sword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd,
It miss'd the DUKE, but his great heart it griev'd.
*Three worthy persons from his side it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.

Happy!

* Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle.

166 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives;
 More to be valu'd than a thousand lives!
 On such a theatre, as this, to die;
 For such a cause, and such a witness by!
 Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
 To have his blood on such an altar laid?
 The rest about him strook with horror stood,
 To see their Leader cover'd o'er with blood:
 So trembled JACOB, when he thought the stains
 Of his son's coat had issu'd from his veins.
 He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought;
 Before, for honor; now, revenge, he fought:
 His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
 Not brought by FAME,) with his own eyes he views!
 His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
 Their worth, their love, their valor, and their truth:
 The joys of Court, their mothers, and their wives,
 To follow him, abandon'd, ——— and their lives!
 He storms, and shoots: but flying bullets now,
 To execute his rage, appear too slow:
 They miss, or sweep but common souls away;
 For such a loss, OPDAM his life must pay.
 Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
 With fierce intent that hated ship to board:
 And make the guilty DUTCH, with his own arm,
 Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
 His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
 When thro' the clouds to truss a swan she goes:
 The BELGIAN ship unmov'd, like some huge rock,
 Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock.
 From both the fleets mens eyes are bent this way,
 Neglecting all the bus'ness of the day:

Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;
The silent ocean does th' event attend;
Which Leader shall the doubtful victory bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success:
When heav'n it self, for ENGLAND to declare,
Turns ship, and men, and tackle into air.

Their new commander from his charge is tost,
Which * that young Prince had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, sway'd their infant-state.
His flight tow'rd's heav'n th' aspiring BELGIAN took;
But fell, like PHAETON, with thunder strook:
From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the BRITISH Admiral:
From her broadsides a ruder flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun:
That, bears the radiant ensign of the day;
And she, the flag that governs in the sea.

The DUKE (ill-pleas'd that fire should thus prevent
The work, which for his brighter sword he meant.)
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
So, on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tiger in the LIBYAN plain.
The DUTCH, accusom'd to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of heav'n to see,
Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! MARS he resembles, when
JOVE sends him down to scourge perfidious men:
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.

* P. of Orange.

Where

168 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
 Terror, and death, on his loud cannon waits:
 With which he pleads his Brother's cause so well,
 He shakes the throne to which he does appeal:
 The sea with spoils his angry bullets throw,
 Widows, and orphans, making as they go:
 Before his ship, fragments of vessels torn;
 Flags, arms, and BELGIAN carcasses, are born:
 And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
 Spread all their canvas to invite the wind:
 So, the rude BOREAS, where he lists to blow,
 Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
 Beating the shore; and with a boist'rous rage,
 Does heav'n at once, and earth, and sea engage.

The DUTCH, elsewhere, did thro' the wat'ry field
 Perform enough to have made others yield;
 But ENGLISH courage, growing as they fight,
 In danger, noise, and slaughter, takes delight:
 Their bloody task, unweari'd still, they ply,
 Only restrain'd by death, or victory.
 Iron, and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
 Like show'rs of hail, from either side are born:
 So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
 Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
 Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
 Improves the arts, and instruments, of rage:
 Death-hast'ning ills nature enough has sent,
 And yet men still a thousand more invent!

But BACCHUS now, which led the BELGIANS on
 So fierce at first, to favor us begun:
 Brandy, and wine, (their wonted friends) at length
 Render them useless, and betray their strength,

So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
Revive, and raise themselves, with mod'rate show'rs:
But over-charg'd with never-ceasing rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ships on one another fall,
Without a foe enough to ruin all.

Of this disorder, and the fav'ring wind,
The watchful ENGLISH such advantage find;
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw;
And up the so intangled BELGIANS blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms; and then,
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
The scorch'd BATAVIANS on the billows float;
Sent from their own, to pass in CHARON's, boat.

And now, our Royal Admiral success
(With all the marks of victory) does bless:
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd Main.
Nearer to HOLLAND as their hasty flight
Carries the noise, and tumult, of the fight;
His cannons roar, fore-runner of his fame,
Makes their HAGUE tremble, and their AMSTERDAM:
The BRITISH thunder does their houses rock,
And the DUKE seems at ev'ry door to knock.
His dreadful Streamer, (like a comet's hair,
Threat'ning destruction) hastens their despair:
Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost;
And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling DUTCH th'approaching Prince behold,
As sheep a lion, leaping tow'rd's their fold:
Those piles, which serve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.

170 POEMS upon several Occasions.

"What wonders may not ENGLISH valor work;
 "Led by th'example of victorious YORK?
 "Or, what defense against him can they make,
 "Who, at such distance, does their country shake?
 "His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow;
 "And let-in both the ocean, and the foe."

Thus cry the people: — and their land to keep,
 Allow our title to command the Deep:
 Blaming their STATES' ill conduct, to provoke
 Those arms, which freed them from the SPANISH yoke.

Painter! excuse me, if I have a-while
 Forgot thy art, and us'd another style:
 For, tho' you draw arm'd Heroes as they sit;
 The task in battel does the MUSES fit:
 They, in the dark confusion of a fight,
 Discover all; instruct us how to write;
 And light, and honor, to brave actions yield;
 Hid in the smoke, and tumult, of the field.
 Ages to come shall know that Leader's toil,
 And his great name, on whom the MUSES smile:
 Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace;
 And this relation with thy colors grace.

Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met;
 And our * Great Monarch, high above them set:
 Like young AUGUSTUS let his image be,
 Triumphant for that victory at sea;
 Where † EGYPT'S Queen, and EASTERN Kings, o'erthrown,
 Made the possession of the world his own.
 Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,
 Pouring-out treasure to supply his fleet:

* K. Charles II.

† Cleopatra.

They vow with lives, and fortunes, to maintain
Their KING's eternal title to the Main:
And, with a present to the DUKE, approve
His valor, conduct, and his country's love.

To the *KING.

GREAT SIR! disdain not in this piece to stand,
Supreme commander both of sea and land;

Those which inhabit the cœlestial bow'r,
Painters express with emblems of their pow'r;
His club ALCIDES, PHOEBUS has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy You.

But your great providence no colors here
Can represent; nor pencil draw that care,
Which keeps you waking, to secure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increase:
You, for these ends, whole days in council sit;
And the diversions of your youth forget.

Small were the worth of valor, and of force,
If your high wisdom govern'd not their course:
You as the soul, as the First Mover you,
Vigor, and life, on ev'ry part bestow;
How to build ships, and dreadful Ord'nance cast,
Instruct the artists; and reward their haste.

So, Jove himself, when TYPHON heav'n does brave
Descends to visit VULCAN's smoaky cave:
Teaching the brawny CYCLOPS how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.

172 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Had the old GREEKS discover'd your abode,
CRETE had not been the cradle of their God:
On that small island they had look'd with scorn;
And in GREAT BRITAIN thought the Thund'rer born.

*A Presage of the Ruin of the TURKISH
Empire: presented to his Majesty King
JAMES II. on his Birth-Day.*

SINCE JAMES the Second grac'd the BRITISH throne,
Truce, well observ'd, has been infring'd by none:
Christians to him their present union owe,
And late success, against the common foe:
While neighb'ring Princes, loth to urge their fate,
Court his assistance, and suspend their hate:
So, angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.

This happy day peace to our Island sent;
As now he gives it to the continent.
A Prince more fit, for such a glorious task,
Than ENGLAND's King, from heav'n we cannot ask:
He, (great, and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the TURK.

Such Kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aspect propitious to mankind;
Favor the innocent, repress the bold;
And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.

Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valor young;
At sea successful, vigorous, and strong;

His

His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem, and reverence, thro' the world do find.
A Prince, with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.
BRITAIN declaring for the juster side,
The most ambitious will forget their pride;
They that complain will their endeavours cease,
Advis'd by him, incline to present peace;
Join to the TURK's destruction; and then bring
All their pretences to so just a King.

If the successful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find;
Shall the vex'd world less honor yield, to those
That stop their progress, and their rage oppose?
Next to that pow'r which does the ocean awe,
Is, to set bounds, and give ambition law.

The BRITISH Monarch shall the glory have,
That famous GREECE remains no longer slave:
That source of art, and cultivated thought!
Which they, to ROME; and ROMANS, hither brought.

The banish'd MUSES shall no longer mourn;
But may with LIBERTY to GREECE return:
Tho' slaves, (like birds that sing not in a cage)
They lost their genius, and poetic rage;
HOMERS again, and PINDARS, may be found;
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The TURK's vast empire does united stand:
Christians, divided under the command
Of jarring Princes, would be soon undone,
Did not this Hero make their int'rest one:
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.

174 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Thus may the Gospel to the rising sun
Be spread, and flourish where it first begun :
And this great day, (so justly honor'd here !)
Known to the east, and celebrated there.

Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum !

“ *Aufus & ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem.*” Virgil.

To the DUCHESS, when he presented this
Book to her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM ! I here present you with the rage,
And with the Beauties, of a former age :
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then : your brighter eyes inspir'd
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
While we your wit, and early knowledge, fear,
To our productions we become severe :
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing ;
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last :
And make you through as many ages shine,
As TASSO has the Heroes of your line.

Tho' other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the BRITISH Muse :
Dilating mischief to your self unknown,
Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
So, the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

These

*These VERSES were writ in the TASSO of
her ROYAL HIGHNESS.*

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace;
But in no one durst all perfection place:

In her alone that owns this book, is seen
CLORINDA's spirit, and her lofty meen;
SOPHRONIA's piety, ERMINIA's truth,
ARMIDA's charms, her beauty, and her youth.

Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress
Her well-taught mind; and ev'ry grace express,
More to our wonder, than RINALDO fought:
The Hero's race excels the Poet's thought,



[illegible]

OF
DIVINE LOVE.

A
POEM

IN
SIX CANTOES.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
Sic nos SCRIPTURÆ depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ! * * * *
Nam DIVINUS AMOR cum capit vociferari,
Diffugiant animi terrores. * * * *. Lucretius, Lib. 3.*

*Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
Mens intenta suis nè foret usque malis: * * * *
Namque ubi mota calent sacrâ mea pectora Musâ,
Altior humano spiritus illè malo est.
Ovid. de Trist. Lib. 4. El. 1.*

TO
DIVINE LOVE

THE ARGUMENTS.

- I. **A**SSERTING the authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is reveal'd.
- II. The preference and Love of GOD to man in the Creation.
- III. The same Love more amply declar'd in our Redemption.
- IV. How necessary this Love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in it self.
- V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this Love were universally embrac'd.
- VI. Of preserving this Love in our memory; and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO



C A N T O I.



THE GRECIAN Muse has all their Gods
surviv'd,

Nor JOVE at us, nor PHOEBUS, is arriv'd:

Frail Deities! which first the Poets
made,

And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid.

Yet, if they still divert us with their rage,

What may be hop'd for in a better age;

When, not from HELICON's imagin'd spring,

But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?

This with the fabric of the world begun;

Elder than light, and shall out-last the sun,

Before this oracle, like DAGON, all

The false pretenders, DELPHOS, AMMON, fall:

Long since despis'd, and silent, they afford

Honour, and triumph, to th' eternal Word.

As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,

And rowling earth among the planets plac'd;

So has this Book intitled us to heav'n;

And rules, to guide us to that mansion, giv'n:

Tells the conditions how our peace was made;

And is our pledge for the Great AUTHOR's aid.

180 POEMS upon several Occasions.

His pow'r in nature's ample book we find ;
But the less volume does express his mind.

This light unknown, bold EPICURUS taught,
That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought :
But unconcern'd, let all below them slide,
As Fortune does, or humane wisdom, guide .
Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke,
And band of all society, is broke :
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God, but interest ?
What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what they swear ?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust !
Were Scripture silent, nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falshood, and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the first step tow'rs being good, or wise :
For, tho' with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect :
Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy.
His fear, to guard us from our selves, we need ;
And sacred Writ our reason does exceed.
For, tho' heav'n shews the glory of the LORD,
Yet something shines more glorious in his Word :
His mercy this, (which all his work excels !)
His tender kindness, and compassion, tells,
While we, inform'd by that celestial Book,
Into the bowels of our MAKER look.
Love there reveal'd, (which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning) shall our song commend :

Describe

Describe it self, and warm us with that flame,
Which first from heav'n, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
Savors too much of private interest.

This mov'd not MOSES, nor the zealous PAUL,
Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:
A greater yet from heav'n to hell descends,
To save, and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praise can fathom such a love,
Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?
The * Royal prophet, that extended grace
From heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space:
The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd, when that Poet wrote:
Heav'n was scarce heard of, until He came down
To make the region, where love triumphs, known.

That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' ALMIGHTY did persuade:
For, love it was that first created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude Chaos: and bestow'd new grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place;
Some, to rest here; and some, to shine above:
Earth, sea, and heav'n, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd. But, there was none
That to themselves, or others, yet were known:
The world a palace was, without a guest,
Till one appears, that must excel the rest:

* David.

One!

182 POEMS upon several Occasions.

One! like the AUTHOR, whose capacious mind
 Might, by the glorious work, the MAKER find:
 Might measure heav'n, and give each star a name;
 With art, and courage, the rough ocean tame;
 Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
 And that 'tis round, by his experience know:
 Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
 And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
 When, by his WORD, GOD had accomplish'd all,
 Man to create he did a council call:
 Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
 A graceful figure, and majestic look:
 With his own breath, convey'd into his breast
 Life, and a soul fit to command the rest:
 Worthy alone to celebrate his name
 For such a gift; and tell from whence it came.
 Birds sing his praises in a wilder note;
 But not with lasting Numbers, and with thought;
 Man's great prerogative! But above all
 His grace abounds, in his new fav'rite's fall.
 If he create, it is a world he makes;
 If he be angry, the creation shakes:
 From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;
 He curst the earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head:
 Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,
 In the rich promise of the VIRGIN's seed:
 Tho' justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
 Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.



CANTO

CANTO III.

NOT willing terror should his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love;

His SON descends, to treat a peace with those
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes,
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat,
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His bus'ness here was happiness to give
To those, whose malice could not let him live.

Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:

While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Cross.

Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by such great love constrain'd

To make return of love: upon this Pole

Our duty does, and our religion, rowl.

To love is to believe, to hope, to know;

'Tis an essay, a taste, of heav'n below!

He to proud potentates would not be known;

Of those that lov'd him, he was hid from none.

'Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;

But smoke will vanish, when that flame breaks out;

This is the fire that would consume our dross,

Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,

We should agree, as Angels do above.

Where love presides, not vice alone does find:

No entrance there, but virtues stay behind;

Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train.

Of moral virtues, at the door remain.

Love

184 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Love only enters, as a native there;
For, born in heav'n, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone would wise, and mighty, be,
Commands that others love, as well as he.

Love as he lov'd! — How can we soar so high? —

He can add wings, when he commands to fly.

Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;

He that examples gives, will give his aid:

For, he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,

His practise, as a pattern, may prevail.

His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought;

As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.

Will, for the deed, he takes; we may with ease

Obedient be, for if we love, we please.

Weak tho' we are, to love is no hard task;

And love for love is all that heav'n does ask.

Love! that would all men just, and temp'rate, make,

Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.

'Tis with our minds, as with a fertil ground;

Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,

(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse

Than thorns, and thistles, springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

TO glory man, or misery, is born;

Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn:

Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;

Base in himself, but great in heav'n's esteem:

With love, of all created things the best:

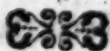
Without it, more pernicious than the rest.

For,

For, greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours, round about him, feeds.

His pride, and vain ambition, are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste:
Debauches, and excess (tho' with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys.
The beasts, and monsters, HERCULES oppress,
Might, in that age, some provinces infest:
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign:
But soon would vanish, if the world were blest'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy:
But, love appearing, all those terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
Death, as a passage to their joy, embrace.
Clouds, and thick vapors, which obscure the day,
The sun's victorious beams may chase away;
Those which our life corrupt, and darken, love
(The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere:
Of heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among Angels, and admits no night.



CANTO V.

THIS iron age, (so fraudulent, and bold!)
 Touch'd with this love, would be an age of gold:
 Not, as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
 Or land neglected bear an unsown crop:
 Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
 None for himself would either sow, or reap:
 Our ready help, and mutual love, would yield
 A nobler harvest, than the richest field.
 Famine, and death, confin'd to certain parts,
 Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
 Some pine for want, where others surfeit now;
 But then we should the use of plenty know.
 Love would betwixt the rich, and needy, stand;
 And spread heav'n's bounty with an equal hand:
 At once the givers, and receivers, bless;
 Increase their joy, and make their sufferings less.
 Who for himself no miracle would make,
 Dispens'd with sev'ral for the people's sake:
 He that, long fasting, would no wonder show,
 Made loaves, and fishes, as they eat them, grow.
 Of all his pow'r, which boundless was above,
 Here he us'd none, but to express his love:
 And such a love would make our joy exceed,
 Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.
 Laws would be useless, which rude nature awe;
 Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
 Tigers, and lions, into dens we thrust;
 But milder creatures with their freedom trust.
 Devils are chain'd, and tremble: but the Spouse
 No force, but love, nor bond, but bounty, knows.

Men.

POEMS upon several Occasions. 187

Men, (whom we now so fierce, and dang'rous see)
 Would guardian Angels to each other be:
 Such wonders can this mighty love perform;
 Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform?
 Love, what ISAIAH prophesy'd, can do,
 Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low;
 Humble the lofty, the dejected raise,
 Smooth, and make straight, our rough and crooked ways.
 Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all;
 With that posselt, the great in title fall:
 Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
 Whom heav'n with that high character has blest.
 This love, the centre of our union, can
 Alone bestow complete repose on man:
 Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
 And foreign strife among the nations cease.
 No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
 Nor Princes arm, tho' to subdue the east;
 Where, for the Tomb, so many Heroes (taught
 By those that guided their devotion) fought.
 Thrice-happy we, could we like ardor have
 To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
 Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,
 With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
 Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
 We should behold as many selfs, as men:
 All of one family, in blood ally'd,
 His pretious blood, that for our ransom dy'd!



CANTO VI.

THŌ the creation, (so divinely taught!)
 Prints such a lively image in our thought,
 That the first spark of new-created light,
 From Chaos brook, affects our present sight:
 Yet, the first Christians did esteem more blest
 The day of rising, than the day of rest;
 That ev'ry week might new occasion give,
 To make his triumph in their mem'ry live:
 Then, let our Muse compose a sacred charm,
 To keep his blood, among us, ever warm:
 And singing, as the Blessed do above,
 With our last breath dilate this flame of love:
 But, on so vast a subject, who can find
 Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
 Our language fails: or, if it could supply,
 What mortal thought can raise it self so high?
 Despairing here, we might abandon art,
 And only hope to have it in our heart.
 But, tho' we find this sacred task too hard,
 Yet the design, th' endeavour, brings reward,
 The contemplation does suspend our woe,
 And make a truce with all the ills we know,
 As SAUL's afflicted spirit, from the sound
 Of DAVID's harp, a present solace found:
 So, on this theme while we our Muse engage,
 No wounds are felt, of fortune, or of age.
 On divine love to meditate is peace,
 And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
 Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
 A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind;

The

The soul contending to that light to flie
From her dark cell, we practise how to die:
Employing thus the Poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there:
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
When from the east the rising sun comes on.



OF THE
FEAR of GOD:
IN
TWO CANTOES.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease:
Tho' the word, Fear, some men may ill indure,
'Tis such a fear, as only makes secure.
Ask of no Angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
He that invites will not th' invited mook;
Op'ning to all, that do in earnest knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.

This

190 POEMS upon several Occasions.

This fear, that drives all other fears away,
 Shall be my song; the morning of our day!
 Where that fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd;
 It brings from heav'n an Angel for a guard:
 Tranquillity, and peace, this fear does give;
 Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
 It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
 Of light; by which he made, and governs, all.
 'Tis GOD alone should not offended be;
 But we please others, as more great than he.
 For a good cause, the sufferings of man
 May well be born: 'tis more than Angels can.
 Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
 Above the Angels, or below the beasts.
 He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
 That thirst, and hunger, to perform his will.
 Others, tho' rich, shall in this world be vex;
 And sadly live, in terror of the next.
 The * world's great conqu'ror would his point persue;
 And wept, because he could not find a new:
 Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd;
 To make him work, until a third he spy'd.
 Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
 To heav'n it self, unless it make them grow.
 Tho' richly fed, man's care does still exceed:
 Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
 In wealth, and honor, by such men possess'd,
 If it increase not, there is found no rest.
 All their delight is while their wish comes in;
 Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
 'Tis strange, men should neglect their present store;
 And take no joy, but in pursuing more;

* Alexander.

No!

No! tho' arriv'd at all the world can aim:
 This is the mark, and glory, of our frame,
 A soul capacious of the Deity,
 Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.
 A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
 Less than so many drops of water are.
 Men take no pleasure, but in new designs:
 And what they hope for, what they have, out-shines.
 Our sheep, and oxen, seem no more to crave;
 With full content feeding on what they have:
 Vex not themselves for an increase of store;
 But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
 What we from day to day receive from heav'n,
 They do from us expect it should be giv'n.
 We made them not, yet they on us rely;
 More than vain men upon the Deity:
 More beasts than they! that will not understand,
 That we are fed from his immediate hand.
 Man, that in him has Being, moves, and lives,
 What can he have, or use, but what he gives?
 So that no bread can nourishment afford,
 Or useful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood:
 Heav'n, those that love their foes, and do them good,
 It is terrestrial honor, to be crown'd
 For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.
 True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
 Without th' advantage taken by their fall.

He

He that in fight diminishes mankind,
 Does no addition to his stature find:
 But, he that does a noble nature show,
 Obliging others, still does higher grow.
 For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,
 That among men he like an Angel lives.
 Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell;
 Lov'd, and admir'd, by those he does excell.
 Fools anger shew, which politicians hide:
 Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
 The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
 Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.
 Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
 Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
 Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities tost
 On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
 The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
 Still keep that order which they first begun:
 They their first lesson constantly repeat,
 Which their CREATOR, as a law, did set.
 Above, below, exactly all obey:
 But wretched men have found another way;
 Knowledge of good, and evil, as at first:
 That vain persuasion keeps them still accurst!
 The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
 Slaves they become to luxury, and pride.
 As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
 Of some great master, at the figure stand;
 But when abroad, neglected they do go,
 At random strike, and the false hour do show:
 So, from our MAKER wandering, we stray;
 Like birds, that know not to their nests the way.

In him we dwelt before our exile here:
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight;
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.

Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap,
Exposing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is best;
Where great truths are in fewest words exprest.

Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.
O, that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or, that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come to wean us from this earth;
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.



K

O F



OF
DIVINE POESY.

TWO CANTOES,

*Occasion'd upon sight of the LIII^d Chapter of Isaiah,
turn'd into Verse by Mrs. WHARTON.*

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret, which this oracle does show.
What was to come, ISAIAH did declare;
Which she describes, as if she had been there;
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed a-new.
As ivy thrives, which on the oak takes hold:
So, with the Prophet's, may her lines grow old!
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton SAPPHO's live?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire:

Not love which brutes, as well as men, may know;
 But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.
 Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
 Is the perfection of an ardent thought:
 The smoke which we from burning incense raise;
 When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
 In boundless verse the fancy soars too high,
 For any object, but the Deity.
 What mortal can with heav'n pretend to share
 In the superlatives of wise, and fair?
 A meaner subject when with these we grace,
 A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
 Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
 Like that sweet oil, above all private use;
 On pain of death forbidden to be made,
 But when it should be on the altar laid.
 Verse shews a rich inestimable vein,
 When, drop'd from heaven, 'tis thither sent again.
 Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,
 Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise.
 For, as that Angel up to heav'n did rise,
 Born on the flame of MANOAH's sacrifice;
 So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky;
 Teach clouds, and stars, to praise him as we fly;
 The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
 His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
 For, that he reigns, all creatures should rejoice;
 And we with songs supply their want of voice.
 The Church triumphant, and the Church below,
 In songs of praise their present union show:
 Their joys are full; our expectation long;
 In life we differ, but we join in song.

196 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Angels, and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, tho' we dwell a-part.

Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer Poems must
No higher rise, than winds may lift the dust,
From that they spring; this, from his breath that gave,
To the first dust, th' immortal soul we have.
His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

* **H**E that did first this way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the ALMIGHTY face to face:
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told:
The writer feels no dire effect of age;
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of Poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he saw; and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell:
As if consulted with, he has express'd
The work of the CREATOR, and his Rest:
How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For, new-made earth, so even, and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air:
Surpriz'd with heat, and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old:
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell,

* *Moses.*

Strong

Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
 That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
 Neglecting heav'n. But we, of shorter date!
 Should be more mindful of impendent Fate.
 To worms, that crawl upon this rubbish here,
 This span of life may yet too long appear:
 Enough to humble, and to make us great,
 If it prepare us for a nobler seat.
 Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
 Taught wretched man how fast his life declines:
 In whom he dwelt, before the world was made;
 And may again retire, when that shall fade.
 The lasting ILIADS have not liv'd so long,
 As his, and DEBORAH's, triumphant song.
 DELPHOS unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
 But that which governs the celestial choir.
 Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal;
 And from their store succeeding Poets steal:
 HOMER'S SCAMANDER for the TROJANS fought,
 And swell'd so high, by her old KISHON taught:
 His river scarce could fierce ACHILLES stay;
 Hers, more successful, swept her foes away.
 The host of heaven, his PHOEBUS, and his MARS,
 He arms; instructed by her fighting stars.
 She led them all against the common foe:
 But he, (mis-led by what he saw below!)
 The Pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
 And breaks their union into diff'rent sides.
 The noblest parts which in his Heroes shine,
 May be but copies of that Heroine:
 HOMER himself, and AGAMEMNON, she
 The writer could, and the commander, be.

198 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Truth she relates, in a sublimer strain,
Than all the tales the boldest GREEKS could feign:
For, what she sung, that SPIRIT did indite,
Which gave her courage, and success, in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchless dame;
From heav'n her Poem, and her conquest, came.

Tho' of the JEWS she merit most esteem;
Yet here the Christian has the greater theme:
Her martial song describes how SISERA fell;
This sings our triumph over death, and hell.
The rising light employ'd the sacred breath
Of the blest VIRGIN, and ELIZABETH.
In songs of joy the Angels sung his birth:
Here, how he treated was upon the earth,
Trembling we read! th' affliction, and the scorn,
Which, for our guilt, so patiently was born!
Conception, birth, and suff'ring, all belong,
(Tho' various parts) to one celestial song:
And she, well using so divine an art,
Has, in this consort, sung the tragic part.

As HANNAH's seed was vow'd to sacred use;
So, here this Lady consecrates her Muse.
With like reward may heav'n her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair, as by her Muse is born!

On the Paraphrase on the LORD's Prayer,
written by Mrs. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you winds! listen ethereal lights!
While our URANIA sings what heav'n indites:

The

The Numbers are the Nymph's; but from above
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed, to approach his throne:
And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests, which his own hand did pen?

In the Evangelists we find the prose;
Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows;
A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,
It may become the highest Seraphim!
For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
Sing only what the SPIRIT does inspire.
Taught by our LORD, and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardon for offenses, pray.

Some Reflections of His upon the several Petitions in the same Prayer.

I. **H**IS sacred name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound!
It was JEHOVAH; 'tis OUR FATHER now;
So low to us does heav'n vouchsafe to bow! *
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray;
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our affections reign :
Absurd it were to wish for such a King;
And not obedience to his sceptre bring:
Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light;
His service freedom, and his judgments right.

K 4

III. *His*

* Psalm 18. v. 9.

200 POEMS upon several Occasions.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in heav'n, it must be made our own:
His will should all our inclinations sway,
Whom nature, and the universe, obey.
Happy the man! whose wishes are confin'd
To what has been eternally design'd:
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to our selves, we are,

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup:
Like new-born babes, depending on the breast
From day to day, we on his bounty feast.
Nor should the soul expect above a day,
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:
The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live;
Tho' so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse our selves when thus inclin'd we ask.
This pray'r to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as to the Sacrament, prepare.
The noblest worship of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol, and imitate, his love:
Not to forgive our enemies alone;
But, use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe:*
And those we may in several stations know:
The rich, and poor, in slipp'ry places stand:
Give us enough! but, with a sparing hand!
Not ill-persuading want; nor wanton wealth;
But, what proportion'd is to life, and health.

For,

For, not the dead, but living, sing thy praise;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

*Favete linguis! * * * **

Virginibus puerisque canto.

HORAT.

On the foregoing DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read, nor write,
The subject made us able to indite:

The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,

The body stooping, does her self erect:

No mortal parts are requisite to raise

Her, that unbody'd can her MAKER praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give-o'er:

So calm are we, when passions are no more!

For, then we know how vain it was to boast

Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes

Conceal that emptiness, which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd, and decay'd,

Lets-in new light, thro' chinks that time has made:

Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,

As they draw near to their eternal home.

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,

That stand upon the threshold of the new.

* * * * * *Miratur limen olympi.*

VIRGIL.



K s

EPI



EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS,
AND
FRAGMENTS.

Under a LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH HELEN was! and who can blame* the boy
That in so bright a flame consum'd his TROX?
But, had like virtue shin'd in that fair GREEK,
The amorous shepherd had not dar'd to seek,
Or hope for pity; but with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.

Of a Lady who writ in Praise of MIRA.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known
Of matchless MIRA, she reveals her own:
And, when she would another's praise indite,
Is by her glass instructed how to write.

To one married to an Old Man.

SINCE thou would'st needs (bewitch'd with some ill
Be bury'd in those monumental arms: [charms!]
All we can wish, is, May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and so, good night!

* Paris.

*An EPIGRAM on a Painted LADY with
ill Teeth.*

WERE men so dull they could not see
That LYCE painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net,
So grossly woven, and ill set!
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair LYCE must not show,
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are dis-abus'd, when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

EPIGRAM upon the GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal side!
On the reverse, our beauty's pride!
Here we discern, the frown, and smile;
The force, and glory, of our Isle.
In the rich Medal, both so like
Immortals stand, it seems antique;
Carv'd by some master, when the bold
GREEKS made their JOVE descend in gold;
And DANAE wond'ring at that show'r,
Which falling, storm'd her brazen tow'r.
BRITANNIA there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain:

Thun-

204 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Thunder it self had fail'd to pass;
Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

*Written on a Card that her * MAJESTY
tore at OMBRE.*

THE cards you tear in value rise;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to coelestial things aspire,
Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

*To Mr. GRANVILLE, (now Lord LANS-
DOWN) on his Verses to K. JAMES II.*

AN early plant! which such a blossom bears,
And shews a genius so beyond his years :
A judgment! that could make so fair a choice;
So high a subject, to employ his voice :
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless King!

Long and short Life.

CIRCLES are prais'd; not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round:
So, life we praise, that does excell
Not in much time, but acting well.

Translated

* Q. Catharine.

Translated out of SPANISH.

TH^{O'} we may seem importunate,
While your compassion we implore:
They, whom you make too fortunate,
May, with presumption vex you more.

Translated out of FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade, nature will have it so;
'Tis but what we must in our autumn do!
And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that lov'd them found:
So, in the grave, shall we as quiet lie;
Miss'd by some few that lov'd our company.
But, some so like to thorns, and nettles, live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

*Some Verses of an imperfect Copy, design'd
for a Friend on his Translation of
OVID'S FASTI.*

ROME's holy-days you tell, as if a guest
With the old ROMANS you were wont to feast;
NUMA's religion, by themselves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their Dictators taken from the plow:

Such

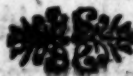
Such pow'r has justice, faith, and honesty !
 The world was conquer'd by morality.
 Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave:
 But, where religion does with virtue join,
 It makes a Hero like an Angel shine. —

* * * * *

*On the STATUE of King CHARLES the
 First, at CHARING-CROSS.*

In the Year 1674.

THAT the First CHARLES does here in triumph ride;
 See his Son reign, where he a Martyr dy'd;
 And people pay that reverence, as they pass,
 (Which then he wanted !) to the sacred brass;
 Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
 To which we owe thè statue, and the stone.
 But, heav'n this lasting monument has wrought,
 That mortals may eternally be taught,
 Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
 And Kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
 This truth the royal image does proclaim,
 Loud as the trumpet of surviving FAME.



PRIDE

P R I D E.

NOT the brave *MACEDONIAN Youth alone;
 But base CALIGULA, when on the throne,
 Boundless in pow'r, would make himself a God;
 As if the world depended on his nod.
 The †SYRIAN King to beasts was headlong thrown;
 E'er to himself he could be mortal known.
 The meanest wretch, if heav'n should give him line,
 Would never stop, 'till he were thought divine.
 All might within discern the serpent's pride,
 If from our selves nothing our selves did hide.
 Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,
 And woo the female to his painted bed:
 Let winds, and seas, together rage, and swell:
 This, nature teaches; and becomes them well.
 ‡Pride was not made for men: a conscious sense
 Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,
 Destroys the claim: and to beholders tells,
 Here, nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

EPITAPH on Sir GEORGE SPEKE,

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,
 Unblemish'd probity, and truth:
 Just unto all relations known,
 A worthy patriot, pious son:
 Whom neighb'ring towns so often sent,
 To give their sense in Parliament;

With

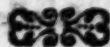
* Alexander. † Nebuchadnezzar. ‡ Eccles. x. 18.

208. *POEMS upon several Occasions.*

With lives, and fortunes, trusting one,
 Who so discreetly us'd his own,
 Sober he was, wise, temperate;
 Contented with an old estate,
 Which no foul avarice did increase,
 Nor wanton luxury make less.
 While yet but young, his father dy'd,
 And left him to an happy guide:
 Not LEMUEL's mother with more care
 Did counsel, or instruct, her heir;
 Or teach with more success her son
 The vices of the time to shun.
 An heiress she; while yet alive,
 All that was hers to him did give:
 And he just gratitude did show
 To one that had oblig'd him so:
 Nothing too much for her he thought,
 By whom he was so bred, and taught.
 So (early made that path to tread,
 Which did his yourh to honour lead)
 His short life did a pattern give,
 How neighbours, husbands, friends should live.

—The virtues of a private life
 Exceed the glorious noise, and strife,
 Of battles won: in those we find
 The solid int'rest of mankind.

Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
 Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell,



EPITAPH

EPITAPH on Colonel CHARLES
CAVENDISH.

HERE lies CHARLES CA'NDISH: let the marble stone,
That hides his ashes, make his virtue known,
Beauty, and valor, did his short life grace;
The grief, and glory, of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world survey,
As if he knew he had not long to stay:
Saw what great ALEXANDER in the east,
And mighty JULIUS conquer'd in the west.
Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occasion for his fame:
Where dark confusion did the nations hide;
And where the juster, was the weaker, side.
Two loyal brothers took their Sov'reign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art:
The *elder did whole Regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct, and his sword.
Born to command, a Leader he begun,
And on the rebels lasting honor won:
The Horse, instructed by their General's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the north:
Where CA'NDISH fought the Royalists prevail'd;
Neither his courage, nor his judgment, fail'd:
The current of his vict'ries found no stop,
'Till CROMWEL came, his party's chiefest prop.
Equal success had set these champions high,
And both resolve to conquer or to die:

Virtue

* William Earl of Devonshire.

210 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Virtue with rage, fury with valor, strove;
 But, that must fall which is decreed above!
 CROMWEL, with odds of number, and of Fate,
 Remov'd this bulwark of the Church, and State:
 Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,
 And made his task, to ruin both, less hard.
 So, when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
 The boundless torrent does the country drown.
 Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
 Strew bays, and flowers, on his honor'd grave!

EPITAPH on the Lady SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned SAVIL's heir;

So early wise, and lasting fair!
 That none, except her years they told,
 Thought her a child, or thought her old.
 All that her father knew, or got,
 His art, his wealth, fell to her lot:
 And she so well improv'd that stock,
 Both of his knowledge, and his flock;
 That, Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
 In her, upon each other smil'd.
 While she, to ev'ry well-raught mind,
 Was so propitiously inclin'd,
 And gave such title to her store,
 That none, but th'ignorant, were poor.
 The MUSES daily found supplies
 Both from her hands, and from her eyes.
 Her bounty did at once engage,
 And matchless beauty warm, their rage.

Such

Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament, and praise!
But, when a storm disturb'd our rest,
The port, and refuge, of th' oppress'd,
This made her fortune understood,
And look'd on as some public good.
So that, (her person, and her state,
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our civil fury she
Stood, like a sacred temple, free.
May here her monument stand so,
To credit this rude age ! and show
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue see:
And one sublime example had
Of good, among so many bad.

*EPITAPH to be written under the LATIN
Inscription upon the Tomb of the only Son of
the Lord ANDOVER.*

'TIS fit the ENGLISH reader should be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corps alone does lie
Under this stone, but a whole family :
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies bury'd with this boy :
This lovely youth ! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been space, and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding, to have show'd,

We

212 POEMS upon several Occasions.

We had not found, in all the numerous roll
Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul:
His early virtues to that antient stock
Gave as much honour, as from thence he took.

Like buds appearing e'er the frosts are past,
To become man he made such fatal haste;
And to perfection labor'd so to climb,
Preventing slow experience, and time;
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd:
He's seldom old, that will not be a child.

E P I T A P H, Unfinish'd.

GREAT soul! for whom death will no longer stay,
But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.
O cruel death! to those you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue, shin'd;
Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.
Inspired verse may on this marble live,
But can no honor to thy ashes give. _____

* * * * *



THE

PROLOGUE

THE
M A I D'S
TRAGEDY
ALTER'D.

THE
GOLDEN AGE
OF THE
HUMAN RACE

THE
GOLDEN AGE
OF THE
HUMAN RACE

THE
GOLDEN AGE
OF THE
HUMAN RACE

THE
GOLDEN AGE
OF THE
HUMAN RACE



PROLOGUE.

SCARCE should we have the boldness, to pretend
So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend:

Had not already some deserv'd your praise
Wish like attempt. Of all our elder Plays,
This, and PHILASTER, have the loudest fame:
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both, our ENGLISH genius is express'd;
Lofty, and bold; but, negligently dress'd.

Above our neighbours our conceptions are:
But, faultless writing is th' effect of care.
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste;
Polish'd like marble, would like marble last.
But, as the present, so the last age writ;
In both we find like negligence, and wit.
Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our Muse would flourish; and a nobler rage
Would honor this, than did the GRECIAN, Stage.

Thus says our Author: not content to see
That others write as carelessly as he:
Tho' he pretends not to make things complete,
Yet, to please you, he'd have the Poets sweat.

In this old Play, what's new we have express'd
In rhyming verse, distinguish'd from the rest:
That, as the RHONE its hasty way does make,
(Not mingling waters) thro' GENEVA's lake:

So,

PROLOGUE.

*So, having here the diff'rent styles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.*

*If we less rudely shall the knot untie,
Soften the rigor of the Tragedy,
And yet preserve each person's character;
Then, to the other, this you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: the Boxes, and the Pit,
Are sov'reign judges of this sort of wit.
In other things the knowing artist may
Judge better than the people: but, a Play,
(Made for delight, and for no other use)
If you approve it not, has no excuse.*



THE



THE
MAID'S TRAGEDY.

ACT V.

Enter EVADNE, with a Page of honor.

EVADNE.



MINTOR lost, it were as vain a thing,
As 'tis prodigious, to betray the King.
Compell'd by threats, to take that bloody
oath,
And the act ill, I am absolv'd by both.

This island left, with pity I'll look down
On the King's love, and fierce MELANTIUS' frown:
These will to both my resolution bring:
Page! give MELANTIUS that; this, to the King.

[Exit Page with the Letters.]

Under how hard a fate are women born!
Priz'd to their ruin, or expos'd to scorn!

L

16

218 POEMS upon several Occasions.

If we want beauty, we of love despair:
 And are besieg'd, like frontier-towns, if fair.
 The pow'r of Princes armies overthrows:
 What can our sex against such force oppose?
 Love, and ambition, have an equal share
 In their vast treasures; and it costs as dear
 To ruin us, as nations to subdue:
 But we are faulty, tho' all this be true.
 For, towns are starv'd, or batter'd, e'er they yield;
 But we, (persuaded, rather can compell'd)
 For things superfluous neglect our fame,
 And weakly render up our selves to shame.
 Oh! that I had my innocence again,
 My untouch'd honor! but I wish in vain:
 The fleece, that has been by the dyer stain'd,
 Never again its native whiteness gain'd.
 Th' unblemish'd may pretend to virtue's crown:
 'Tis beauty now must perfect my renown.
 With that I govern'd him that rules this isle;
 'Tis that which makes me triumph in the spoil;
 The wealth I bear from this exhausted Court;
 Which here my bark stands ready to transport.
 In narrow RHODES I'll be no longer pent;
 But act my part upon the continent:
 ASIATIC Kings shall see my beauty's prize,
 My shining jewels, and my brighter eyes.
 Princes that fly, (their Sceptres left behind)
 Contempt, or pity, where they travel, find:
 The ensigns of our pow'r about we bear;
 And ev'ry land pays tribute to the Fair.
 So shines the sun, tho' hence remov'd, as clear
 When his beams warm th' Antipodes, as here.

[Exit.

Enter

POEMS upon several Occasions. 219

Enter MELANTIUS, with a Letter in his hand.

She's gone! ---- to perish, if the Gods be just:
The sea's not vast enough to quench her lust.
The standing Regiments, the Fort, the town,
All, but this wicked sister, is our own.
Oh! that I could but have surpriz'd the wretch,
E'er she that war'ry element did reach:
Twice false EVADNE! spightfully forsworn!
That fatal breast, like this, I would have torn.

[Tears the paper with fury.]

But this design admits of no delay;
And our revenge must find some speedy way.
I'll sound LUCIPPUS; he has always paid
Respect to my deserts: could he be made
To join with us, we might preserve the state;
And take revenge, without our country's fate.
He loves his brother: but, a present crown
Cannot but tempt a Prince so near the throne.
He's full of honor: tho' he like it not,
If once he swear, he'll not reveal the plot. *[Exit.]*

Enter the KING alone.

MELANTIUS false! it cannot be: and yet,
When I remember how I merit it,
He is presented to my guilty mind
Less to his duty, than revenge, inclin'd.
'Tis not my nature to suspect my friends,
Or think they can have black malicious ends:
'Tis doing wrong creates such doubts as these,
Renders us jealous, and destroys our peace.
Happy the innocent! whose equal thoughts
Are free from anguish, as they are from faults.

220 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Enter a Page with a Letter.

Page. 'Tis from EVADNE, Sir.

[Exit.

King. Why should she use
Her pen to me? 'tis some important news!

Reads the Letter.

From on board my yacht.

[Strangely dated.]

WHICH is now bearing me away from the rage of
my offended brothers: I wish you were as safe from
their revenge. They aim at your life, and made me swear
to take it. They have got the Fort, and are assured of the
inclinations both of the soldiers, and citizens. My first prayer
is to the Gods, for your preservation: my next to your Ma-
jesty, that if they return to their duty, you would afford them
your grace.

'Tis no feign'd tale CALLIANAX has told:

The great MELANTIUS is as false, as bold.

The crown we hazard, when at home we stay;

And teach our forces others to obey.

Conduct of armies is a Prince's art;

And when a subject acts that royal part,

As he in glory rises, we grow less:

While our arms prosper, ruin'd by success!

For, in a Court, what can so dreadful be,

As one more glorious than our selves to see?

Enter MELANTIUS and LUCIPPUS.

Such is the General!—— To LUCIPPUS' ear

What 'tis he trusts, I'll step aside and hear.

Luc. How am I caught with an unwary oath,
Not to reveal the secret, with I loath!

To

To stain my conscience with my brother's blood,
To be a King ! ——— no ! not to be a God.
He that with patience can such treason bear,
Tho' he consent not, has a guilty ear.
Unto thy self pronounce the name of KING ;
That word will keep thee from so foul a thing.

Mel. Sir ! your fond care, and kindness, comes too late,
To save your brother, or prevent my hate:
The people mutiny, the Fort is mine,
And all the soldiers to my will incline.
Of his own servants he has lost the heart ;
And in the Court I have the nobler part.
Unto your self pronounce the name of KING ;
That word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing.
That you are offer'd ——— Do not storm, and frown,
At my endeavours to preserve the crown.
Wear it your self; occasion will not stay;
'Tis lost, unless you take it while you may.
Tumult, and ruin, will o'erwhelm the state ;
And you'll be guilty of your country's fate.

Luc. [aside.] Some form'd design against the King is laid;
Let's try how far our reason may persuade.
To him.] The crown you value so, my brother beats
Upon his head, and with it all the cares:
While I enjoy th'advantage of his state,
And all the crown can give, except the weight.
Long may he reign ! that is so far above
All vice, all passion, but excess of love.
And can th'effects of love appear so strange,
That into beasts our greatest Gods could change?

Mel. The deathless Gods, when they commit a rape,
Disguis'd a while, again resume their shape;

222 POEMS upon several Occasions.

But Princes once turn'd into beasts, remain
For ever so: ——— and should, like beasts, be slain.

Luc. Tho' more in years, you have a Mistress still;
And for that fault would you your sov'reign kill?
Love is the frailty of heroic minds;
And, where great virtues are, our pardon finds:
Brutes may be chaster; pidgeons, swans, and doves,
Are more confin'd, than we are, in their loves.
Justice, and bounty, in a Prince, are things
That subjects make as happy as their Kings.
Will you contract the guilt of royal blood;
And rob your country of her chiefest good?

Mel. Of one! whose lust *his* family has stain'd,
By whose good conduct he securely reign'd.

Luc. Of one! whose choice first made *your* valor known;
And with whose armies *you* have got renown.
'Tis all the gratitude subjects can shew,
To bear with patience what their Princes do.

Mel. Yet BRUTUS did not let proud TARQUIN 'scape.

Luc. The Prince his son was guilty of a rape.
For joys extorted with a violent hand,
Revenge is just, and may with honor stand:
But, should a Prince, because he does comply
With one that's fair, and not unwilling, die?
Or, is it fit the people should be taught
Your sister's frailty, with my brother's fault?

Mel. Let her be known unchaste; so it be said,
That he that durst persuade her to't is dead.

Luc. The King has wrong'd you: is it just that you
Mischief to me, and the whole nation, do?

Mel. Rather than not accomplish my revenge,
Just, or unjust, I would the world unhinge.

Luc.

Luc. Yet, of all virtues, justice is the best:

Valor, without it, is a common pest.

Pirates, and thieves, too oft with courage grac'd,

Shew us how ill that virtue may be plac'd.

'Tis our complexion makes us chaste, or brave;

Justice from reason, and from heav'n, we have.

All other virtues dwell but in the blood;

That, in the soul; and gives the name of good.

Justice, the Queen of virtues, you despise;

And only rude and savage valor prize.

To your revenge you think the King, and all

That sacred is, a sacrifice should fall:

The town be ruin'd, and this isle laid waste,

Only because your sister is not chaste.

Can you expect, that she should be so sage

To rule her blood, and you not rule your rage?

Both foul distempers are; but yours the worse;

Less pleasures has; and brings the greater curse.

Mel. In idle R H O D E S philosophers are bred;

And you, young Prince! are in their morals read.

Nor is it hard for one that feels no wrong,

For patient duty to employ his tongue.

Oppression makes men mad, and from their breast

All reason does, and sense of duty, wrest.

The Gods are safe, when under wrongs we groan,

Only because we cannot reach their throne.

Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of clay,

Think they may safely with our honor play?

Reward a soldier's merit with a stain

To his whole race, and yet securely reign? —

Farewel! I know so brave a Prince will scorn

To tell the secret, unto which he's sworn.

224 *FORMS upon several Occasions.*

Luc. [*aside.*] I promis'd secrecy, but did not say
I would look tamely on. — *MELANTIUS.* Say!
You have my promise; and my hasty word
Refrains my tongue; — but, ties not up my sword.
Of other virtues tho' you are bereft
By your wild rage, I know your valor's left.
Swear not to touch my brother, or with speed
Behind the castle-wall let's meet. *Mel.* Agreed!

[*Exit LUCIPPUS.*]

Mel. His well-known virtue, and his constant love
To his bad brother, may the people move:
I'll take th' occasion, which he gives, to bring
Him to his death, and then destroy the King.

[*Exit MELANTIUS.*]

Enter the KING, as discovering himself.

King. O! what an happiness it is to find
A friend of our own blood; a brother kind!
A Prince so good, so just, so void of fear,
Is of more value than the crown I wear.
The kingdom, offer'd if he would engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming rage.
For such a brother, to th' immortal Gods
More thanks I owe, than for the crown of RHODES.
Happy this isle, with such a Hero blest!
What virtue dwells not in his loyal breast?

Enter STRATO.

Stra. Sir, we are lost! *MELANTIUS* has the Fort;
And the town rises to assault the Court;
Where they will find the strongest part their own:
If you'll preserve your self, you must be gone.
I have a garden opens to the sea,
From whence I can your Majesty convey

To

To some near friend. *King.* There with your shallop stay:
 The game's not lost; I have one card to play.
 Suffer not *DIPHILUS* to leave the Court,
 But bid him presently to me resort. [*Exit STRATO.*]
 Had not this challenge stop'd th' impendent fate,
 We must have perish'd with the ruin'd state.
 Forts, soldiers, citizens, of all bereft,
 There's nothing, but our private valor, left.
 If he survive, I have not long to reign;
 But he that's injur'd, should be fairly slain.
 The people for their darling would repine,
 If he should fall by any hand but mine.
 Less wise than valiant, the vain man is gone
 To fight a duel, when his work was done.
 Should I command my guards to find him, where
 He meets my brother, and destroy him there,
 All hope of peace would be for ever lost;
 And the wild rabble would adore his ghost.
 Dead, than alive, he would do greater harm;
 And the whole island, to revenge him, arm.
 So popular, so mighty, have I made
 This fighting man, while I liv'd in the shade!
 But, 'twas a double fault, to raise him so,
 And then dis-honor on his house to throw.
 Ill govern'd passions in a Prince's breast,
 Hazard his private, and the public, rest.
 Slaves to our passions we become, and then
 It grows impossible to govern men.
 But, errors, not to be recall'd, do find
 Their best redress from presence of the mind.
 Courage our greatest failings does supply,
 And makes all good; or handsomely we dye;

226 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Life is a thing of common use, by heav'n
As well to insects, as to Princes, giv'n:
But, for the crown! 'tis a more sacred thing:
I'll dying lose it, or I'll live a King.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Come, DIPHILUS, we must together walk,
And of a matter of importance talk.

Diph. [aside.] What fate is this! had he stay'd half an hour,
The rising town had freed me from his pow'r. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes into a field: into which enter LUCIPPUS
and MELANTIUS, with swords drawn.

Mel. Be yet advis'd! th' injurious King forsake;
Death, or a sceptre, from MELANTIUS take.

Luc. Be thou advis'd! thy black design forsake;
Death, or this counsel, from LUCIPPUS take.

Mel. Youth, and vain confidence, thy life betray:
Thro' armies this has made MELANTIUS way.

Luc. Drawn for your Prince, that sword could wonders do;
The better cause makes mine the sharper now.

Thy brutal anger does the Gods defy;
Kings are their care. Resume thy loyalty;
Or, from thy guilty head I'll pluck the bays:
And all thy triumphs shall become my praise.

Mel. That shall be quickly try'd.

Enter the KING with DIPHILUS.

King. With sword in hand,
Like a good brother, by your brother stand.

Diph. Glad that your pleasure lies this noble way,
I never did more willingly obey.

King. Thy life, MELANTIUS! I am come to take;
Of which foul treason does a forfeit make.

To

To do thee honor, I will shed that blood,
Which the just laws, if I were faultless, shou'd.

Mel. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir! but, their guards away,
Kings have but small advantage of the law.

King. Having infring'd the law, I wave my right
As King, and thus submit my self to fight.
Why did not you your own fierce hand employ,
As I do mine, and tell the reason why?
A subject should be heard before he's slain;
And does less right belong to us that reign?

Mel. If, as unjust, I could have thought you brave,
This way I chosen had revenge to have:
A way so noble! that I must confess
Already I begin to hate you less.
So unexpected, and so brave a thing,
Makes me remember that you are my King.
And I could rather be contented, since
He challeng'd first, to combat with that Prince:
That so, a brother for a sister chang'd,
We may be of your wanton pride reveng'd.

King. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my life have fought
No duel ever was more justly fought:
We both have reason for our fatal wrath;
Nor is it fit the world should hold us both.

LUCIPPUS to the KING a-part.

Me for what nobler use can you reserve,
Than thus the Crown from danger to preserve?
Members expose themselves, to save the head
This way he shall be satisfy'd, or dead.

MELANTIUS to his Brother a-part.

Tho' foul injustice majesty did stain,
This noble carriage makes it bright again,

When

228 POEMS upon several Occasions.

When Kings with courage act, something divine,
That calls for rev'rence, does about them shine.

Diph. Were we born Princes, we could not expect,
For an affront receiv'd, greater respect.
They that with sharpest injuries are stung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the wrong.
A thousand pities, such a royal pair
Should run this hazard, for a wanton Fair!

Mel. Let us fight so, as to avoid th' extreme
Either of fearing, or of killing, them.

LUCIPPUS *a-part to his Brother.*

Sir! you should wield a sceptre, not a sword;
Not with your weapon kill, but with your word:
The Gods by others execute their will.

King. Yet heav'n does oft with its own thunder kill;
And when necessity, and right, command,
A sword is thunder in a Sov'reign's hand.
Let us dispatch, lest any find us here,
Before we fight; or they grow less severe.

[*Here they all fight.*]

LUCIPPUS *to the KING.*

Hold Sir! they only guard, and still give place
To them.] Fight us as enemies, or ask for grace.

Mel. I never thought I could expedient see,
On this side death, to right our family.
The royal sword thus drawn, has cur'd a wound
For which no other salve could have been found.
Your brothers now in arms our selves we boast;
A satisfaction for a sister lost.
The blood of Kings expos'd, washes a stain
Cleaner, than thousands of the vulgar slain,

You

POEMS upon several Occasions. 229

You have our pardon, Sir! and humbly now,
As subjects ought, we beg the same of you.

[Here they both kneel.]

Pardon our guilty rage! which here takes end,
For a lost sister, and a ruin'd friend.

Luc. Let your great heart a gracious motion feel:
Is't not enough you see MELANTIUS kneel?

I'll be a pledge for both: they shall be true
As heretofore; and you shall trust them too.
His loyal arm shall still support the state;
And you no more provoke so just a hate.

King. Rise, brave MELANTIUS! I thy pardon sign,
With as much joy, as I am proud of mine.
Rise, valiant DIPHILUS! I hope you'll both
Forget my fault, as I shall your just wrath.

Diph. Valor reveal'd in Princes does redeem
Their greatest faults, and crowns them with esteem.
Use us with honor, and we are your slaves,
To bleed for you, when least occasion craves.

King. With honor, and with trust, this land shall know,
After my brother, none so great as you.

Enter the KING's Guards.

Mel. If these approach us, Sir! by your command,
Take back your pardon, on our guard we stand.

The KING steps between them.

King. What over-diligence has brought you here?

Guard. Such as you'll pardon when the news you hear:
AMINTOR is retir'd; ASPASIA gone;
And a strange humor does possess the town.
They arm a-pace, Sir! and aloud declare
Things, which we dare not whisper in your ear.

The

230 POEMS upon several Occasions.

The Council met, your Guards to find you sent,
And know your pleasure in this exigent.
This honor'd person you might justly fear,
Were he not loyal, and amongst us here:
They say his merit's ill-return'd; and cry,
With great MELANTIUS they will live, and die.

Mel. Sir! not your pow'r, but virtue, made me bow:
For, all he tells you, I did kneeling know.
Tho' now the faithful'st of your subjects, we
Have been the cause of all this mutiny.
Go comfort, Sir! AMINTOR, while we run,
To stop the rage of this revolting town:
And let them know the happiness they have
In such a royal pair, so just, so brave!
Lend me your Guards; that, if persuasion fail,
Force may against the mutinous prevail.

King. [*to the Guards.*] Go, and obey, with as exact a care,
All his commands, as if our self were there.
[*Aside.*] He that depends upon another, must
Oblige his honor with a boundless trust.

[*Exeunt KING and LUCIPPUS.*]

Mel. How frail is man! how quickly changed are
Our wrath, -and fury, to a loyal care!
This, drawn but now against my Sov'reign's breast,
Before 'tis sheath'd, shall give him peace, and rest.

[*Exeunt Brothers and Guards.*]

The SCENE changes into a Forest.

Enter ASPASIA.

Asp. They say wild beasts inhabit here;
But grief, and wrong, secures my fear.
Compar'd to him that does refuse,
A tiger's kind, for he pursues,

To

To be forsaken's worse than torn;
 And death a lesser ill than scorn.
 No forest, cave, or savage den,
 Holds more pernicious beasts than men.
 Vows, oaths, and contracts they devise;
 And tell us, they are sacred ties:
 And so they are in our esteem;
 But, empty names, despis'd by them!
 Women with study'd arts they vex:
 Ye Gods! destroy that impious sex:
 And if there must be some t' invoke
 Your Pow'rs, and make your altars smoke;
 Come down your selves, and in their place
 Get a more just, and nobler race!
 Such as the old world did adorn,
 When Heroes, like your selves, were born.
 But this I wish not for ASPASIA's sake;
 For, she no God would for AMINTOR take.
 The heart, which is our passions' seat,
 Whether we will or no, does beat:
 And yet we may suppress our breath:
 This lets us see that life, and death,
 Are in our pow'r: but love, and hate,
 Depend not on our will, but Fate.
 My love was lawful, when 'twas born;
 Their marriage makes it merit scorn.
 EVADNE's husband 'tis a fault
 To love; a blemish to my thought:
 Yet twisted with my life: and I,
 That cannot faultless live, will dye!
 Oh! that some hungry beast would come,
 And make himself ASPASIA's tomb.

232 POEMS upon several Occasions.

If none accept me for a prey,
 Death must be found some other way.
 In colder regions men compose
 Poison with art; but here it grows.
 Not long since, walking in the field,
 My nurse and I, we there beheld
 A goodly fruit; which tempting me,
 I would have pluck'd: but, trembling, she,
 Whoever eat those berries, cry'd,
 In less than half an hour dy'd.
 Some God direct me to that bough,
 On which those useful berries grow! [Exit.

Enter AMINTOR alone.

Amin. Repentance, which became EVADNE so,
 Would no less handsome in AMINTOR show.
 She ask'd me pardon; but ASPASIA I,
 (Injur'd alike!) suffer to pine, and dye.
 'Tis said, that she this dangerous forest haunts,
 And in sad accents utters her complaints.
 If overtaken, e'er she perish, I
 Will gain her pardon, or before her dye.
 Not ev'ry Lady does from virtue fall;
 Th' injurious King does not possess them all.
 Well I deserv'd EVADNE's scorn to prove,
 That to ambition sacrific'd my love.
 Fools, that consult their avarice, or pride!
 To chuse a wife, love is our noblest guide. [Exit.

Enter ASPASIA alone, with a bough full of fair berries.

Asp. This happy bough shall give relief,
 Not to my hunger, but my grief.
 The birds know how to chuse their fare;
 To peck this fruit they all forbear.

Those

Those chearful fingers know not why
 They should make any haste to dye:
 And yet they couple, — Can they know
 What 'tis to love, and not know sorrow too?
 'Tis man alone that willing dyes;
 Beasts are less wretched, or less wise.
 How lovely these ill berries shew!
 And so did false AMINTOR too.
 Heav'n would insnare us! who can 'scape
 When fatal things have such a shape?
 Nothing in vain the Gods create;
 This bough was made to hasten Fate.
 'Twas in compassion of our woe,
 That nature first made poisons grow:
 For hopeless wretches, (such as I!)
 Kindly providing means to dye.
 As mothers do their children keep;
 So, nature feeds, and makes us sleep:
 The indispos'd she does invite
 To go to bed, before 'tis night.
 Death always is to come, or past:
 If it be ill, it cannot last.
 Sure 'tis a thing was never known;
 For when that's present, we are gone.
 'Tis an imaginary line,
 Which does our Being here confine.
 Dead we shall be, as when unborn;
 And then I knew nor love, nor scorn.
 But, say we are to live elsewhere —
 What has the innocent to fear?
 Can I be treated worse than here?

234 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Justice from hence long since is gone ;
And reigns where I shall be a-non.

Enter AMINTOR.

Am. 'Tis she! those fatal berries shew
The mischief she's about to do.
Women are govern'd by a stubborn fate:
Their love's insuperable, as their hate.
No merit their aversion can remove;
Nor ill requital can efface their love.

Asp. Like slaves redeem'd, death sets us free
From passion, and from injury.
The living, chain'd to Fortune's wheel,
In triumph led, her changes feel:
And conquerors kept poisons by,
Prepar'd for her inconstancy.
Bays against thunder might defend their brow:
But, against love, and Fortune, here's the bough!

[Here she puts some of the berries to her mouth.

AMINTOR strikes the berries out of her hand, and snatches
the bough.

Am. Rash maid, forbear! and lay those berries by;
Or give them him that has deserv'd to dye.

Asp. What double cruelty is this? would you,
That made me wretched, keep me always so?
EVADNE has you: — let ASPASIA have
The common refuge of a quiet grave.
If you have kindness left, there see me laid:
To bury decently the injur'd maid,
Is all the favor that you can bestow;
Or I receive ——— pray render me my bough.

Am. No less than you, was your AMINTOR wrong'd:
The false EVADNE to the King belong'd.

You

You had my promise, and my bed is free;
I may be yours, if you can pardon me.

Asp. Your vows to her were in the Temple made;
The sacred altar witness'd what you said.

Am. The Pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But, ev'ry-where hear promises that bind.
The heav'n, the air, earth, and the boundless sea,
Make but one Temple for the Deity,
That was a witness to my former vow:
None can AMINTOR justly claim, but you.
Who gives himself away the second time,
Creates no title, but commits a crime.

Asp. I could have dy'd but once; but, this believ'd,
I may, alas! be more than once deceiv'd.
Death was the port, which I almost did gain,
Shall I once more be tost into the Main?
By what new Gods, AMINTOR, will you swear?

Am. By the same Gods, that have been so severe;
By the same Gods, the justice of whose wrath
Punish'd th' infraction of my former faith.
May ev'ry Lady an EVADNE prove,
That shall divert me from ASPASIA's love!

Asp. If ever you should prove unconstant now,
I shall remember where those berries grow.

Am. My love was always constant; but the King,
MELANTIUS' friendship, and, (that fatal thing!)
Ambition, me on proud EVADNE threw;
And made me cruel to my self, and you.
But if you still distrust my faith, I vow
Here in your presence I'll devour the bough.

[Snatching the bough from him:

Asp.

236 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Asp. Rash man, forbear! but for some unbelief,
My joy had been as fatal as my grief:
The sudden news of unexpected bliss,
Would yet have made a Tragedy of this.
Secure of my AMINTOR, still I fear
EVADNE's mighty friend, the King.

Am. He's here.

Enter the KING, and his Brother, to them.

King. How shall I look upon that * noble youth,

[Turning to his Brother.

So full of patience, loyalty, and truth?
The fair ASPASIA I have injur'd too:
The guilty author of their double woe!
My passion's gone; and, reason in her throne,
Amaz'd I see the mischiefs I have done.
After a tempest, when the winds are laid,
The calm sea wonders at the wrecks it made.

Am. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their fate,
And royal kindness never comes too late:
So, when heav'n frowns, we think our anger vain;
Joyful, and thankful, when it smiles again.

Taking ASPASIA by the hand.

This knot you broke, he pleas'd again to bind,
And we shall both forget you were unkind.

King. May you be happy! and, your sorrows past
Set-off those joys, I wish may ever last!

Giving the Letter to AMINTOR.

Read this.

Am. EVADNE fled! — ASPASIA, now
You'll have no more occasion for your bough.

Enter

* *Amintor.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. MELANTIUS, Sir! has let the people know
How just you are, and how he's grac'd by you:
The town's appear'd, and all the air does ring
With repetitions of, *Long live the KING!*

Luc. Sir! let us to the sacred Temple go,
That you are safe our joys, and thanks, to show.

King. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The sweetest incense is fraternal love.
Like the rich clouds that rise from melted gums,
It spreads it self, and the whole isle perfumes.
This sacred union has preserv'd the state;
And from all tempest shall secure our fate:
Like a well-twisted cable, holding fast
The anchor'd vessel in the loudest blast.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE fierce MELANTIUS was content, you see,
The KING should live; be not more fierce than he:
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,
When love was held so capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compassion find;
But dy'd, — because the killer had been kind!
Nor is't less strange, such mighty Wits as those
Should use a style in Tragedy, like prose.
Well-sounding verse, where Princes tread the Stage;
Should speak their virtue, or describe their rage.

By

EPILOGUE.

*By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.
And verses are the potent charms we use,
Heroic thoughts, and virtue, to infuse.*

*When next we Act this Tragedy again,
Unless you like the change, we shall be slain:
The innocent ASPASIA's life, or death,
AMINTOR's too, depends upon your breath.
Excess of love was heretofore the cause;
Now if we dye, 'tis want of your applause.*

EPILOGUE.

*Design'd upon the first alteration of the Play,
when the KING only was left alive.*

ASPASIA bleeding on the Stage does lye,
To shew you, still 'tis the MAID'S TRAGEDY.
The fierce MELANTIUS was content, you see,
The KING should live: be not more fierce than he:
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,
When love was held so capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compassion find,
But dy'd — because the killer had been kind!
This better-natur'd Poet had repriev'd
Gentle AMINTOR too, had he believ'd
The fairer sex his pardon could approve,
Who to ambition sacrific'd his love.
ASPASIA he has spar'd: but, for her wound
(Neglected love!) there could no salve be found.

When

When next we Act this Tragedy again,
Unless you like the change, I must be slain.
Excess of love was heretofore the cause;
Now if I dye, 'tis want of your applause.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. WALLER, in his first thoughts of altering this Play, pitch'd upon a design of making EVADNE go among the Vestals. But, considering that the persons in this Play are suppos'd to be heathens, who never admitted any but pure virgins among their Vestals, he chang'd his design. Nevertheless, before he did so, he had writ the following verses.

EVADNE. A Vestal vow'd, with pity I look down
On the KING's love, and fierce MELANTIUS' frown,
But here's the sacred place, where we may have,
Before we dye, an honorable grave.
The dead, and they that live retired here,
Obtain like pardon from the most severe.

[Knocks at a door.

Enter Governess.

Gov. The great EVADNE visiting our cell!

Ev. 'Tis not to visit you; but here to dwell.
Can you find room for one so bad as I,
That humbly begs she may among you dye?

Gov. You, that so early can correct your thoughts,
May hope for pardon for your greatest faults.
Happy is she that from the world retires,
And carries with her what the world admires!

Thrice.

240 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Thrice-happy she! whose young thought fix'd above,
While she is lovely does to heav'n make love.

I need not urge your promise, e'er you find
An entrance here, to leave the world behind.

Ev. My guilty love devotion shall succeed;
Love such as mine was, tho' a dang'rous weed,
Shews the rich soil, (on which it grew so high)
May yield as fair a crop of piety.

But, of all passions, I ambition find
Hardest to banish from a glorious mind.

Yet, heav'n our object made, ambition may
(As well as love,) be turn'd a nobler way.

Still I ascend: it is a step above

A Prince's favor, to belong to Jove.

[They go in, and the door shuts.]

Enter MELANTIUS with a Letter.

Among the Vestals! she'll corrupt them all;

And teach them from their sacred vow to fall. * * * *



THE

THE

First ACT of the TRAGEDY

OF

P O M P E Y,

Translated from the FRENCH of

MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.

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ACT OF THE PARLIAMENT

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P O M P E Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS,
SEPTIMIUS.

P T O L E M Y.



HE Fates disclose their book, and now we
read,

What of the * father, and the † son's, de-
creed.

Th' amazed Gods a-while seem'd all divided;

What they demurr'd, PHARSALIA has decided!

Whose rivers dy'd with blood, and rapid made,

Swell with the fury of the ROMAN blade:

Arms, Eagles, bodies, all confus'dly spread,

Cover her fields, infected with the dead! -

Heaps of the slain, deny'd a funeral,

Just nature to their own revenge does call;

M 2

From

* *Julius Caesar.*

† *Pompey.*

244 POEMS upon several Occasions.

From putrid corps exhaling poisonous airs,
 Enough to plague the guilty conquerors.
 This is the title of great CÆSAR's cause!
 At this dire evidence, by MARS his laws,
 CÆSAR's absolv'd, and POMPEY guilty cry'd!
 This pity'd Leader of the juster side,
 By weary Fortune of success bereft,
 Is made a great example, and has left
 The world a pattern, of her rowling wheel;
 Whose dismal turn whole nations with him feel.
 He! whose prosperity was wont to vye
 With his own wish, from THESSALY does fly:
 The vanquish'd POMPEY to our ports, our walls,
 Our Court, approaching, for a refuge calls
 From his own father-in-law: his proud defeat
 Seeks where against the TITANS a retreat
 The Gods once found: where, in despite of all,
 They that sav'd heav'n (he thinks) may stop his fall;
 And sharing the despair on which he's hurl'd,
 May give a prop unto the tott'ring world.
 For, the world's fate on POMPEY's fate depends;
 And to our EGYPT in distress he sends,
 For aid, or ruin; a recruit, or grave;
 We must sink with him, or his fortunes save.
 This tempest, friends! your grave advice must calm;
 He brings dread thunder, or the welcome palm:
 He crown'd * the father, threatens now the son;
 MEMPHIS he gave, and hazards what h' has done.
 His ruin I must share, or else comply
 With CÆSAR's wish, and make my suppliant dye:
 The first, unsafe; the other base, and low;
 I fear injustice, or an overthrow.

* Ptolemy Auletes.

Do what I can, to whatsoe'er I fly,
'Tis full of danger, or of infamy.
The choice is mine, and you are to consult
What to incline me to, by your result:
POMPEY's the theme; and we must have the praise
To trouble CÆSAR, or complete his bays.
You sit on both their fortunes; upon more
Than any council ever sat before!

Photin. Sir! when the sword great causes does decide,
Justice, and right, good states-men lay aside:
And who will wisely act in such a season,
Must ballance strength, and not examine reason.
Weigh your own forces then, and POMPEY's might;
His hopes are dash'd, his fruitless valor light:
'Tis not from CÆSAR only that he flies,
But from the dread reproach, and wrathful eyes;
Of ROME's great Senate; whose best half invites
To a rich banquet the PHARSALIAN kites.
He flies the city, and the sons, of ROME;
Which his defeat to slavery, does doom:
He flies the rage of nations, and of crowns,
That would revenge on him their ransack'd towns;
Their weaken'd States, of men, and money, drain'd;
Their reputation by his losses stain'd;
The cause of all their woes: hated by all
He flies; the whole world shatter'd with his fall!
Will you against such opposition stand,
And bear his cause up, with a single hand?
The hope he had was in himself alone;
What might be done, he did: he over-thrown,
You must give way: will you sustain a weight
Which ROME bends under, shrinking from her height?

246 POEMS *upon several Occasions.*

Maintain a quarrel that has thunder-strook
 The reeling world, and the great POMPEY broke?
 They that the Faults of Fortune would amend,
 And be too just, against themselves offend;
 Whilst, indiscreetly kind with vain effort,
 They perish with those friends they would support:
 Their faith has a brave lustre ——— but they fall,
 And honor lessens not the bruise at all.
 Side with the Gods; declare your self for Fates
 Draw not on us their thunder, and their hate:
 Ask not, how justly, wherefore, they chastise;
 But, worship him whom they would have to rise:
 Approve of their decrees, applaud their will,
 And, whom they frown on, in obedience kill.
 By divine vengeance on all sides persu'd,
 POMPEY involves your EGYPT in the sword;
 His head (that he has shifted so, to save!)
 Falling, your royal company would have:
 His present coming I unfriendly deem;
 Th' effect of hatred, rather than esteem:
 'Tis to destroy you, hither now to fly;
 And can you doubt if he deserve to dye?
 He should have come with bays upon his brows;
 And with success have seconded our vows:
 With feasts, and triumphs, then we had receiv'd him;
 'Tis his own Fate, not we that have deceiv'd him,
 Not him, but his ill fortune we neglect;
 For, to his person we would pay respect:
 CÆSAR subdu'd, by the same sword had dy'd,
 With which, less willingly! we pierce his side.
 Under his ruin you must shelter take;
 And, in this storm, his death your harbour make:

Which,

Which, though the world should reckon as a crime,
Is but a just compliance with the time.
The strict regard of justice does annoy
The pow'r of crowns, and policy destroy:
'Tis the prerogative of Kings to spare
Nothing, when they their own destruction fear:
He wants no danger, whom the care of Right
Keeps from injustice when 'tis requisite.
Who to his royal pow'r no bound would have,
To his own conscience must not be a slave. —
And thus you have my counsel, mighty Sir!
Who kills the conquer'd, gains the conqueror.

Achil. PHOTINUS, Sir! speaks well: but, though the day
POMPEY has lost, his person yet I weigh:
I reverence that blood the Gods did spare,
When his whole army such a fate did share!
Nor see I reason why it should be spilt;
Unless it prove a necessary guilt,
What needs such rigor? Your estate is sure;
Who takes no part, can make no forfeiture:
You may stand neuter, as you did before;
Though CÆSAR's rising fortune you adore,
And treat him like a God, by my advice,
You shall not make him such a sacrifice:
For MARS if were too pretious! and will give
Your name a blot you never shall out-live:
It is enough, that POMPEY higher came,
And found no succour, to keep you from blame.
The Senate, by his inclination led,
Set EGYPT's crown upon your father's head:
And yet, I say not Kings should grateful be,
Beyond the bounds, and rule, of policy:

248 POEMS upon several Occasions.

They of their people ought more care to show,
 Than gratitude for all that they can owe.
 A crown bestow'd can lay no obligation
 On him, that takes it to destroy his nation.
 Besides, if every circumstance be weigh'd,
 What ventur'd POMPEY in your father's aid?
 He sought thereby to make his credit known;
 And glory got by rend'ring him his own:
 He to the Senate an oration made;
 But CÆSAR's thousand talents did persuade:
 Had not that treasure made your father's way,
 In vain had been what-ever he could say.
 He, for you then; for him, to CÆSAR you
 May plead: — 'tis all with safety you can do;
 And all you owe him: to receive him here,
 Were to admit a guest that you must fear.
 A conquer'd Consul is so great a thing,
 That he will bear himself above a King.
 Forbid him landing then, and spare his head:
 But, — if your Majesty will have him dead,
 Command this sword to execute your will;
 Great POMPEY's blood I'll be the first shall spill.

Septim. Dread Sir! I am a ROMAN; and do know
 Both these Commanders, and their interest too.
 To succour POMPEY were a dangerous part;
 To chase him hence, would gain but half the heart
 Of mighty CÆSAR; and make him your foe,
 Who yet, perhaps, may to such greatness grow,
 (Raising new forces both at land and sea)
 That he at length with CÆSAR may agree:
 And Both revenge themselves on such a friend,
 Whose cold neutrality did Both offend.

In rend'ring him I no less danger find;
 CÆSAR to pardon him must seem inclin'd;
 And, with false glory, make glad ROME believe
 'Tis for her sake he lets his rival live:
 Whilst, in the secret of this thoughts, he knows
 That his forc'd clemency to you he owes.
 Free CÆSAR then from danger, and from guilt,
 And let his fortune on your shame be built:
 POMPEY destroy'd, of CÆSAR we are sure;
 And from the vengeance of the dead secure.
 This my advice is; what ACHILLAS said,
 Would give you cause to live of Both afraid.

Ptol. Then, to necessity let justice vail,
 And the plurality of votes prevail!
 My inclination too favors that doom,
 Which may abate this arrogance of ROME:
 Let her, that does the prostrate world bestride,
 Lose at one stroke both liberty, and pride:
 Let POMPEY dye, in whom her hopes do live;
 To the world's tyrants let's a tyrant give:
 Let us contribute to the Fates' decree,
 To make them subjects, and us Monarchs free;
 At least, our masters by this brave resolve
 In the same servitude we shall involve.
 Go then ACHILLAS, with SEPTIMIUS go,
 And make us famous by this noble blow:
 Had heav'n to POMPEY been propitious,
 It had not sent him to indanger us.

Achil. Sir! what a King commands is always just!

Ptol. Haste then, begone, and answer this great trust!
 Which well perform'd, our throne secure you make;
 Remember! ROME, and EGYPT, are at stake.

[*Exeunt.*

M 5

SCENE

SCENE II.

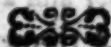
PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS.

PTOLEMY.

PHOTINUS! this our *sister will deceive,
 That hopes a crown from POMPEY to receive;
 She knows he has our father's Will in guard,
 And sees her way to royalty prepar'd
 By his arrival: she already plays
 The Queen, and her ambitious hopes betrays;
 Thinking by POMPEY's friendship, and his might,
 To ratifie that Will, and share my right:
 She looks as if she were already grown
 My mistress, or my partner in the throne.

Photin, Sir! 'tis a motive which I did not urge,
 That POMPEY's death will her ill humors purge:
 Your cause decided by that ancient host
 Of our late King, would half the kingdom cost,
 His Will performed will divide your state;
 Yet wish I not you should your sister hate;
 By nature's law she ought to have her part,
 Not in the royal throne, but in your heart.
 To reign in consort little honor brings;
 And you would seem commissioners, not Kings.
 This way how oft have states distracted been?
 But see! your sister --- the pretended Queen, ---

* Cleopatra,



SCENE

SCENE III.

PTOLEMY, CLEOPATRA, PHOTINUS.

CLEOPATRA.

POMPEY's arriv'd, Sir! shall he come alone?

Ptol. ACHILLAS, and SEPTIMIUS, both are gone
To wait upon him hither.

Cleop. Are they two
Enough for him?

Ptol. Why, sister! you may go.

Cleop. Were it too much, had you in person gone?

Ptol. Yes! --- I must keep the honour of the throne.

Cleop. Remember, Sir! who plac'd you there; and bow
To that Great Man, to whom you so much owe.

Ptol. Yes! your Great Man's deserted, and o'er-thrown.

Cleop. Still he is POMPEY, and gave you the crown.

Ptol. 'Tis POMPEY's ghost which has oblig'd the ghost
Of our dead father: let him go, and boast
Those merits past upon his monument.-----
Thither perhaps e'er-long he may be sent.

Cleop. POMPEY a ghost! and sent unto a grave!
Is this the welcome he deserves to have?

Ptol. 'Tis what the Gods inspired us to do;
And what the kingdom's good compell'd us to.

Cleop. PHOTIN, and such mean counsellors, I fear
Have with base counsel poisoned your ear.

Photin. The counsel, Madam! we must all avow----

Cleop. Peace! till I stoop to mingle words with you.

Ptol. She is my sister; let her humor sway:
For your known innocence there needs no plea,

252 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Cleop. Sir ! let that horrid sentence be recall'd,
If not too late ; nor longer be intrall'd
To these low slaves : but such advice embrace
As heav'n suggests to those of our high race.

Ptol. Swell'd with the hopes of POMPEY's friendship, you
Speak like a Queen, and think to make us bow:
With a false shew of virtue you can hide
Your int'rest too, and your ambitious pride.
With POMPEY's death you could be well content,
Did he not keep our father's testament.

Cleop. No Sir ! 'tis honor, and not interest,
Which for great POMPEY makes me thus contest:
Take here a secret, which will let you know
My hopes are built upon his mortal foe.
When the rude people of this *barbarous town,
Made the late King desert his royal throne;
His native soil he left, in hope to find
ROME's Senate to their old confed'rate kind.
To move their pity we both went along;
You, but a tender child; my self, though young,
Yet of an age to make that beauty known
Which heav'n had lent me, and some hearts my own.
Above the rest CÆSAR his passion shews,
Declares his love; but yet, with caution woos:
Fearing the Senate, he puts POMPEY on:
Our bus'ness was by their new friendship done.
POMPEY's authority for his sake we had;
But you this way with royal robes are clad.
But CÆSAR, thus to gain us mighty ROME,
Thought not enough; his love pursues us home:
His purse, as well as heart, he open'd wide;
And with his treasure our low state supply'd:

* *Alexandria.*

His

His thousand talents (which are yet unpay'd,)
Over the rebels us victorious made.
This knew our dying father; and bestow'd
Half that on Me, to whom the whole he ow'd;
He knew the kingdom was my beauty's prize,
And that he ow'd his sceptre to these eyes:
Betwixt us two by his last Will, the land
Restor'd by CÆSAR does divided stand.
And thus, you see, it is no partial end,
But sense of honor, makes me POMPEY's friend.

Ptol. This story is contrived with address.

Cleop. Of CÆSAR's coming here is an Express;
The cause I have to bear me like a Queen,
Shall by your self, (this day perhaps) be seen.
For some years past, here treated like a slave,
My right with-held, which our just father gave,
To flatter slaves I have employ'd my breath,
Lest your bad Ministers should plot my death:
From PHOTIN, and ACHILLAS' tyranny,
POMPEY, or CÆSAR, now will set me free:
One of those two our diff'rence shall decide;
And then you'll know the reason of my pride.

[Exit Cleopatra.]

SCENE IV.

PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS.

P T O L E M Y.

WHAT think you, PHOTIN! of this haughty dame?
Photin. This secret never to my knowledge came;

Con-

254 POEMS upon several Occasions.

Confus'd, uncertain in my thoughts, I find
No mean, whereby this storm may be declin'd.

Prot. Shall POMPEY live then?

Photin. No! the rather dye:

This way you must with your fair sister vye
For CÆSAR's grace; whose gratitude may prove,
For such a service, equal to his love.

Prot. What if her charms with CÆSAR should prevail?

Photin. She must be flatter'd: --- if you think I fail,
With wise SEPTIMIUS, and ACHILLAS, you
May take advice what you are next to do.

Prot. From the high tow'r we'll look on POMPEY's fate;
And this affair at their return debate. [Exeunt.



SPEECHES

SPEECHES

AND

LETTERS

By *EDMUND WALLER*, Esq;

Nec facundia deserit Hunc. * * *

HORAT.

SPEECHES

AND

LETTERS

By EDMUND WALLER, Esq.

Hortat.

SPEECHES



A SPEECH to the House of Commons, April 22, 1640.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Will use no preface, as they do who prepare men for something in which they have a particular interest: I will only propose what I conceive fit for the House to consider; and shall be no more concerned in the event, than they that shall hear me.

Two things I observe in His Majesty's demands.

First, The Supply.

Secondly, Our speedy dispatch thereof.

Touching the first: His Majesty's occasions for money are but too evident. For, to say nothing how we are neglected abroad, and distracted at home; the calling of this Parliament, and our sitting here (an effect which no light cause cou'd in these times have produced) is enough to make any reasonable man believe, that the Exchequer abounds not so much in money, as the State does in occasions to use it. And I hope we shall all appear willing to disprove those who have thought to dissuade His Majesty from this way of Parliaments, as uncertain; and to let Him see, it is as ready, and more safe, for the advancement of His affairs, than any new, or pretended old, way whatsoever.

For the speedy dispatch required, (which was the second thing) not only His Majesty, but, *res ipsa loquitur*; the occasion seems to importune no less. Necessity is come upon us like an armed man!

Yet,

Yet, the use of Parliaments heretofore (as appears by the Writs that call us hither) was, to advise with His Majesty of things concerning the Church, and Commonwealth. And it hath ever been the custom of Parliaments, by good and wholesome laws to refresh the Commonwealth in general; yea, and to descend into the remedies of particular grievances; before any mention made of a Supply. Look back upon the best Parliaments, and still you shall find, that the last Acts are for the free gifts of Subsidies on the people's part, and general Pardons on the King's part. Even the wisest Kings have first acquainted their Parliaments with their designs, and the reasons thereof; and then demanded the assistance, both of their counsel, and purses. But physicians, though they be called of the laiest, must not stomach it, or talk what might have been, but apply themselves roundly to the cure. Let us not stand too nicely upon circumstances, nor too rigidly postpone the matter of Supply, to the healing of our lighter wounds. Let us do what possibly may be done with reason and honesty on our parts, to comply with His Majesty's desires, and to prevent the imminent ills which threaten us.

But consider, Mr. Speaker, that they who think themselves already undone, can never apprehend themselves in danger: and they that have nothing left, can never give freely. Nor shall we ever discharge the trust of those that sent us hither, or make them believe that they contribute to their own defense, and safety; unless his Majesty be pleased, first, to restore them to the propriety of their goods, and lawful liberties; whereof they esteem themselves now out of possession. One need not tell you, that the propriety of goods is the mother of courage, and the nurse of industry; makes us valiant in war, and good husbands in peace. The experience I have of former Parliaments, and my present observation of the care the country has had to chuse persons of worth, and courage, makes me think this House like the *Spartans*, whose forward va-
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lor required some softer music to allay and quiet their spirits, too much moved with the sound of martial instruments. 'Tis not the fear of imprisonment, or, if need be, of death it self, that can keep a true-hearted *English*-man from the care to leave this part of his inheritance as entire to posterity, as he received it from his ancestors.

This therefore let us first do; and the more speedily, that we may come to the matter of Supply. Let us give new force to the many laws which have been heretofore made for the maintaining of our rights and privileges; and endeavour to restore this nation to the fundamental and vital liberties, the propriety of our goods, and the freedom of our persons: no way doubting, but we shall find His Majesty as gracious, and ready, as any of his royal progenitors have been, to grant our just desires therein. For, not only the people do think, but the wisest do know, that what we have suffered in this long vacancy of Parliaments, we have suffered from his Ministers. That the person of no King was ever better beloved of his people; and that no people were ever more unsatisfied with the ways of levying monies; are two truths which may serve one to demonstrate the other. For such is their aversion to the present courses, that neither the admiration they have of His Majesty's native inclinations to justice, and clemency; nor the pretended consent of the Judges; could make them willingly submit themselves to this late tax of Ship-Money. And, such is their natural love, and just esteem, of his Majesty's goodness, that no late pressure could provoke them, nor any example invite them, to disloyalty, or disobedience.

But, what is it then that hath bred this misunderstanding betwixt the King and his people? How is it, that having so good a King, we have so much to complain of? Why, we are told of † the son of *Shimon*, that he was a Prince of a tender heart; and yet we see, by the advice of violent Counsellors, how rough an answer he gave

† *Rahobeam*,

to his people. * *That his finger should be thicker than his father's loins*, was not his own, but the voice of some persons about him, that wanted the gravity, and moderation, requisite for the Counsellors of a young King. I love not to press allegories too far; but, the resemblance of *Job's* story with ours ho'ds so well, that I cannot but observe it to you. It pleased God to give his enemy leave to afflict him more than once or twice, and to take all he had from him: and yet he was not provoked to rebel, so much as with his tongue; tho' he had no very good example of one that lay very near him, and felt not half that which he suffer'd. I hope His Majesty will imitate God in the benigner part too: and as He was severe to *Job* only while He discoursed with another concerning him; but when He vouchsafed to speak Himself to him, began to rebuke those, who had mistaken and mis-judged his case, and to restore the patient man to his former prosperity: so, now that His Majesty hath admitted us to His presence, and spoken face to face with us, I doubt not but we shall see fairer days, and be as rich in the possession of our own as ever we were.

I wonder at those that seem to doubt the success of this Parliament, or that the misunderstanding between the King and His people should last any longer, now they are so happily met. His Majesty's wants are not so great, but that we may find means to supply Him: nor our desires so unreasonable, or so incompatible with government, but that His Majesty may well satisfy them. For, our late experience, I hope, will teach us what rocks to shun, and how necessary the use of moderation is. And for His Majesty, He has had experience enough, how that prospers which is gotten without the concurrent good will of his people. Never more money taken from the subject; never more want in the Exchequer! If we look upon what has been paid; it is more than ever the people of *England* were wont to pay in such a time. If we look upon what has been effected therewith; it shews, as if never

* 2 Chron. x. 10.

King had been worse supply'd : so that we seem to have endeavour'd the filling of a sieve with water. Who- soever gave advice for these courses, has made good the saying of the wise man, † *Qui conturbat domum suam possidebit ventum*. By new ways they think to accomplish wonders ; but, in truth, they grasp the wind: and are at the same time cruel to us, and to the King too. For, if the Commonwealth flourish, then he that hath the Sovereignty can never want, nor do amiss; so as he govern not according to the interest of others; but go the shortest, and the safest, ways, to his own, and the common Good.

The Kings of this nation have always governed by Parliament : and if we look upon the success of things since Parliaments were laid by, it resembles that of the *Gracians*,

* *Ex illo fluere ac retrò sublapsa referri*

Res Danaum * * *

especially on the subjects' part. For, though the King hath gotten little; they have lost all.

But, His Majesty shall hear the truth from us ; and we shall make appear the errors of those Divines, who would persuade us, that a Monarch must be absolute, and that he may do all things *ad libitum* : receding not only from their text, (tho' that be a wand'ring too) but from the way their own profession might teach them, ‡ *State super vias antiquas*, and, || *remove not the antient bounds, and landmarks, which our fathers have set*. If to be absolute were to be restrained by no laws, then can no King in Christendom be so; for, they all stand obliged to the laws Christian: and we ask no more; for, to this pillar are our privileges fix'd; our Kings at their coronation taking a sacred oath not to infringe them.

I

† Prov. xi. 29. * Virg. *Æn.* 2. ver. 169. ‡ Jerem. vi. 16. || Prov. xxii. 28.

I am sorry these men take no more care to gain our belief of those things which they tell us for our souls' health; while we know them so manifestly in the wrong, in that which concerns the liberties, and privileges, of the Subjects of *England*! But, they gain preferment; and then 'tis no matter, tho' they neither believe themselves, nor are believed by others. But, since they are so ready to let loose the consciences of their Kings, we are the more carefully to provide for our protection against this pulpit-law, by declaring, and reinforcing the municipal laws of this kingdom.

It is worth observing, how new this opinion is, or rather this way of Rising, even among themselves. For, *Mr. Hooker* (who sure was no refractory man, as they term it) thinks, that the first government was arbitrary, till it was found, that "to live by one man's will, became the cause of all mens misery:" (these are his words) concluding, † that this was the original of inventing laws. And, if we look further back, our histories will tell us, that the Prelates of this kingdom have often been the mediators between the King and His subjects, to present and pray redress of their grievances; and had reciprocally then as much love, and reverence, from the people.

But, these preachers, (more active than their predecessors, and wiser than the laws) have found out a better form of government! The King must be a more absolute Monarch, than any of His predecessors; and to them He must owe it: tho' in the mean time they hazard the hearts of His people; and involve Him in a thousand difficulties. For, suppose this form of government were inconvenient; (and yet this is but a supposition: for, these five hundred years it hath not only maintained us in safety, but made us victorious over other nations.) but, I say,

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* Ecclesiastical Polity, Book 1. Sect. 10.

† This constrained them to come unto laws, wherein all men might see their duties beforehand, and know the penalties of transgressing them. *ibid.*

suppose they have another idea of one more convenient, we all know how dangerous innovations are, though to the better; and what hazard those Princes must run, that enterprize the change of a long-establish'd government. Now, of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to succede in this happy race; why should so pious, and so good a King be expos'd to this trouble, and hazard? Besides that, Kings so diverted can never do any great matter abroad.

But, while these men have thus bent their wits against the laws of their country; whether they have neglected their own province, and what tares are grown up in the field which they shou'd have tilled, I leave it to a second consideration. Not but that religion ought to be the first thing in our purposes, and desires: but, that which is first in dignity, is not always to precede in order of time. For, well-being supposes a being; and the first impediment which men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of those things without which they cannot subsist. God first assign'd unto *Adam* maintenance of life, and gave him a title to the rest of the creatures, before He appointed a law to observe. And let me tell you, if our adversaries have any such design, as there is nothing more easy than to impose religion on a people deprived of their liberties; so, there is nothing more hard than to do the same upon free men.

And therefore, Mr. Speaker, I conclude with this motion, that there may be an Order presently made, that the first thing this House will consider of, shall be the restoring this nation in general to the fundamental, and vital liberties, the propriety of our goods, and freedom of our persons: and that then we will forthwith consider of the Supply desired. And thus we shall discharge the trust reposed in us, by those that sent us hither: His Majesty will see, that we make more than ordinary haste to satisfy his demands: and we shall let all those know that seek to hasten the matter of Supply, that they will so far delay it, as they give interruption to the former.



A Speech in Parliament, at a Conference of both Houses in the painted Chamber, July 6, 1641, upon delivering the Impeachment against Mr. Justice CRAWLEY.

MY LORDS,

I AM commanded, by the House of Commons, to present you with these Articles against Mr. Justice CRAWLEY: which when your Lordships shall have been pleased to hear read, I shall take leave (according to custom) to say something of what I have collected from the sense of that House, concerning the crimes therein contained.

Articles of the House of Commons, in the name of themselves, and of all the Commons of ENGLAND, against Sir FRANCIS CRAWLEY Knight, one of the Justices of His Majesty's Court of Common-Pleas, impeaching him as followeth.

I. That he, about the month of November *Anno Domini* 1635, then being one of the Justices of the Common-Pleas, and having taken an oath for the due administration of justice to His Majesty's liege people, according to the Laws and Statutes of this realm, subscribed an opinion, *in hac verba*. [I am of opinion, that as where the benefit doth more particularly redound to the good of the ports, or maritime parts, (as in case of piracy, or depredations, upon the seas.) there the charge hath been, and may be lawfully impos'd upon them, according to the precedents of former times: so, where the safety and good of the kingdom in general is concern'd, and the whole kingdom

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in danger, (of which His Majesty is the only judge,) there the charge of the defense ought to be born by all the realm in general. This I hold agreeable both to law and reason.]

II. That he, in or about the month of February, *Anno Domini* 1636, then being one of the Justices of the said Court of Common-Pleas, subscribed an extrajudicial opinion, in answer to Questions in a Letter from His Majesty, *in hac verba* :

CHARLES REX.

When the good and safety of this kingdom in general is concerned, and the whole kingdom is in danger, whether may not the Kings, by Writs under the great seal of *England*, command all the subjects of this kingdom, at their charge, to provide and furnish such number of ships, with men, victuals, and munition, and for such time as he shall think fit, for the defense and safeguard of the kingdom from such peril and danger; and by law compel the doing thereof in case of refusal or refractoriness? And, whether in such case is not the King the sole judge, both of the danger, and when, and how, the same is to be prevented, and avoided?

C. R.

May it please your most excellent Majesty!

We have according to Your Majesty's command, severally every man by himself, and all of us together, taken into serious consideration the case and question sign'd by Your Majesty, and inclosed in Your royal Letter. And we are of opinion, That when the good and safety of the kingdom in general is concerned, and the whole kingdom in danger, Your Majesty may by Writ, under the great seal of *England*, command all the subjects of this Your kingdom, at their charge, to provide and furnish such number of ships, with men, victuals, and munition; and for such

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time as Your Majesty shall think fit, for the defense and safeguard of the kingdom from such danger and peril. And that by law Your Majesty may compel the doing thereof, in case of refusal, or refractoriness. And we also are of opinion, That in such case Your Majesty is the sole judge both of the danger, and when, and how, the same is to be prevented and avoided.

John Bramston.

John Finch.

Humphrey Davenport.

John Denham.

Richard Hutton.

William Jones.

George Crook.

Thomas Trevor.

George Vernon.

Robert Berkley.

Francis Crawley.

Richard Weston.

III. That he, being then one of the Justices of the said Court of Common-Pleas, delivered an opinion in the Exchequer-Chamber against *John Hamden* Esquire in the case of Ship-money, That he the said *John Hamden* upon the matter and substance of the case, was chargeable with the money then in question: a copy of which proceedings and judgment the Commons of this present Parliament have already deliver'd to your Lordships.

IV. That he, being then one of the Justices of the said Court of Common-Pleas, declared and published in the Exchequer-Chamber, and the Western-Circuit where he went Judge, That the King's right to Ship-money was so inherent a Right in the Crown, as an Act of Parliament could not take it away: and with divers malicious speeches inveighed against, threaten'd, and discountenanced such as refused to pay Ship-money. All which opinions, and judgments, contained in the first, second, and third Articles, are destructive to the fundamental laws of this Realm, the subjects' Right of property, and contrary to former Resolutions in Parliament, and to the Petition of Right: which said Resolutions and Petition of Right were well known to him.

And

And the said Commons, by protestation saving to themselves only the liberties of exhibiting at any time hereafter, any other accusation or impeachment against the said Sir Francis Crawley, and also of replying to the answer that he the said Sir Francis Crawley shall make unto the said Articles, or any of them, or of offering proof of the premises, or of any other of their impeachments or accusations that shall be exhibited by them, as the case shall (according to the course of Parliaments) require, do pray, That the said Sir Francis Crawley, one of the Justices of the said Court of Common-Pleas, may be put to answer to all and every the premises: and that such proceedings, examinations, tryals, and judgments, may be upon every one of them had and used, as is agreeable to law and justice.

Then Mr. WALLER proceeded thus.

MY LORDS!

NOT only my wants but my affections, render me less fit for this employment; for, though it has not been my happiness to have the Law a part of my breeding, there is no man honors that profession more, or has a greater reverence towards the grave Judges, the oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Justice are governed, or directed, by them; and when a Parliament is call'd, if your Lordships were not assisted by them, and the House of Commons by other Gentlemen of that robe, experience tells us, it might run a hazard of being styled *Parliamentum indoctorum*. But, as all professions are obnoxious to the malice of the professors, and by them most easily betray'd; so, my Lords, these Articles have told you, how these brothers of the coif are become *fratres in malos*; how these sons of the Law have torn out the bowels of their mother. But this Judge whose charge you last heard, in one expression of his excels no less his fellows, than they have done the worst of their predecessors, in this conspiracy

N^o 2 racy

racy against the Common-wealth. Of the judgment for Ship-Money, and those extrajudicial opinions preceding the same, (wherein they are jointly concern'd) you have already heard: how unjust and pernicious a proceeding that was in so public a cause, has been sufficiently express'd to your Lordships. But this man, adding despair to our misery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-Money was a Right so inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein, my Lords, he did not only give as deep a wound to the Common-wealth as any of the rest, but dip'd his dart in such a poison, that, so far as in him lay, it might never receive a cure. As by those abortive opinions, subscribing to the subversion of our propriety before he heard what cou'd be said for it, he prevented his own: so, by this declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the judgment of your Lordships too; and to confine the power of a Parliament, the only place where this mischief might be redress'd. Sure he is more wise, and learned, than to believe himself in this opinion; or, not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himself; and therefore, no doubt but, by saying no Parliament could abolish this judgment, his meaning was, that this judgment had abolish'd Parliaments.

This Imposition of Ship-Money springing from a pretended necessity, was it not enough that it was now grown annual, but he must entail it upon the State for ever; at once making necessity inherent to the Crown, and slavery to the subject? necessity! which dissolving all Law, is so much more prejudicial to His Majesty than to any of us, by how much the Law has invested his royal state, with a greater power, and ampler fortune. For, so undoubted a truth it has ever been, that Kings, as well as subjects, are involv'd in the confusion which necessity produces, that the heathen thought their Gods also obliged by the same, * *Parentur necessitati quam ne dii quidem superant.*

* Livy, lib. 9. c. 4.

rant. This Judge then having, in his Charge at the Af-
fize, declar'd the dissolution of the Law by this suppos'd
necessity; with what conscience cou'd he at the same Af-
fize proceed to condemn and punish men? unless, perhaps,
he meant the Law was still in force for our destruction,
and not for our preservation; that it should have power
to kill, but none to protect us! a thing no less horrid
than if the sun should burn without lighting us; or, the
earth serve only to bury, and not to feed and nourish us.
But, my Lords, to demonstrate that this was a supposititious
impos'd necessity, and such as they could remove when
they pleas'd; at the last convention in Parliament a price
was set upon it, "for twelve Subsidies you shall reverse
" this sentence." It may be said that so much money
would have removed the present necessity; but, here was
a rate set upon future necessity: "for twelve subsidies you
" shall never suffer necessity again, you shall for ever abo-
" lish that judgment." Here this mystery is revealed, this
vizard of necessity is pull'd off! And now it appears, that
this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully
presented His Majesty with twelve subsidies, to be levy'd
on your Lordships, and the Commons. Certainly, there
is no privilege which more properly belongs to a Par-
liament, than to open the purse of the subject: and yet
these Judges, who are neither capable of sitting among us
in the House of Commons, nor with your Lordships, o-
therwise than as your assistants, have not only assum'd to
themselves this privilege of Parliament, but presum'd at
once to make a present to the Crown, of all that either
your Lordships, or the Commons of *England*, do, or shall
hereafter, possess.

And, because this man has had the boldness to put the
power of Parliament in balance with the opinion of the
Judges, I shall intreat your Lordships to observe, by way
of comparison, the solemn and safe proceeding of the one,
with the precipitate dispatch of the other. In Parliament,
as your Lordships know well, no new law can pass, or

old be abrogated, 'till it has been thrice read with your Lordships, thrice in the Commons' House, and then it receives the Royal Assent: so that 'tis, like gold, seven times purify'd. Whereas these Judges, by this one resolution of theirs, would persuade His Majesty, that by naming NECESSITY he might at once dissolve (at least suspend) the Great Charter, thirty two times confirm'd by his royal progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other laws provided for the maintenance of the Right and propriety of the subject. A strange force, my Lords, in the sound of this word NECESSITY! that, like a charm, it should silence the laws, while we are despoil'd of all we have; for, that but a part of our goods was taken, is owing to the grace and goodness of the King: for, so much as concerns these Judges, we have no more left than they perhaps may deserve to have, when your Lordships shall have pass'd judgment upon them.

This, for the neglect of their oaths, and betraying that public trust, which for the conservation of our laws was reposed in them: now, for the cruelty and unmercifulness of this judgment. You may please to remember that in the Old Law they were forbid * *to seethe a kid in his mother's milk*; of which the receiv'd interpretation is, that we should not use that to the destruction of any creature, which was intended for its preservation. Now, my Lords, God, and Nature, has given us the sea as our best guard against our enemies; and our ships, as our greatest glory above other nations: and how barbarously would these men have let in the sea upon us, at once to wash away our liberties, and to overwhelm, if not our land, all the propriety we have therein! making the supply of our navy a pretense for the ruin of our nation! For, observe, I beseech you, the fruit and consequence of this judgment; how this money has prospered, how contrary an effect it has had to the end, for which they pretended to take it. On every County a ship is annually impos'd: and, who would

* Exodus xxiii. 19.

would not expect but our seas, by this time, should be covered with the number of our ships? Alas! my Lords, the daily complaints of the decay of our navy tell us how ill Ship-Money has maintained the sovereignty of the sea: and, by the many petitions which we receive from the wives of those miserable captives at *Algiers*, (being between four or five thousand of our country-men) it does too evidently appear that, to make us slaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made slaves abroad: So far has this judgment been from relieving the present, or preventing the future necessity, that, as it changed our real propriety into the shadow of a propriety; so, of a feign'd, it has made a real, necessity!

A little before the approach of the *Gauls* to *Rome*, while the *Romans* had yet no apprehension of that danger, there was heard a voice in the air, louder than ordinary, *The Gauls are come*: which voice, after they had sack'd the city, and besieged the Capitol, was held so ominous, that † *Livy* relates it as a prodigy. This anticipation of necessity seems to have been no less ominous to us: these Judges, like ill-boding birds, have call'd necessity upon the State, in a time when, I dare say, they thought it themselves in greatest security. But, if it seem superstitious to take this as an omen, sure I am, we may look on it as a cause, of the unfeigned necessity we now suffer: for, what regret, and discontent, had this judgment bred among us? And as when the noise, and tumult, in a private house, grows so loud as to be heard into the streets, it calls in the next dwellers, either kindly to appease, or to make their own use of, domestic strife: so, in all likelihood, our known discontents at home have been a concurrent cause to invite our neighbours to visit us; so much to the expense, and trouble, of both these kingdoms.

And here, my Lords, I cannot but take notice of the most sad effect of this oppression, the ill influence it has had upon the antient reputation, and valor, of the *English* nation.

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† Lib. 5. c. 32.

nation. And no wonder! for, if it be true that *‡ oppression maketh a wise man mad*; it may well suspend the courage of the valiant. The same happened to the *Romans*, when, for renown in arms, they most excell'd the rest of the world: the story is but short; 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri*; and I think the chief troublers of our State may make up that number. The *Decemviri*, my Lords, had subverted the Laws, suspended the Courts of Justice, and (which was the greatest grievance, both to the Nobility and People) had for some years omitted to assemble the Senate, which was their Parliament. This, says the historian, did not only deject the *Romans*, and make them despair of their liberty; but, caused them to be less valued by their neighbours. The *Sabines* take the advantage, and invade them: and now the *Decemviri* are forced to call the long-desir'd Senate; whereof the people were so glad, that ** Hostibus belloque gratiam habuerunt*. This assembly breaks up in discontent: nevertheless the war proceeds: Forces are raised, led by some of the *Decemviri*; and with the *Sabines* they meet in the field. I know your Lordships expect the event: my author's words of his country-men are these, *† Ne quid ductu atque auspicio Decemvirorum prosperè usquam gereretur, vinci se per suum atque illorum dedecus patiebantur*: they chose rather to suffer a present diminution of their honor, than by victory to confirm the tyranny of their new masters. At their return from this unfortunate expedition, after some distempers and expostulations of the People, another Senate, that is, a second Parliament, is call'd: and there the *Decemviri* are question'd, depriv'd of their authority, imprison'd, banish'd, and some lose their lives. And soon after this vindication of their liberties, the *Romans*, by their better success, made it appear to the world, that liberty and courage dwell always in the same breast, and are never to be divorced. No doubt,

‡ Eccles. vii. 7. ** Liv. Lib. 3. c. 8. Hostibus belloque gratiam habendam, quod solitum quicquam liberæ civitatis fieret.* *† Idem. Lib. 3. c. 42.*

doubt, my Lords, but your justice shall have the like effect upon this dispirited people. 'Tis not the restitution of our antient laws alone, but the restauration of our antient courage, which is expected from your Lordships. I need not say any thing to move your just indignation, that this man shou'd so cheaply give away that which your noble ancestors with so much courage, and industry, had so long maintained. You have often been told how careful they were, tho' with the hazard of their lives and fortunes, to derive those Rights and Liberties as entire to posterity, as they received them from their fathers. What they did with labor, you may do with ease: what they did with danger, you may do securely: the foundation of our laws is not shaken with the engine of war, they are only blasted with the breath of these men: and by your breath they may be restored.

What judgments your predecessors have given, and what punishments their predecessors have suffered, for offenses of this nature, your Lordships have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble you with a repetition of those precedents: only, my Lords, something I shall take leave to observe of the person with whose Charge I have presented you, that you may the less doubt of the wilfulness of his offense.

His education in the Inns of Court, his constant practise as a counsellor, and his experience as a Judge, consider'd with the mischief he has done, makes it appear that this progress of his thro' the Law, has been like that of a diligent spy thro' a country, into which he meant to conduct an enemy.

To let you see he did not offend for company, there is one crime so peculiar to himself, and of such malignity, that it makes him at once incapable of your Lordships favor, and his own subsistence incompatible with the Right and Propriety of the subject. For, if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting the laws, has he not already declared his opinion, that your votes and resolutions against

Ship-Money are void, and that it is not in the power of Parliament to abolish that judgment? To him, my Lords, that has thus play'd with the power of Parliament, we may well apply what was once said to the goat browsing on the vine.

‡ *Rode, caper, vitem! tamen hinc cum stabis ad aram,
In tua quod fundi cornua possit, eris.*

He has crop'd and infring'd the privileges of a banish'd Parliament; but, now it is returned, he may find it has power enough to make a sacrifice of him, to the better establishment of our laws. And, in truth, what other satisfaction can he make his injur'd country, than to confirm by his example those Rights, and Liberties, which he had ruin'd by his opinion?

For the proofs, my Lords, they are so manifest, that they will give you little trouble in the disquisition: his crimes are already upon record; the delinquent and the witness is the same: having from several seats of judicature proclaim'd himself an enemy to our laws, and nation, *ex ore suo judicabitur*. To which purpose I am commanded by the Knights, Citizens, and Burgessees of the House of Commons, to desire your Lordships, that as speedy a proceeding may be had against Mr. Justice CRAWLEY as the course of Parliament will permit.

‡ *Owist. Fast. Lib. 1. V. 557.*





A SPEECH in the House of Commons, on Tuesday, July 4, 1643, when Mr. WALLER was brought to the Bar, and had leave given him by the Speaker, to say what he could for himself, before they proceeded to expel him the House.

Mr. SPEAKER,

I Acknowledge it a great mercy of God, and a great favor from You, that I am once more suffered to behold this Honorable Assembly. I mean not to make use of it to say any thing in my own defense, by justification, or denial, of what I have done: I have already confessed enough to make me appear worthy, not only to be put out of this House, but out of the world too. All my humble request to you is, that if I seem to you as unworthy to live, as I do to my self, I may have the honor to receive my death from your own hands; and not be exposed to a Trial by the Council of War: whatever you shall think me worthy to suffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to find stop any where else.

This, Sir, I hope you will be pleased for your own sakes to grant me, who am already so miserable, that nothing can be added to my calamity, but to be made the occasion of creating a precedent to your own disadvantage. Besides the Right I may have to this, consider, I beseech you, that the eyes of the world are upon you: you govern in chief; and, if you should expose your own Members to the punishment of others, it will be thought that
you

you either want power, or leisure, to chastise them your selves. Nor let any man despise the ill consequence of such a precedent as this would be, because he seeth not presently the inconveniences which may ensue. You have many armies on foot; and it is uncertain how long you may have occasion to use them. Soldiers, and Commanders, (tho' I know well they of the Parliament's army, excel no less in modesty, than they do in courage) are generally of a nature ready to pretend to the utmost power of this kind, which they conceive to be due to them: and may be too apt, upon any occasion of discontent, to make use of such a precedent as this. In this very Parliament you have not been without some taste of the experience hereof: it is now somewhat more than two years since you had an army in the north, paid, and directed, by your selves: and yet, you may be pleased to remember, there was a considerable number of Officers in that army, which joined in a Petition, or Remonstrance, to this House; taking notice of what some of the Members had said here, as they supposed, to their disadvantage; and did little less than require them of you. 'Tis true, there had been some tampering with them: but, what has happen'd at one time, may wisely be thought possible to fall out again at another.

Sir, I presume but to point you out the danger: if it be not just, I know you will not do me the wrong to expose me to this Trial: if it be just, your Army may, another time, require the same justice of you, in their own behalf, against some other Member, whom, perhaps, you would be less willing to part with. Necessity has of late forced you into untrodden paths: and in such a case as this, where you have no precedent of your own, you may not do amiss to look abroad upon other States, and Senates, which exercised the supreme power, as you now do here.

I dare confidently say you shall find none, either antient or modern, which ever exposed any of their own order to be try'd for his life by the Officers of their armies abroad,
for

for what he did while he resided among them in the Senate.

Among the *Romans* the practice was so contrary, that some inferior Officers in the army, far from the city, having been sentenced by their General, or Commander in chief, as deserving death by their discipline of war, have nevertheless (because they were Senators) appealed thither: and the cause has received a new hearing in the Senate. Not to use more words, to persuade you to take heed that you wound not your selves through my sides, in violating the privileges belonging to your own persons; I shall humbly desire you to consider likewise the nature of my offense: not but that I should be much ashamed to say any thing in diminution thereof: *GOD* knows 'tis horrid enough, for the evil it might have occasioned! But, if you look near it, it may perhaps appear to be rather a civil, than a martial, crime; and so to have title to a Trial at the common law of the land: there may justly be some difference put between me, and others, in this business.

I have had nothing to do with the other army; or any intention to begin the offer of violence to any body. It was only a civil pretense to that which I then foolishly conceived to be the Right of the subject. I humbly refer it to your considerations, and to your consciences. I know you will take care not to shed the blood of war in peace; that blood, by the law of war, which hath a right to be tried by the law of peace.

For so much as concerns my self, and my part in this business, (if I were worthy to have any thing spoken, or patiently heard in my behalf) this might truly be said, that I made not this business, but found it: it was in other mens' hands long before it was brought to me: and when it came, I extended it not, but restrain'd it. For the propositions of letting-in part of the King's army, or offering violence to the Members of this House, I ever disallowed, and utterly rejected them,

What

What it was that mov'd me to entertain discourse of this business so far as I did, I will tell you ingenuously: and that, rather as a warning for others, than that it makes any thing for my self. It was only an impatience of the inconveniences of the present war; looking on things with a carnal eye; and not minding that which chiefly (if not only) ought to have been consider'd, the inestimable value of the cause you have in hand; the cause of G O D, and of religion; and the necessities you are forced upon for the maintenance of the same. As a just punishment for this neglect, it pleas'd G O D to desert, and suffer me, (with a fatal blindness!) to be led on, and engaged in such counsels as were wholly disproportion'd to the rest of my life! This, Sir, my own conscience tells me was the cause of my failing; and not malice, or any ill habit of mind, or disposition, toward the commonwealth, or to the Parliament. For, from whence should I have it? If you look on my birth, you will not find it in my blood: I am of a stock which hath born you better fruit: if you look on my education, it hath been almost from my childhood in this House, and among the best sort of men: and for the whole practice of my life, 'till this time! — if another were to speak for me, he might reasonably say, that neither my actions out of Parliament, nor my expressions in it, have savored of dis-affection, or malice, to the liberties of the people, or privileges of Parliament.

Thus, Sir, I have set before your eyes, both my person, and my case: wherein I shall make no such defense by denying, or extenuating, any thing I have done, as ordinary delinquents do. My address to you, and all my plea, shall only be such as children use to their parents; I have offended; I confess it; I never did any thing like it before; it is a passage unsuitable to the whole course of my life beside: and, for the time to come, as G O D (that can bring light out of darkness) hath made this business in the event useful to you, so also hath he to me: you have by it made an happy discovery of your enemies; and I,
of

of my self, and the evil principles I walk'd by : so that if you look either on what I have been heretofore, or what I now am, and (by God's grace assisting me!) shall always continue to be, you may perhaps think me fit to be an example of your compassion, and clemency.

Sir, I shall no sooner leave you, but my life will depend on your breath ; and not that alone, but the subsistence of some that are more innocent. I might therefore shew you my children, whom the rigor of your justice would make complete orphans, being already motherless: I might shew you a family, wherein there are some unworthy to have their share in that mark of infamy which now threatens us : but, something there is, which if I could shew you, would move you more than all this ; — it is my heart ; which abhors what I have done, and is more severe to it self, than the severest judge can be. A heart! Mr. Speaker, so awaken'd by this affliction, and so entirely devoted to the cause you maintain, that I earnestly desire of God to incline you, so to dispose of me, (whether for life, or for death!) as may most conduce to the advancement thereof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I die, I shall die praying for you ; if I live, I shall live serving you, and render you back the use and imployment of all those days you shall add to my life.

After this, having withdrawn himself, he was called in again, and (being by the Speaker required thereto) gave them an exact account how he came first to the knowledge of this business, as also what Lords were acquainted therewith, or had engaged themselves therein.





To the Right Honorable the Earl of
PORTLAND.

My LORD,

HAVING obtained leave to write to your Lordship, and having but a very little time to perform it in, I shall not make any apology to satisfy You (as I might do) of the way I proceed in; which if it were to be try'd by the rules of Necessity and Honor (even in the common acceptation thereof) if You knew all circumstances, I doubt not but I should be justified therein. My Lord, I beseech You know that this business was never meant for Your knowledge, either by the Lord *Conway*, or Sir *Hugh Pollard*. The only reason I imparted it to Your Lordship was, that by You (in whom I had so great confidence both for Your judgment, and friendship towards me.) I might be instructed how far that Lord *Conway* might be trusted, with whom Sir *Hugh* so often urged me to speak. This You might perceive by some strangeness towards You when we first met at *Pollard's* chamber, and often after, when that Lord whisper'd to me a-part, which for the most part he did when he mention'd the Earl of *Northumberland*: so that, but for me, I think (nay I am confident.) You had never known any thing of this business, which was by Them prepar'd for another. And therefore I cannot imagine why You should wed it so far as to contract your own ruin by concealing it, and persisting unreasonably to hide that truth, which without You already is, and will every day be made more manifest. Can You imagine Your self obliged in honor to keep that secret which is already reveal'd by another; or possible it should still be a secret, which is known to one of the other

Sex?

Sex? (though for a time deny'd.) No, my Lord! Be most assur'd that if You still persist to be cruel to Your self for others sakes that deserve it not, it will nevertheless be made appear e'er-long, I fear, to Your ruin. Sure if I had the happiness to wait on You I cou'd move You to compassionate both Your self and me, who (as desperate as my case is!) am desirous to dye with the honor of being known to have declared the truth; which GOD knows I have in every circumstance to the uttermost of my remembrance. And once more I beseech you for GOD's sake (the fountain of truth.) to do the like. Much more I have to say (if I might be permitted to confer with Your Lordship about it.) whereby I can demonstrate that You have no reason in the consideration of honor, profit or friendship, vainly to contend to hide what is already reveal'd, and shall at last be made most manifest, inconsiderately to throw Your self away for the interest of others, and such to whom You are less obliged than You are aware of; and to them to make a sacrifice of Your noble family, and (as much as in You lies.) of the life and fortune of him that has ever been most unfeignedly, and never more shew'd it than in the humble and hearty advice he now gives You,

Your LORDSHIP's

most humble, and most faithful

Servant, and Kinsman,

EDM. WALLER.

May God in time direct
Your heart to that which
is most pleasing to him,
and the only way to pre-
serve Your self before it be
too late!



To my Lady Lucy Sidney, * upon the Marriage of my Lady Dorothy, her Sister, to my Lord Spencer.

Madam,

IN this common joy at *Penshurst* I know none to whom complaints may come less unreasonable than to your Ladyship; the loss of a bed-fellow being almost equal to that of a mistress: and therefore you ought, at least, to pardon, if you consent not to, the imprecations of the deserted; which just heaven no doubt will hear!

May my Lady *Dorothy*, (if we may yet call her so,) suffer as much, and have the like passion for this young Lord, whom she has preferr'd to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her! And may this love, before the year go about, make her taste of the first curse impos'd on womankind, the pains of becoming a mother! May her first-born be none of her own sex! nor so like her, but that he may resemble her Lord as much as her self!

May she that always affected silence, and retiredness, have the house fill'd with the noise, and number, of her children; and hereafter of her grand-children! and then, may she arrive at that great curse so much declin'd by fair Ladies, old age! May she live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth! And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her Lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage; that being there divorced, we may all have an equal interest in her again!

My

* They were married at *Penshurst*, July 11, 1639.

My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may also befall their posterity to the world's end; and afterwards!

To you, Madam, I wish all good things; and that this loss may in good time be happily supply'd with a more constant bed-fellow of the other sex.

Madam, I humbly kiss your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble, from

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.



*To my Lady * * *.*

Madam,

YOUR commands for the gathering these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obey'd, but intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stay'd till the latest grapes were ripe: for, here your Ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron (the ablest of his countrymen) and the former Pope; who they say, instead of the Triple-Crown, wore sometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of lesser weight and trouble. But, Madam, these nightingales sung only in the spring; it was the diversion of their youth; as Ladies learn to sing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The resemblance holds further; for, as you quit the lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry; so, this is not
always

always practis'd without some * villany to the mind; wresting it from present occasions; and accustoming us to a style somewhat remov'd from common use. But, that you may not think his case deplorable who had made verses; we are told, that *Tully* (the greatest Wit among the *Romans*) was once sick of this disease; and yet recover'd so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as your servant, he became the most perfect Orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give-over in time, leaves a man without excuse: the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to conceal those we have made: which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladyship, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ear; if you publish them, they are your own: and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and a Poet, cast them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honor me with the fate of *Orpheus*; for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the story will have it) I suppose were scatter'd by the *Thracian* dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclin'd to wonder of our, sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyship's for a *Roman* name, so wou'd they believe that I endeavour'd the character of a perfect Nymph, worship'd an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your LADYSHIP'S

most humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

* Qu. violence.



Preface to the first Edition of Mr. WALLER's Poems, after the Restoration; printed in the year 1664.

WHEN the Author of these Verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, he was troubled to find his name in Print: but, somewhat satisfy'd, to see his Lines so ill render'd that he might justly disown them; and say to a mistaking Printer, as † one did to an ill Reciter,

* * * *Masle dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.*

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults (such as use to be in Impressions wholly neglected by the Authors) his answer was, that he made these when ill Verses had more favor, and escaped better, than good ones do in this age: the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the Impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the *Turks* hang old rags, or such like ugly things, upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And, for those of a more confin'd understanding, who pretend not to censure; as they admire most what they least comprehend, so, his Verses (maim'd to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at least, have a title to some admiration: which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, that the aim of Orators, is victory; of Historians, truth; and of Poets, admiration.

He

† Martial. L. 1. Ep. 39.

He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his Book, whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended: for, we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones; and clip'd, and wash'd money goes about, when the entire, and weighty, lies board-ed up.

These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has oppos'd to our request: to which it was reply'd, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made public; so, might it find excuse from his youth, the season it was produced in. And, for what had been done since, and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philosophy, which teaches him so chearfully to bear so great a calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune, torn from him in prison, (in which, and in banishment, the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike * that *Roman*,

* * * * *Quem demisere Philippi*

Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni

*Et Laris, & fundi. * * * **

Whose spreading wings the civil war had clip'd,

And him of his old patrimony strip'd.

Who yet not long after could say,

Musis amicus, tristitiam & metus

Tradam protervis in mare Creticum

*Portare ventis. * * * **

Ode 26. Lib. 1.

They that acquainted with the *Muses* be,

Send care, and sorrow, by the winds to sea.

Not

* Horace Epist. 2. lib. 2.

Not so much moved with these reasons of ours, (or pleas'd with our rhymes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at last given us leave to assure the Reader, that the Poems which have been so long, and so ill, set forth under his name, are here to be found as he first writ them: as also, to add some others which have since been composed by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have discourag'd us; yet, observing how often they have been reprinted, what price they have born, and how earnestly they have been always inquired after, but especially of late; (making good that of *Horace*,

* * * *Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit:*

Epist. 1. Lib. 2.

Some verses being, like some wines, recommended to our taste by time and age.) we have adventur'd upon this new, and well-corrected, Edition; which, for our own sakes, as well as thine, we hope will succede better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cetera mortis erunt.

Albinovanus.



*Preface to the second Part of Mr. WALLER's
Poems; printed in the year 1690.*

THE Reader needs be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. WALLER's: a name that carries every thing in it, that's either great, or graceful, in Poetry! He was indeed the Parent of *English Verse*, and the first that shew'd us our Tongue had beauty, and Numbers, in it. Our language owes more to Him

Him than the *French* does to Cardinal *Richelieu*, and the whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of Him, without being in the same rapture *Lucretius* is in, when *Epicurus* comes in his way.

*TU pater, & rerum inventor ; TU patria nobis
Suppeditas praecepta ; tuisque ex, Include ! chartis,
Floriferis ut apes in salibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta ;
Aurea ! perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ !* Lib. 3. ver. 9.

The Tongue came into His hands, like a rough diamond: He polish'd it first; and to that degree, that all artists since Him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it. *Suckling*, and *Carew*, I must confess, wrote some few things smoothly enough: but, as all they did in this kind was not very considerable; so, it was a little later than the earliest pieces of Mr. *WALLER*. He undoubtedly stands first in the list of refiners; and, for ought I know, last too: for, I question whether in *Charles* the second's reign, *English* did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its *Augustean* Age, as well as the *Latin*. It seems to be already mixt with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, as Chymists say of their Menstruums, to be quite sated with the infusion. But, posterity will best judge of this. In the mean time, it is a surprising reflection, that between what *Spencer* wrote last, and *WALLER* first, there should not be much above twenty years distance: and yet, the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilst the other's words are like old coins, one must go to an Antiquary to understand their true meaning, and value. Such advances may a great Genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earnest!

Some Painters will hit the chief Lines, and master-strokes of a face so truly, that through all the differences of age, the picture shall still bear a resemblance. This art was
Mr.

Mr. WALLER's: He sought out, in this flowing Tongue of ours, what parts would last, and be of standing use, and ornament: and this He did so successfully, that His language is now as fresh as it was at first setting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourscore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the *English* Poet, and o'erflows whatever he builds: but, this was less His case than any man's, that ever wrote; and the mischief of it is, this very complaint will last long enough to confute it self: for, though *English* be mould'ring stone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly pick'd the best out of a bad quarry.

We are no less beholden to Him for the new turn of Verse, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before His time, men rhym'd indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of measure, and that dance of words, which good ears are so much pleas'd with, they knew nothing of it. Their Poetry then was made up almost entirely of monosyllables; which, when they come together in any cluster, are certainly the most harsh untunable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in *Donne*, and he'll be quickly convinc'd. Besides, their verses ran all into one another; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hook'd Atoms that compose a Body in *des Cartes*. There was no distinction of parts, no regular stops, nothing for the ear to rest upon: but, as soon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, incessantly; and the reader was sure to be out of breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verse in those days was but down-right prose, tag'd with rhymes. Mr. WALLER remov'd all these faults; brought-in more polysyllables, and smoother measures; bound up His thoughts better; and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verse He wrote in: so that where-ever the natural stops of that were, He contriv'd the little breakings of His sense so as

to fall-in with them. And for that reason, since the stress of our Verse lies commonly upon the last syllable, you'll hardly ever find Him using a word of no force there. I would say, if I were not afraid the Reader would think me too nice, that He commonly closes with Verbs; in which we know the life of language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of His Rhymes: which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that sense was cloy'd by the same round of chiming words still returning upon it. 'Tis a decided case by the Great Master of writing, ** Quæ sunt ampla, & palchra, diu placere possunt; quæ lepida & concinna,* (amongst which Rhyme must, whether it will or no, take its place) *visò satietate afficiunt aurium sensum fastidiosissimum.* This He understood very well; and therefore, to take-off the danger of a surfeit that way, strove to please by variety, and new sounds. Had He carried this observation, among others, as far as it would go, it must, methinks, have shown Him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of Poetry; and have led his later judgment to Blank Verse. But, He continu'd an obstinate lover of Rhyme to the very last: it was a Mistress that never appear'd unhandsome in His eyes; and was courted by Him long after SACHARISSA was forsaken. He had rais'd it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in: and the Poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not suffer Him ever to slight a thing He had taken so much pains to adorn. My Lord Roscommon was more impartial: no man ever rhym'd truer and evener than he: yet, he is so just as to confess, that 'tis but a trifle; and to wish the tyrant dethron'd, and Blank Verse set-up in its room. There is † a third person, the living glory of our English Poetry, who has disclaim'd the use of it upon the Stage: tho' no man ever employ'd it there so happily as he. 'Twas the strength

* ad Herennium. L. 4.

† Mr. Dryden.

strength of his Genius that first brought it into credit in Plays; and 'tis the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing it continues still; and will do so, 'till some excellent spirit arises, that has leisure enough, and resolution to break the Charm, and free us from the troublesome bondage of rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it; and has prov'd it as well, by what he has wrote in another way. But, this is a thought for times at some distance; the present age is a little too warlike: it may perhaps furnish-out matter for a good Poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now: without prophesying, a man may easily know what sort of laurels are like to be in request.

Whilst I am talking of Verse, I find my self, I do not know how, betray'd into a great deal of prose. I intended no more than to put the Reader in mind, what respect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. WALLER. I have heard his last printed copies, which are added in the several editions of his Poems, very slightly spoken of; but certainly they do not deserve it. They do indeed discover themselves to be His last, and that's the worst we can say of them. He is there

* *Fam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus.*

The same censure perhaps will be pass'd on the pieces of this Second Part. I shall not so far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever He wrote in the vigor of his youth: yet, they are so much of a piece with the rest, that any man will at first sight know them to be Mr. WALLER's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reasons obvious enough, but which are now ceas'd. The Play was alter'd to please the Court: it is not to be doubted who sat for the Two Brothers' characters. It was agreeable to the

O 2

sweet-

* Virg. *Æn.* 6. v. 304.

sweetness of Mr. WALLER's temper, to soften the rigor of the Tragedy, as he expresses it: but, whether it be so agreeable to the nature of Tragedy it self, to make every thing come-off easily, I leave to the Critics. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few verses that He has made use of upon another occasion: but, the Reader may be pleas'd to allow that in Him, that has been allow'd so long in *Homer*, and *Lucretius*. Exact writers dress up their thoughts so very well always, that, when they have need of the same sense, they cannot put it into other words, but it must be to its prejudice. Care has been taken in this book to get together every thing of Mr. WALLER's, that is not put into the former collection: so that between both, the Reader may make the Set complete.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that some of these ought not to have been publish'd: and Mr. † *Cowley's* decision will be urg'd, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbish. It might be answer'd to this, that the Pictures, and Poems, of great Masters have been always valu'd, tho' the last hand were not put to them. And I believe none of those Gentlemen that will make the objection, would refuse a sketch of *Raphael's*, or one of *Titian's* draughts of the first sitting. I might tell them too, what care has been taken by the learned, to preserve the fragments of the ancient *Greek* and *Latin* Poets: other has been thought to be, a Divinity in what they said; and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up, and reverenc'd like religious reliques. And, I am sure, take away the * *mille anni*, and impartial reasoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of

† In the Preface to his Works.

* Alluding to that Verse in *Juvenal*,

*** Et uni cedit Homero

Propter mille annos ***

Sat. 7.

And yields to *Homer* on no other score,

Than that he liv'd a thousand years before.

Mr. C. Dryden.

of Mr. WALLER, as to the most celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to wave the dispute now of what *ought* to have been done; I can assure the Reader, what *would* have been, had this Edition been delay'd. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: it were vain to expect, that amongst so many admirers of Mr. WALLER, they should not meet with one fond enough to publish them. They might have staid, indeed, 'till by frequent transcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind: but, then they would have found their way into the world. So it was thought a greater piece of kindness to the Author, to put them out whilst they continue genuine, and unmix'd; and such as He Himself, were He alive, might own.





*The Epitaph on Mr. WALLER's Monument
in Beconsfield Church-yard in Bucking-
hamshire : written by Mr. Rymers, late
Historiographer-Royal.*

On the WEST-END.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID
QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT; QUI INTER
POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE
PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT
ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD
ABDICAVIT. HUIC DEBET PATRIA
LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GRÆCE
LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT, MUSÆ
LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

On the SOUTH-SIDE.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES
EDMUNDUM WALLER QUI TANTI
NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS
OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS,
MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIÆ.
NONDUM OCTODECENALIS, INTER
ARdua REGNI TRACTANTES SEDem
HABUIT, A' BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM
MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS; NEC
ONERI DEFUIT SENEX; VIXITQUE
SEMPER POPULO CHARUS, PRINCIPIBUS
IN DELICIIS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS.



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HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM
RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE
NOBILIS UXOR, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM
FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER,
CONJUGE CHARISSIMO: QUEM TER ET
DECIES LÆTUM FECIT PATREM, V FI-
LIIS, FILIABUS VIII; QUOS MUNDO
DEDIT, ET IN COELUM REDIIT.

On the E A S T - E N D.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR
SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI
LOCUM HABUIT; CANTABRIGIAM
STUDENDI; PATREM ROBERTUM ET
EX HAMPDENA STIRPE MATREM:
COEPIT VIVERE III^o MARTII, A. D. MDCV.
PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS
FILIA UNICA HÆRES. EX PRIMA BIS
PATER FACTUS; EX SECUNDA
TREDECIES; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA
SUPERSTES, OBIIT XXI OCTOB.
A. D. MDC LXXXVII.

On the N O R T H - S I D E.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER
MARIEQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS
CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS,
PIISSIME PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS
FILIUS. HONORES BENE-MERENTIBUS
EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT.
E L.W.I.F. H.G. EX TESTAMENTO
H. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

RIC CONDITUS TUMULO SUBRODEM
MARA VITTE ET MORA TALE
MOSILIS UXOR MARIA EX BRESSORUM
FAMILIA CUM MUNDUS WALLER
CONJUGES CHARISSIMO QUM TER RT
DECESSIT ETUM REGIT PAREM V. E.
LHA FIAATLE VUL QUOS MUNDO
DEDIT ET IN COLOM REGIT

On the 22nd of May 1897

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MAROR
SARUM ET COLLESHILL NASCENDI
LOCUS HABITAT CANTABRIGIAM
EX MORTUO ETUM REGIT PAREM V. E.
LHA FIAATLE VUL QUOS MUNDO
DEDIT ET IN COLOM REGIT
FREDERICUS CUI ET DUB LUSTRA
SUPERSTES OBIT XX OCTOB.
A. D. MCCLXXXVII



On the 22nd of May 1897

HOC MAROR EDMUNDUS WALLER
HARROGATE EX REGIT PAREM V. E.
LHA FIAATLE VUL QUOS MUNDO
DEDIT ET IN COLOM REGIT
FREDERICUS CUI ET DUB LUSTRA
SUPERSTES OBIT XX OCTOB.
A. D. MCCLXXXVII

OBSERVATIONS

ON SOME OF

Mr. *WALLER*'s POEMS.

*Cujus gloriæ neque profuit quisquam laudando; nec
vituperando quisquam nocuit.*

OBSERVATIONS

OF THE HOME OF

7. 267
MR. WALTER POEMS.





OBSERVATIONS.



NE of our most celebrated Writers both for learning and language has defin'd Satire and invective to be the easiest kind of Wit; because almost any degree of it will serve to abuse, and find fault. For, Wit (says he) is a keen instrument, and every one can cut and gash with it: but, to carve a beautiful image, and polish it, requires great art and dexterity. To praise any thing well is an argument of much more Wit, than to abuse: a little Wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for Satire: but, the greatest instance of Wit is to commend well. And, perhaps, the best things are the hardest to be duly commended: for, though there be a great deal of matter to work upon, yet there is great judgment requir'd to make choice: and where the subject is great and excellent, it is hard not to sink below the dignity of it. Whether or not Dr. Tillotson had Mr. Waller in his thoughts when he was giving this description of Wit, it is evident that he has in the liveliest colors delineated the character of his genius and writings. And since it was his principal intention to recommend with all the ornaments of poetry the brightest examples of his own age to the imitation of all that should succeed; and even desir'd that every verse might be expung'd which did not imply some motive to virtue; I believe it will be serviceable to many of his admirers, in a few cursory remarks to give
an

an account of the occasions on which some of his Poems were written, and the characters of the persons to whom others were addressed; many of which at the distance of an hundred years must be grown obscure to most of his readers. Nor shall I be much concern'd at the censure of those who may think I have bestow'd too much pains on a modern Poet of our own nation, before I am convinc'd that we owe less to the memory of Mr. Waller, than Italy, and France have long since pay'd to their *Petrarch*, and *Malherbe*: the former of whom is said to have employ'd as many commentators as even *Virgil* himself: and not only the learned *Menage*, but all the French Academy, thought the latter highly deserv'd their consideration.

* Of the danger his Majesty (being Prince) escap'd in the road at St. Andero.

This Poem may serve as a model for those who intend to succeed in Panegyric; in which our Author illustrates a plain historical fact with all the graces of poetical fiction: as will appear by comparing it with the subject, as the writers of that age have left it recorded. Prince *Charles* having spent about six months at *Madrid* in soliciting a marriage with the Infanta of *Spain*, was at length disgusted with the affected delays which he met with in that Court, and resolv'd on returning to *England*. The royal navy under the command of the Earl of *Rutland* being arriv'd in the Bay of *Biscay* at the port of St. *Andero*, he was attended from *Madrid* by the Cardinal *Zapata*, the Marquis *Aytone*, the Earls of *Gondemar*, *Monterie*, *Baraias*, and other *Grandeess*; whom the Prince entertain'd magnificently on ship-board: but in carrying them back to shore a tempest overtook them with so much fury that they could neither reach land, nor regain the fleet; and night coming on when the

rowers

rowers were fainting with toil, their horror was almost increas'd to despair. In this calamity they yielded themselves to the mercy of the seas; 'till at last they spy'd a light in a ship near to which the storm had driven them; on which, not without much danger of being dash'd to pieces, they were safely receiv'd: and when the tempest abated his Highness return'd to the Admiral, and arriv'd at *Portsmouth* on the fifth of *October* 1623, when (as our *English Cicero* expresseth it.) the whole nation seem'd for joy to go out beyond its own shores to meet him. This adventure happen'd in the eighteenth year of Mr. *Waller's* age; by which it appears that he began to write only twenty five years after the death of *Spenser*; of whom I shall say something more in the course of these observations.

* *Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove*] See the Fable of *Semele* in the third book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

† *Whilst to his harp divine Arion sings*] The story of *Arion* is related by *Plutarch* in his banquet of the seven wise men as an historical truth, which was recorded in the annals of *Ino* and *Athamas*; and makes *Solon* allow it to be credible: a concession too unreasonable for *Ovid* himself, who hath inserted it in the second book of his *Fæsti*, which I believe hath never been publish'd in our language; and therefore I must desire the *English* readers to accept it in this hasty translation.

ARION's fama each wond'ring nation knows,
As far as earth extends, or ocean flows:
The streams, when first the tuneful harp he try'd,
Were fix'd in rapture, and refus'd to glide:
Oft when the Wolf persua'd his fleecy prey,
He stop'd to listen to the warbled Lay:
Oft when he saw the Wolf advancing nigh,
The Lamb would listen, and forgot to fly.
Embolden'd by the sweet pacific sound,
The Leveret squatted near the harmless Hound:

The Hind, and Lions together lay,
 "Fearless, and wrathless, while they heard him play."
 Fast by the Crow the Bird of Pallas sat;
 In silent wonder both suspend their hate:
 Fast by the Dove the Falcon perch'd in peace:
 And all the war of nature seem'd to cease.
 Cynthia, 'tis said, his song would oft admire,
 As when || her brother touch'd the golden Lyre.
 Fair Sicily once made the Bard her boast;
 And once he charm'd Ausonia's fairer coast:
 From whence embarking for the Lesbian shore,
 Heap'd wealth, the just reward of art, he bore.
 The winds he fear'd, he fear'd the wat'ry way;
 But found the ship more faithless than the sea!
 There, with his sabre drawn, the Master stood,
 Amid his felon-crow, combin'd in blood.
 Why gleams that threatening steel? Thy art a-board
 Requires to hand the rudder, not the sword.
 My doom, Ation cry'd, secure of soul,
 By pity-moving pray'r I not controul:
 Suffer my harp one parting Air to play! —
 They suffer; and deride the vain delay.
 Graceful with greens he wreath'd his length of hair;
 With such a wreath as Phcebus' self might wear:
 A Tyrian robe he o'er his shoulders threw;
 Light o'er the strings his artful fingers flew:
 The tender trembling Notes ascend the skies;
 So sings the wounded swan, and singing dyes!
 Steep from the prow he sought the vast profound;
 Against the keel the curling waves rebound.
 Thence by the Dolphin born, he rode in state;
 (A Tale for vulgar faith too full of fate!)
 With songs he pay'd his passage o'er the Main;
 The songs assist, and smooth the liquid plain.
 Good deeds are pleasing to the Powers above:
 Adopted to the skies by grateful Jove,

*In floods of light the flaming Dolphin sails;
And nine resurgent stars adorn his scales.*

* *Of the fourth Edward &c.*] Nothing could have been more happily imagin'd than the subject which Mr. Waller has selected to insinuate the Prince's resolution to forsake the Infanta. King Edward had employ'd the Earl of Warwick to treat of a marriage with the Lady Bona, daughter to the Duke of Savoy, by whom his proposals were accepted. But, before the Earl had ratify'd the Treaty, while the King his master was hunting in *Whittle-bury* forest he was accidentally led by the chase to the Manor of *Grafton*; where the Lady Elizabeth Grey presented a petition to him for some lands which had been settled for her marriage-jointure, but were forfeited by her husband's espousing the interest of the house of Lancaster, in which cause he was slain at the battle of St. Albans. The King was so captivated with her charms, that in a short time he marry'd the fair petitioner; (who was the first subject since the Norman conquest that attain'd to the dignity of wearing a crown in this nation) by which he provok'd the Earl of Warwick, who had been the chief instrument of dethroning Henry VI, to revolt from his allegiance, depose Edward, and reinstate Henry in the throne; though he did not long enjoy his good fortune.

† *As when a sort of lusty shepherds &c.*] Here Mr. Waller useth the word *sort* in the same sense which it often bears in *Spenser*, to signify a crowd: and so we find it employ'd in that old version of the Psalms which is retain'd in our Liturgy; *Ye shall be slain all the sort of you.* Ps. lxii. ver. 3. So afterwards we read in our Author,

As when a sort of wolves &c.

and in another Poem;

So when a sort of lusty shepherds, &c.

But

But I do not remember to have met with it in any writer since the Restoration, except once in Sir George Etherege's *Sir Fopling Flutter*. Mr. Waller's diction is so far from wanting a Glossary, that it hath been generally reputed the standard of purity; but two other words occur to my memory which in him have a signification somewhat remote from common use. To *Impeach* is a word which ought to convey an Idea of terror to cruel, corrupt, and rapacious Ministers of State; in which sense Mr. Waller employ'd it with great vigor when he was a Member of the House of Commons: but in his Poems (page 3. 27. 128.) it only signifies to obstruct, as the *French* use *empêcher*, to which it owes its derivation. So likewise I remember it is sometimes us'd by *Spenser*; and once by *Fairfax* in his translation of *Tasso*, B. xi. St. 52.

*And there it seems the mighty Prince intends
Godfredo's hoped entrance to impeach.*

The other grammatical nicety which I will offer to the reader, is at page 86. where the word *Fashion*, (as *façon* in *French*) is us'd to express the form and air of the face; in which sense I think it is employ'd by no other Poet but Mr. Waller; and by him only in the place I have cited. But in our last translation of the Bible τὸ ΕΙΔΟΣ τῆς προσώπου is render'd the fashion of his countenance. *Luke* Chap. ix. ver. 29. and ἡ οὐρανοῦ τῆς ΠΡΟΣΩΠΟΥ, the grace of the fashion: *James* Chap. i. ver. 11.

‡ Charles and his virtue &c.] Imitated from *Cæsar's* answer to a sailor on a like occasion: *quid times? Cæsarem vehis.*

† As Titan's car did &c.] The story of *Phaeton* is told in the second book of the *Metamorphoses*, and is the most magnificent part of that beautiful Poem. *Ovid* compares the chariot of the Sun, when it was hurried out of its natural course, to a ship running a-drift in a storm: and Mr. Waller employs the simile by inverting the allusion.

Ent.

But, as at sea th' unballast'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides:
So, in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd head-long thro' the sky. * * *
So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost:
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the Gods and pray'r.

Mr. Addison.

* Great Maro could no greater tempest feign.] In the beginning of the first *Æneid*.

+ Where he had seen a brighter Nymph than she
That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.]

The Prince in his journey to Spain travelling through France stop'd at Paris, where he had the first view of the Lady whom he afterwards marry'd; which will be more largely related on another occasion. As to the birth of *Venus* alluded to in the other verse, it is not much to be wonder'd at among so many ridiculous stories in the heathen Theogony to hear that she sprung from the foam of the sea, from whence the Greeks call'd her *Aphrodite*. This tradition probably began from divine honors having been pay'd to some beautiful woman who had accidentally been cast a-shore on the island *Ostera*, when the savage inhabitants were ignorant of navigation. So, we are told, when the Spaniards invaded the kingdom of *Chile* they were revered as Deities: and what comes closer to the purpose is, that *Ovalle* informs us the *Indians* call'd them *Viracochas*, which in their languages signifies the froth of the sea.

‡ They roses seem &c.] Imitated from *Claudian*;

*Ceu gemina Passana rosa per jugera regnant,
Hac largo matura die, saturataque vernis*

Roribus,

* Page 4. † Ibid. ‡ Page 5.

*Roribus, indulget spatium: latus altera nodo,
Nec teneris audet foliis admixta soles.*

In nupt. Honor. et Mar.

|| Of Jason, Theseus, &c.] See Ovid's Epistles, the seventh and eighth books of his Metamorphosis, and the Life of Theseus in Plutarch.

* What old Musæus &c.] The amour of Hero and Leander is related by Ovid in his Epistles, and by a Greek writer in a very elegant poem; which Mr. Waller (seduced, I suppose, by the hypercritic Scaliger.) seems to assign to the antient Musæus: tho' others, for better reasons than appear to the contrary, think it was compos'd by a Grammarian of that name, who liv'd in the fifth century.

† Well sung the Roman bard.] OVID,

Omnia sunt hominum tenni pondentia filo.

Ep. 3. ex Ponto. lib. 4.

‡ The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove.] This alludes to a passage in the 8th Iliad, where Jupiter, asserting his supremacy over all the other Deities, says

*League all your forces then, ye Pow'rs above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove;
Eat down our golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main:
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag by this the Thund'rer down to earth.
Ye strive in vain! If I but stretch this hand
I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land:
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight.* Mr. Pope.

which I remember is finely imitated by Milton in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, where he describes Satan, newly arriv'd out of Chaos, taking a survey of the Universe.

*** at

|| Page 5. * Ibid. † Page 6. ‡ Ibid.

* * * at leisure to behold

Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide
In circuit (undetermin'd round, or square.)
With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire: once his native seat!
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.

|| Of his Majesty's receiving the News of the Duke of
Buckingham's death.

George Villiers Duke of Buckingham was a person whom nature seem'd to have solicitously intended for a Court, and fortune was equally industrious to accomplish her intentions. At his first appearance there he was receiv'd with the smile of King James I, who from the station of a private Gentleman in a few years advanc'd him to all the dignities that even himself could desire; and no other person was employ'd in any eminent post who did not owe their rise to, or their dependence entirely upon him. By a singular felicity he preserv'd and improv'd the same interest with King Charles I; so that the Crown of England, upon whatever head it shone, seem'd to have been destin'd to reflect a lustre on his fortune. In this career of prosperity he gave the rein to many criminal passions, and thought nothing unlawful that cou'd gratify his lust, his ambition, or his revenge; which precipitated him into many unpopular and unjustifiable actions, by which at length he became odious to the Nation: 'till Providence suffer'd him to be cut off in the full strength and verdure of his age (for he had not exceeded the thirty sixth year) by the vulgar hand of a melancholic Assassin. The person was one Lieutenant Felton, who apprehended himself in-
jur'd

jur'd by the Duke, who upon the vacancy of a Captain's commission had plac'd another in that post, to which *Felton* thought that his services intitled him. Accordingly to accomplish his revenge, when the Duke was at *Portsmouth* ready to embark on board the Fleet that was to relieve *Rochelle*, the Lieutenant persu'd him thither; where waiting an opportunity to perpetrate his horrid design, at the first that offer'd itself he stab'd him to the heart: the Court being then at *Southwick*, the Seat of Sir *Daniel Norton*, about five miles distant from the scene where this Tragedy was acted. The King's behaviour on this occasion is the subject of Mr. *Waller's* Poem; to illustrate which, I will transcribe the account given of it by the Earl of *Clarendon*, in the first Book of his History.

His Majesty was at the public prayers of the Church, when Sir *John Hippeley* came into the room, with a troubled countenance; and without any pause in respect of the exercise they were performing, went directly to the King, and whisper'd in his ear what had fallen out. His Majesty continued unmov'd, and without the least change in his countenance, 'till prayers were ended; when he suddenly departed to his chamber, and threw himself upon his bed, lamenting with much passion, and with abundance of tears, the loss he had of an excellent servant, and the horrid manner in which he had been depriv'd of him: and he continu'd in this melancholic discomposure of mind many days. Yet, his manner of receiving the news in public, when it was brought him in the presence of so many (who knew or saw nothing of the passion he express'd upon his retreat.) made many men believe that the accident was not very ungrateful; at least, that it was very indifferent to him: as being rid of a servant very ungracious to the people, and the prejudice of whose person exceedingly obstructed all overtures made in Parliament for his service. And, upon this observation, persons of all conditions took great license in speaking of the person of the Duke, and dissecting all his infirmities; believing they

they shou'd not thereby incur any displeasure of the King's. In which they took very ill measures; for from that time almost to the time of his own death, the King admitted very few into any degree of trust, who had ever discover'd themselves to be enemies to the Duke, or against whom he had manifested a notable prejudice. And sure never any Prince express'd a more lively regret for the loss of a servant, than his Majesty did for this great man, in his constant favour and kindness to his Wife and Children; in all offices of grace to his servants; and in a wonderful sollicitous care for the payment of his debts: which, it is very true, were contracted for his Majesty's service; though in such a manner that there remain'd no evidence of it; nor were any of the Duke's officers intrusted with the knowledge of it, nor any record kept of it, but in the King's own generous memory.

The Duke having been murther'd on the twenty third of *August*, in the year 1628, it is evident that Mr. Waller wrote this Poem *Ann. Ætat. 23.*

* *The sacred wrestler 'till a blessing giv'n,*] The history of Jacob wrestling with an Angel is related in *Genesis*, Chap. xxxii. ver. 24.

† *Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.*] Upon the death of the Duke of Buckingham the King appointed the brave Earl of Lindsey (who was afterwards slain at the battel of *Edge-hill*.) to command the Fleet; with which he sailed for *Rockelle* on the 8th of *September* following.

‡ *Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign In his best pattern, &c.*] These verses allude to that moving description of *Achilles's* grief for the death of *Patroclus* in the eighteenth *Iliad*: before I transcribe it I must observe, that, as Mr. *Dryden* tell us, Mr. Waller used to say he never could read *Chapman's* translation without incredible transport, so he takes some of his epithets from it: and, im-

pos'd by royal Hector's lance, is borrow'd from Chapman's argument to the 16th Iliad.

A sudden horror shot thro' all the Chief,
And wrap'd his senses in the cloud of grief.
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head:
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears:
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd, and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.

And again in the same book.

Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaught'ring arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: then gushing, start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars through the desert, and demands his young:
When the grim savage to his rifled den
Too late returning, smells the track of men,
And o'er the vales, and o'er the forest, bounds;
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds:
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons his loud laments.

Mr. Pope.

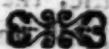
† The famous painter &c.] Timanthes. That performance of his which is here alluded to was the sacrifice of Iphigenia, one of the most celebrated pieces of all antiquity. The character of his style in painting seems to resemble Virgil's in poetry; both having been masters of that happy art of expressing things justly, and yet leaving room enough for the imagination to please itself with expatiating further: a secret which has been very little practis'd by those who have succeeded them. In the famous picture that is here refer'd to, Calchas was represented with

with a pensive air; a deeper sorrow appear'd in *Ulysses*; *Ajax* exclaim'd; and lastly, he employ'd all his height'ning art in expressing *Menelaus's* agony, upon whose account the innocent virgin was going to be sacrific'd. Would it not have been extreme folly after this to have attempted to shew *Agamemnon's* distress for his beloved daughter? He therefore conceal'd his face in the folds of the Drapery. Was not this, says *Quintilian*, like that passage in *Sallust*, *Nam de Carthagine tacere fasius puto, quàm parùm dicere?* Had that admirable Critick been giving rules to form a Poet, instead of an Orator, he would doubtless have compared it to the silence of *Ajax*, and *Dido*, in the *Elysian* fields; which was far more eloquent than the finest things that even *Homer*, and *Virgil*, could have made them speak.

‡ Their *Phœbus* should not act a fonder part &c.] The fable of *Cyparissus* being chang'd into a cypress-tree, after he had griev'd to death for the loss of his favorite stag: and the death and transformation of *Hyacinthus*, are related in the tenth book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

* He curst the mountains where his brave friend dy'd, But let false *Ziba* with his heir divide.] The passionate lamentation of *David* for his friend *Jonathan* is to be found in the second Book of *Samuel*, Chap. i. v. 19. His kindness to *Mephibosheth* the son of *Jonathan* in Chap. ix. *Ziba's* perfidious suggestions to *David* against *Mephibosheth* in Chap. xvi. And *Mephibosheth's* Apology in Chap. xix. to which *David* only reply'd, *Thou and Ziba divide the land;*

‡ Page 7. * Page 8.



† To the KING on his Navy.

In all the editions since the Restoration this Poem has been plac'd the first; which I suppose hath induc'd most persons to imagine it to have been written several years sooner than it was. In this number I find the writer of Mr. *Waller's* Life; who believes it was occasion'd by the Fleet that was set out under the command of the Lord Viscount *Wimbleton*: and seems to have been led into this opinion by that addition to the title, *in the year 1626*, which has been prefix'd in some of the latest editions. The Gentleman, whoever he was, that fix'd the date of this and some other of the Poems, will not appear to have been very competently qualify'd for such an undertaking, if we reflect that he has mistaken no less than two years in his chronology upon the Verses on the danger the Prince escap'd at St. *Andero*: and having so grossly err'd in a fact so notorious as that, I think we may decently dismiss him from the chair, and hear Mr. *Rymer's* opinion; tho' I believe there is reason not to stand to his decision in the case depending. Our language, says he, retain'd something of the churl; something of the stiff and *Gothish* did stick upon it 'till long after *Chaucer*. *Chaucer* threw in *Latin*, *French*, *Provincial*, and other languages, like new stum, to raise a fermentation. In Queen *Elizabeth's* time it grew fine; but came not to an head and spirit, did not shine and sparkle, 'till Mr. *Waller* set it a-running. And one may observe by his Poem on the Navy *An.* 1632, that not the language only, but his poetry then distinguish'd him from all his contemporaries, both in *England*, and in other nations; and from all before him upwards to *Horace* and *Virgil*. For there, besides the language clean and majestic, the thoughts new and noble; the verse sweet, smooth, full and strong; the turn of the Poem is happy to admiration: the first line, with all that follow in order, leads to the conclusion; all bring to the same point and centre;

To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, He
Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety.

Here is both *Homer* and *Virgil*; the *fortis Achilles* and the *pious Æneas* in the person he complements; and the greatness owing to his virtue. The thought and application is most natural, just, and true in poetry; tho' in fact, and really he might have no more fortitude, or piety, than another body: for, the repairing then of *Paul's* gave a reasonable color for his piety; and that *Navy Royal* might well give him the preheminance in power above *Achilles*.

I should willingly have acquiesc'd in this determination, if there had been any naval armament in the year 1632, considerable enough for the subject of *Mr. Waller's Poem*: neither did the war betwixt *France* and *Spain*, which is refer'd to in the third verse, break out 'till I believe almost three years after the date that *Mr. Rymer* hath assign'd. And therefore in a matter that still remains so uncertain, I may venture to interpose my own opinion: which, whether right or no, may be less liable to objections than those that have been already advanc'd.

In the year 1635 the *Hollanders* espous'd the quarrel of *France* against *Spain*, and the terms stipulated in the treaty were, that they should not only divide the *Provinces of Flanders*, but also *Dunkirk*, *Ostend*, and the other *Sea-Ports* on the coast, equally between them. Upon the concluding this league, offensive and defensive, the *Dutch* forgot their obligations to the Crown of *England*, treated their old benefactors with disrespect, and were more audacious in their encroachments upon the fishery on our coasts. *King Charles* thought it was high time to assert his sovereignty over the narrow seas, and immediately fitted out a much greater Fleet than had ever been equip'd since the reign of *Queen Elizabeth*, and appointed the *Earl of Lindsey* to command it. *Sir William Monson*, who serv'd Vice-Admiral under the *Earl*, informs us in his *Naval Tracts*, that while this Fleet was preparing, many idle, factious, and

scandalous reports were invented, to persuade the people, that those preparations were only an artifice of State to draw money from the subject. Could Mr. Waller ever have had a more happy opportunity than this of making his court to the King, by representing his actions in their proper light, in proclaiming his Navy to be, as in truth it was, the glory and defense of the Nation? And yet, to deal ingenuously, I am of opinion that this Poem was written in the following year; when his great friend the Earl of Northumberland was made Admiral of a Fleet not inferior to the former; in the thirty first year of Mr. Waller's age.

* So Jove from Ida &c.] See Homer in the 8th Iliad:

*Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads;
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads:
Thick lightnings flash; the mutt'ring thunder rolls;
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;
The God in terrors, and the skies on fire!
Nor great Idomeneus that fight could bear;
Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war:
Nor he the King of men th'alarm sustain'd;
Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd;
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierc'd his carser in a mortal part.*

Mr. Pope.

† The world's restorer once could not indure.] This line is printed as I find it the first edition: in the others it is, never cou'd indure. The building of Babel is related by Moses in Genesis, Chap. xi.

* Page 8.

† Page 9.



‡ On the taking of Salle.

Salle is a city in the Province of *Fez*, and derives its name from the river *Sala*, on which it is situated, near its influx into the *Atlantic* ocean. It was a place of good commerce, 'till addicting itself entirely to piracy, and revolting from its allegiance to the Emperor of *Morocco*, in the year 1632, he sent an embassy to King *Charles*, desiring him to send a squadron of men of war to lie before the town, whilst he attack'd it by land: which the King consenting to, the city was soon reduc'd, the fortifications demolish'd, and the leaders of the rebellion put to death. The year following the Emperor sent another Embassador with a present of fine *Barbary* horses, and three hundred Christian slaves: at the same time desiring his Majesty that "since it had pleas'd God to be so auspicious to their beginning, in the conquest of *Salle*, they might join and succeed, with hope of like success, in war against *Tunis*, *Algier*, and other places, dens, and receptacles for the inhuman villanies of those, that abhor rule and government." From whence it appears that Mr. Waller wrote this Poem *Anno Ætatis*. 28.

* *The prophet once to cruel Agag said.*] 1 Samuel, Chap. xv. ver. 33.

† *Mad Cacus so &c.*] See *Virgil's* eighth *Æneid*.

‡ *That shipwreck'd vessel &c.*] See the 27th and 28th Chapters of the *Acts of the Apostles*.

|| *He, like Amphion &c.*] In the poetical history *Amphion* is call'd the son of *Jupiter* and *Antiope*, who attain'd to such perfection in playing on a harp which *Mercury* gave him, that he could make even rocks sensible of its harmony, which he generously employ'd in building a wall round *Thebes*. By which allegory we are to understand, that with his wit and eloquence he soften'd the savage temper of the *Thebans*; and having polish'd them

P 2

with

‡ Page 9. * Page 10. † Ibid. ‡ Page 11. || Ib.

with the arts of humanity, and dispos'd them into a regular government, he prevail'd with them to raise a wall round their city, to defend them from the invasion of their neighbouring States. *Horace* says the same moral is imply'd in the fictions of *Orpheus* and *Amphion*.

*Silvestris homines sacer interpretisque Deorum
Cadibus & victu fado deterruit Orpheus;
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigris rabidosque leones.
Dictus & Amphion, Thebana conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, & prece blandâ
Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hac sapientia quondam
Publica privatis sacernere, sacra profanis,
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. * * * **

Ars Poetica V. 391.

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than humane pow'r,
Did not (as Poets feign.) tame savage beasts;
But men, as lawless, and as wild as they;
And first dissuaded them from rage and blood.
Thus, when *Amphion* built the *Theban* wall,
They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic Lute.
Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper native use:
Some they appropriated to the Gods;
And some to public, some to private ends:
Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd;
Cities were built; and useful laws were made.
So antient is the pedigree of verse,
And so divine a Poet's function! *E. of Roscommon.*

|| *As once the viper &c.* *Acts* xxviii. 3.

* *Not ought which Sheba's &c.* *1 Kings* x. 4.

The

|| Page 11.

* Page 12.

† *The sun which riseth to salute the choir
Already finish'd, &c.*] These verses with the assistance of Dugdale enable us to guess about what time this Poem was written. In the late editions the date is fix'd in the year 1631: but here, as well as in the other Poems, that Gentleman was unfortunate in his chronological computation; unless we will suppose Mr. Waller to have had so wonderful a measure of inspiration as to write of facts before they were attempted. For, the Commissioners who had the direction of repairing St. Paul's, did not meet before the 16th of December 1632: and the old houses adjoining to the Church being compounded for, and demolish'd, the work was begun the spring following. In this Poem the Choir is said to be *already finish'd*; to the accomplishing of which I suppose two years may be reasonably allow'd, without using the authority of the proverb relating to Church-work for assigning a longer time: and upon the whole, I think we may conclude that Mr. Waller wrote these verses about the year 1635. *Anno Ætat. 30.* *The western end* which the King erected at his own expense, in Dugdale's description was a magnificent and stately Portico with *Corinthian* pillars, in which were plac'd the statues of his royal father and himself, for a lasting memorial of their having advanc'd so glorious a work: which Portico was intended to be an ambulatory for such as usually walking in the body of the Church disturb'd the solemn service in the Choir.

* *Laomedon that had the Gods in pay &c.*] The fable here alluded to owes its original to a speech in the twenty first Iliad, where Homer introduceth Neptune upbraiding Apollo for his adherence to the interest of Priam.

Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own.)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!

}
}

P 3

Hast

† Page 12.

* Ibid.

Hast thou forgot how, at the monarch's pray'r,
 We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
 Troy walls I rais'd (for such were Jove's commands.)
 And yon' proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands.
 Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves
 Along fair Ida's vales, and pendent groves.
 But, when the circling seasons in their train,
 Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;
 With menace stern the fraudful king defy'd
 Our latent godhead, and the prize deny'd.

Mr. Pope.

The meaning of this (as the anonymous Greek author of incredible reports observes.) is, that *Laomedon* employ'd the treasure that was deposited in the temples of *Neptune*, and *Apollo*, in building fortifications round his city.

These are all the Poems which *Mr. Waller* address'd to *King Charles the First*: a Prince! to whom he might offer his incense without blushing at the altar. A Prince! "who (as the noble historian concludes his character) was "the worthiest Gentleman, the best Master, the best "Friend, the best Husband, the best Father, and the best "Christian, that the age in which he lived produc'd." A Prince! whose least commendation it is, when compar'd with all who sat on the throne before him, to have been the most discerning judge, as well as the most affectionate patron, of the politer arts; and the most fortunate, in having a *Van Dyck*, a *Rubens*, a *Denham*, and a *Waller*, to deserve such a patron.

* To the QUEEN, occasion'd upon sight of her Majesty's picture.

When all thoughts of a marriage with the Infanta of Spain were laid aside, *King James* consented that Prince Charles

Charles shou'd make his addressees to *Henrietta Maria de Bourbon* youngest daughter of *Henry IV.* of *France*, by his Queen *Mary de Medicis*. Accordingly in the year 1624 the Lord *Kensington* (afterwards created Earl of *Holland*.) was dispatch'd to make propofals to *Lewis XIII*; by whom they were embrac'd: and the nuptial ceremony was perform'd in the church of *Nôtre-dame* in *Paris* on the first of *May* 1625. Mr. *Waller* seems to have written this Poem soon after her Majesty's arrival in *England*, Anno Ætat. 20. Nor shall we think him too profuse in praising her beauty, when we read the description of her person which the Lord *Kensington* gives in a Letter to the Prince of *Wales*, whom he would not dare to delude with a portrait of his own invention * * *. Sir, if your intentions proceed this way (as by many reasons of state and wisdom there is cause now rather to press it than slacken it.) you will find a Lady of as much loveliness and sweetness to deserve your affection, as any creature under heaven can do. And, Sir, by all her fashions since my being here, and by what I hear from the Ladies, it is most visible to me, her infinite value and respect unto you. Sir, I say not this to betray your belief, but from a true observation and knowledge of this to be so. I tell you this, and must somewhat more, in way of admiration of the person of *Madame*; for the impressions I had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement extraordinary, to find her (as I protest to God I did.) the sweetest creature in *France*. Her growth is very little; short of her age; and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse with her Mother, and the Ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances (the which I am a witness of.) as well as ever I saw any creature: they say she sings sweetly; I am sure she looks so * * *. And in another Letter he says, that for beauty and goodness she was an Angel. This description will claim the more regard when we reflect on the important occasion on which it was written; and on the person who wrote it, who was the most ac-

complish'd Courtier of that age: *elegans formarum spectator* was the Earl of Holland's true character; and it had been happy for himself, and the nation, if he had never aspir'd to any other.

+ *The royal youth persuing the report*

Of beauty, found it in the Gallic Court.] The Prince spent one day to view the grandeur of *Paris*, and splendor of the Court: and they both together (the Prince and *Buckingham*) saw the Queen-Mother at dinner, the King in the Gallery after dinner; and towards the evening they had a full view of the Queen-Infanta, and the Princess *Henrietta Maria*, with most of the Beauties of the Court, at the practise of a masquing-dance.

Mr. Echard.

* *There public care with private passion fought*

A doubtful combat in his noble thought.] These two verses, with some few more which I shall mention as they occur, are copy'd from *Fairfax's* translation of *Tasso*, B. 6. St. 70.

*For, in the secret of her troubled thoughts,
A doubtful combat love and honour fought.*

‡ *Or, on his journey o'er the mountains ride.*

So, when the fair Leucothoe, &c.] The first verse alludes to that part of the *Pyrenean* hills over which they were to pass out of *France* into *Spain*. The story of *Leucothoe* is related by *Ovid* in the fourth book of the *Metamorphoses*.

|| *Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies*] *Prometheus* the Son of *Iapetus* (i. e. *Japhet*.) is feign'd to have compos'd a man of earth and water, and afterwards inspir'd him with life, and motion, by stealing fire from the chariot of the sun: which provok'd *Jupiter* to send various diseases into the world

*** 10

+ Page 14. * Ibid. ‡ Page 15. || Ibid.

*** to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Which perhaps, if I may be allow'd to add one conjecture to the great number that have been made on this fable, signifies no more, than that after *Prometheus* had invented fire, mankind by forsaking their primitive simple diet of milk, and the fruits of the earth, contracted diseases, and hasten'd death, by degenerating into the luxurious use of flesh, and fermented liquors.

*Audax Tæveti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit:
Post ignem atherêâ domo
Subductum, macies, & nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors:
Semotique prius tarda necessitas,
Lethi corripuit gradum.*

Hor. lib. 1. ode 3:

Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,
And stole from heav'n the seed of fire.
A train of ills, a ghastly crew!
The robber's blazing track pursue:
Fierce famine with her meagre face;
And fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms th'offending wretch surround;
All brooding on the blasted ground:
And limping Death, lash'd-on by Fate,
Comes-up to shorten half our date.

Mr. Dryden.

† Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies &c.] This river is so well known that it needs no description: since Mr. Waller wrote these verses, it has been as fruitful of English similes as the sun; from both which it wou'd be as severe to restrain a young Poet, as the forbidding the use of fire and water was esteem'd among the Romans. I will only observe, that though the climate under which

P-5

Sitno

Siene is situated is generally serene; yet those parts that lie near the Line, and between the Tropics, have frequently excessive show'rs,

‡ *The bold Mazonian &c.*] *Homer*, in the 14th *Iliad*.

† *Puerperium*.

As far as we are able to guess at this distance, *Mr. Waller* seems to have written this Poem in the year 1640. *Anno Ætat. 35*, before the Queen was deliver'd at *Oatlands* of her fourth Son, *Henry Duke of Gloucester*, while the Scots were marching into *England*.

* *Fair Venus in thy soft arms &c.*] Imitated from *Lucretius's* invocation of *Venus* in the beginning of his first book.

*Effice ut interea fera manera militiæ
Per maria ac terras omneis sopita quiescant :
Nam Tu sola potes tranquillâ pace juvare
Mortaleis, quoniam belli fera manera Mavors
Armipotens regit; in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
Rejicit, atero devinctus volvere amoris.*

On land and sea let barbarous discord cease,
And lull the list'ning world in universal peace:
To Thee mankind their soft repose must owe,
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow:
Because the brutal business of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful servant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields to prove
The pleasing pains of thy eternal love.

Mr. Dryden.

Thy

‡ Page 18. † Page 19. * Ibid,

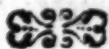
† *Thy chief care our Halcyon &c.*] The fable of *Ceyx* and *Alcyon* is a very beautiful part of the eleventh book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

*Perque dies placidos hiberno tempore septem
Incubat Halcyon pendentibus aquore nidis:
Tum via tuta maris; ventos custodit, & arcet
Æolus egressu, præstatque nepotibus aquor.*

Seven winter-days with peaceful calms posselt;
Alcyon sits upon her floating nest:
Then safely sail; then *Æolus* incaves
For his the winds, and smooths the slooping waves.

Mr. Dryden has excellently translated the whole fable; but I have taken these verses from Mr. Sandys's version, whom Mr. Waller imitates in laying the accent on the last syllable but one in the word *Halcyon*; in which he has never been, nor deserves to be, imitated by others. This account of the king-fishers hatching their young upon the waves is countenanc'd by most naturalists: and our learned and inquisitive Sir Thomas Brown is so far from regist'ring it among Vulgar Errors, that he complies with the antient tradition, and says, at the time of their breeding (which is about the winter solstice,) the sea is calm, and the winds cease, 'till the young ones forsake their nest, which floateth upon the sea, and by the roughness of winds might otherwise be overwhelm'd. Plutarch, in his parallel between the sagacity of land and water animals, affirms he had frequently seen these nests: in their shape, he says, they resembled a boat; so artfully contriv'd as to admit the bird, and exclude the waves: the whole was compos'd of the bones and fins of a fish, so strongly compacted that much strength was requir'd to pluck them asunder.

† Page 19.



To

† To the Queen-Mother of France upon her landing.

Mary de Medicis, Queen-Mother of France, is a sad and very singular instance, how insecure the most commanding condition may prove against the vicissitudes of fortune. She was daughter to the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, wife of *Henry IV.* of France, mother to *Lewis XIII.* his successor, to the Queens of *England* and *Spain*, and to the Dukes of *Savoy*; yet was made a sacrifice by her own son (a timorous and weak Prince) to the ambition of *Cardinal Richlieu*, to whom she had been a benefactress. By him she was represented to the King of France as a person disaffected to his Government; then, was persecuted from the Court; and at length confin'd to *Compiègne*: from whence she made her escape the 19th of *July* 1631, with so much precipitation, that she travell'd thirty leagues without taking ease or refreshment. In the year 1638, her daughter, the Queen of *England*, invited her over, to take sanctuary in this nation; whither her Evil Genius persu'd her: for, upon her arrival the populace rais'd a tumult, in which three men were slain: and when the Earl of *Holland*, who was Lord Lieutenant of *Middlesex*, gave orders for a guard of a hundred musqueteers out of the Militia, to protect her Majesty's person, he was answer'd, that they thought it fitter for them to do other things than to guard a foreigner. At length she was lodg'd safe in *St. James's* palace; where for about three years she enjoy'd a pension of three thousand pounds a month. At last, the Parliament petition'd for her removal out of the kingdom, which they soften'd with a present of ten thousand pounds, to make provision for her journey. The King's affairs were too much perplex'd for him to give protection to others: and therefore, in *August* 1641, he order'd the Earl of *Arundel* to attend this unfortunate Princess to *Cologne*: where having languish'd

to.

to the following year, in a condition very unsuitable to her high birth, and former dignity, she dy'd about five months before the implacable Cardinal. This Poem was address'd to the Queen in the year 1638, in the thirty third year of Mr. Waller's Age.

|| *As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)*

To Delos was &c.] Juno, irritated against *Latona*, because she had conceiv'd by the embraces of *Jupiter*, persecuted her from place to place; at last arriving at *Ortygia*, (an island in the *Ægean Sea*, afterwards call'd *Delos*.) she was there deliver'd of *Apollo* and *Diana*. See *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Book VI.

* *Why was her joy in Belgia &c.]* After the Queen-Mother had fled out of *France* she liv'd at *Avènes*, a small town in the Earldom of *Hainault*; which with the other Provinces is comprehended in the antient Geography under the name of *Belgium*.

† *Scarce cou'd the ocean, tho' intrag'd &c.]* She arriv'd in *England* upon the 19th day of *October*, at the time of such extreme wet and windy weather, that the water-men distinguish'd it by the name of *Queen-Mother weather*.

Mr. Echard.

‡ *Glad Berecynthia so &c.]* Before *Richieu's* menaces prevail'd with the *Hollanders* to chase this unfortunate Princess out of their territories, they commiserated her calamities, and express'd great civility to her person. At *Amsterdam* she was represented (as *Julia* the wife of *Septimius Severus* had been figur'd before.) under the form of *Cybele*, with this Legende, *LÆTA DEÛM PARTU*: which Device probably put Mr. Waller in mind of this simile; as he had *Virgil* in his eye in the versification:

* * * *Qualis Berecynthia mater*

Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrata per urbes,

Lætæ Deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,

Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.

Æneid. 6.

High

|| Page 20.

* Ibid.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

High as the mother of the Gods in place,
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race;
 Then, when in pomp she makes the *Phrygian* round,
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd:
 A hundred Gods her sweeping train supply,
 Her off-spring all, and all command the sky.

Mr. Dryden.

|| The conclusion of this Poem will be best understood by those who are acquainted with the *Gierusalemme Liberata*: in the nineteenth Book of which the combat of *Tancredi* with *Argantes*; and in the twentieth, that of *Rinaldo* with the *Soldan*, is describ'd: and it needs no greater recommendation to be read, than its having been reverenc'd by Mr. Dryden next to the *Æneis* of *Virgil*. Mr. Waller not only learn'd the art of versifying from *Fairfax's* translation of it, but the subject made a lasting impression on his maturer judgment: for, in some of his latest compositions, as well as in this, he expresseth a desire that the Christian Princes would enter into a religious confederacy to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels. In this place it will not be improper to give a short account of the life of his favorite Author.

Torquato Tasso was born at *Sorrento*, an ancient city in *Italy*, about six leagues distant from *Naples*, in the year 1544. In his infancy he manifested an amazing genius, which was afterwards cultivated at *Rome*, and *Padua*, with variety of polite literature: and when he was no more than twenty two years old he began to write his immortal *Gierusalemme Liberata*. *Alphonfus*, Duke of *Ferrara*, invited him to reside in his Court; whither he repaired; and was receiv'd more like a victorious Heroe, than a recorder of their actions: and during his stay was honor'd with very singular marks of the Duke's esteem and affection. Nor was he less caref'd by *Charles IX*, when, leaving *Ferrara*, he attended the Pope's Nuncio to the Court of *France*; which

which seem'd to rival *Italy* in admiring him. But, to close these gawdy scenes, Fortune kept a dismal catastrophe in reserve: for, *Tasso*, on his return to *Italy*, was unfortunately engaged in a duel, occasion'd by a real or pretended amour, in which the reputation of a great Lady was attainted: whereupon he was seiz'd, and imprison'd, by the Duke of *Ferrara's* command, in whose palace the challenge was given. In his confinement he was dejected into a deep melancholly, which terminated in stupidity: in which sad disguise *Montaigne* tells us he saw him; but, without assigning the real cause, imputes it to the violent career of spirits which his great vivacity of wit had occasion'd. What a condition, says he, (as Mr. *Cotton* makes him speak) through his own agitation and promptness of fancy, is one of the most judicious, ingenious, and the best-form'd souls to the antient and true poesy, of any other *Italian* Poet that has been for these very many years, lately fall'n into? Has he not great obligation to this vivacity, that has destroy'd him? To this light, that has blinded him? To this exact and subtile apprehension of reason, that has put him besides His? To his curious and laborious scrutiny after sciences, that has reduc'd him to a brute? I was more angry, (if possible), than compassionate, to see him at *Ferrara* in so pitiful a condition survive himself: forgetting both himself, and his Works; which (without his knowledge, though before his face!) have been publish'd deform'd, and incorrect. * * * The ingenious Translator thought his Author in this place had describ'd *Ariosto*: a very pardonable mistake! since many flights in his *Orlando* seem to have been the dreams of an over-heated imagination. I cannot find how long *Tasso* continued in this deplorable condition: but, it is said, by the care that was taken of him in an hospital, he recover'd the use of his reason: and *Thuanus* informs us, that in his lucid intervals he wrote like one inspirited with a divine fury, and was master of a judgment sedate and cool enough to correct what he compos'd. At last he was invited to *Rome*, to
receive

receive the Laurel with the public solemnities with which it is usually conferr'd in that city: but, whilst the pageantry was preparing he was seiz'd by a fever, and dy'd in the fifty first year of his age: and being privately interr'd in the Church dedicated to St. *Humphrey*, a plain marble was laid over his grave, with this Epitaph, *HIC JACET TORQUATUS TASSUS*: where, some years after, Cardinal *Bevilacqua* erected a handsome monument, with a *Latin* inscription; longer indeed than the former, but, so unequal to the person it commemorates, that it is not worth my transcribing.

* *The Country to my Lady of Carlisle.*

The Lady *Lucy Percy*, whom the best *English* Poets of that age, and *Voiture* the politest Wit of *France*, celebrated under the title of the Countess of *Carlisle*, was a younger daughter of *Henry* Earl of *Northumberland*: who, upon a suspicion of his not having been entirely ignorant of the Gun-powder Plot, was for many years imprison'd in the Tower. During his confinement the Lady *Lucy* was marry'd to *James Hay*, created Viscount *Doncaster*, and Earl of *Carlisle*, by King *James I.*: with which alliance her father was so highly offended, that with extreme difficulty she obtain'd his forgiveness, but could never regain his affection. In conjunction with a wonderful vivacity of wit, and all the graces peculiar to her sex in a most eminent degree, she was bless'd with a masculine vigor of mind: but, is censur'd for having abus'd it, to the perplexing King *Charles's* affairs with the Parliament: on which account a late learned and ingenious writer calls her, "The *Helen* of her country." But, here it will be more decent to draw a veil over her political errors; and view her only in that agreeable light in which Mr. *Waller*, and Sir *Toby Mathews*, have plac'd her. The latter of these Gentlemen has given

us her description in prose; which is alluded to by Sir John Suckling, in his Session of the Poets. + I only say it is alluded to, but believe it was originally mention'd; for, I am perswaded that in the verse on which I ground my conjecture for the word *care* we should read,

*For, had not her Character furnish'd you out
With something of handsome &c.*

A small number of Suckling's Plays were printed for himself, to present to the Quality when they were Acted at Court: but, his Poems and Letters were published by his friend the Earl of Denbigh, after his death; from such imperfect copies as his Lordship could hastily collect: and therefore it is not strange if many of them still retain their original corruption. In the Poem I have just quoted (to instance in no more.) *Shillingsworth, Walter, Cid*, have been constantly mis-printed for *Chillingworth, Waller*, and *Sid*, i. e. *Sidney Gadolphin*. But, it is time to let the Character itself atone for this digression which it occasion'd.

THIS LADY's birth is noble, from a high and antient descent; and in it, her blood is kept pure, by often alliance with great and Princely families. Time has allowed it a line of longer measure, than almost to any, by continuance; and so, as we cannot, with ease, give an account of the first greatness and elevation of her ancestors: but yet, it leaves certain marks, by which we may (as by a kind of back-light) point at many of them, whose courage and virtues have dignify'd both their good fortunes and their ill. She is of too high a mind and dignity, not only to seek, but almost to wish, the friendship of any creature: they, whom she is pleas'd to chuse, are such, as are of the most eminent condition, both for power and employments: not with any design towards her own particular, either of advantage, or curiosity; but her nature values fortunate persons, as virtuous: who, if they be not so by this opinion, they have an advantage of them who are so, by this choice. It may be, she doth this by way of gratitude to
for-

fortune, who hath taken so much care of her, as that from a doubtful, and, I might say, a kind of fearful condition, she hath placed and secured her, as it were, in her own very arms: from whence, this great Lady might yet, perhaps, have removed her self, by the careless use of those benefits, of the provisions which fortune hath made for her, were they not too abundant. They who are, even as it were in her very veins, as brothers, and sisters, she extremely loves: but, she values them more as they are so to her: she wants not also kindness for their children. But, such as are more removed from her, she considers no otherwise than as streams, which run too far to have any participation of her excellencies. She has as much sense, and gratitude for the actions of friendship, as so extreme a beauty will give her leave to entertain. And from our sex, she may expect all expressions of servitude, by the very nature and duty thereof. She more willingly allows of the conversation of men, than of women: yet, when she is amongst those of her own sex, her discourse is of fashions, and dresses; which she hath ever so perfect upon her self, as she likewise teaches them by seeing her. Amongst men, her person is both consider'd and admir'd: and her wit, being most eminent among the rest of her great abilities, she affects the conversation of the persons who are most famed for it: though yet, she be so handsomely civil to all, as that at the first you would believe her to be more guided by that civility of hers, than perhaps she is; since she will rather shew what she can do, than let her nature continue in it: unless she consider something in the persons, very extraordinary and new, which she cannot find by their admiring her; (for that is not to be avoided!) and then she may requite them, by allowing it. But yet, if even that be not express'd with the assistance of fortune; and when she is in a good humor; and in the distance, and with the duty, for which she looks; you may, perhaps, find scorn, when you expect acceptance: reproving more the omissions of (that, which the majesty of her per-

person teaches) reverence, than she cherishes, (what her beauty both begets, and enforces) love. Yet will she freely discourse of love, and hear both the fancies and powers of it: but, if you will needs bring it within knowledge, and boldly direct it to her self, she is likely to divert the discourse; or, at least, seem not to understand it. By which you may know her humor, and her justice: for, since she cannot love in earnest, she would have nothing from love: so contenting her self to play with *Love*, as with a child. She hath too great a heart, to have naturally any strong inclination to others; not allowing them to grow from thence, as finding there no motions of affection, but only upon consideration of the merit of others towards her. So that, naturally, she hath no passion at all; since inclinations are the ground, and foundation, upon which passion is built. But yet, she will observe them whose reputation gives a value to their persons, and condition; as if she would not be unwilling to find something of entertainment whereby to please her self, or pass her time. But then, her examinations going ever by way of compulsion towards her self, they return unsatisfy'd. I conceive her not to be of a less sensible nature, than she will acknowledge in her self. I believe she cannot find in it those little tenderneſſes which she will disallow in others: but yet, upon occasions worthy of her kindness, or compassion, (which, though they differ in their nature, yet they agree in the same shews:) it hath broken out sometimes, like suppressed flames. But, I confess, they are so few occasions that can bring it thus to light, as she may well be mistaken in her own heart, by the seldom working of it: or, peradventure, in her reason she may make it this defense against those expressions, that they are occasions to force her to take this unsensibleness upon her nature: which is like giving of denials, before suits be ask'd; or else, as proclamations, which forbid what may happen; and then, if they be disobey'd, it is to be upon our own peril. She affects particular so much, that she dislikes general,

neral, courtesies; and you may fear to be less valu'd by her for your obliging her: she, peradventure, believing it to proceed in them from some easiness and custom of the mind, rather than from a generosity and humanity of the nature: which I conceive to be her greatest injustice; having observ'd her to be so careful for some who have desir'd favors from her, as that her charity, or her nature, hath sought advantages for them, who were strangers to her; who yet might well have taken them from those other, who were not so to her. To shew her understanding, not her disvaluing, of persons, she will freely deliver her opinion of them: and as, in whomsoever we can speak of, there is for the greatest part more to be reform'd than commended; so, in the delivering of her censures that way, it shews, her judgment can discover (that which we strive most to conceal) our imperfections, and errors. Though she be observ'd, not to be very careful in the public exercises of our religion; yet, I agree not with their opinion, who hold her likely to abandon, and change, it; not only for the faith and trust which she hath in the truth and goodness of it; but, to avoid the doing of that which she believes to be a levity, and declaration of a former ignorance. This Lady, whom both fortune and nature have ever been in strife to serve, (the one, with her benefits; the other, with her blessings.) wants not a sense and contentment in both. But, conveniences of this kind being no true delight, she takes the greatest joy in the perfections of her own person, since fortune cannot give her such a store and stock, as nature doth, to all that behold her: from which you may yet, perhaps, come to take so much that you may find it to be a burthenous treasure, since you cannot lay it out, or make any use of it; she being not to be purchased by her own gifts. If gratitude may be procur'd from her, it may go for an extraordinary reward; though from others it would be held but for a cold charity. She is more esteem'd than belov'd by her own sex, in two respects; the one, for that her beauty

far

far exceeds theirs; and the other, for that her wit doth the like: which makes most of them, (especially such as pretend towards either of these excellencies) to avoid her company, through their envy, as being constrain'd in it; her beauty putting their faces out of countenance, as her wit doth their minds. She is so great a lover of variety, as that when she may not otherwise express it, she will remove her own thoughts, if not change her opinions, even of those persons that are not least consider'd by her: and when they have given her this entertainment, let them settle again in their former places with her. She hath certain high and elevated thoughts, in which she is pleas'd most, and they carry her mind above any thing within her knowledge. She believeth nothing to be worthy of her consideration but her own imaginations. These gallant fancies keep her in satisfaction, when she is alone; where she will make something worthy of her liking, since, in the world, she cannot find any thing worthy of her loving. Amongst the rest of her unnumber'd perfections, she hath a grace, and facility, (and, I might well say, a felicity) in her expressions, since they are certain, and always in the best, and fewest words. And as they are handsome, they are likewise so faithful in the relation of any thing, as that she refines the language, and yet within the true limits of the occasion; adding nothing to the substance, but yet infinitely by the manner. She is in disposition inclin'd to be cholerick, which she suppresses; not, perhaps, in consideration of the persons who occasion it; but, upon a belief that it is unhandsome towards her self: which yet, being thus cover'd, doth so kindle and fire her wit, as that in very few words, it says somewhat so extracted, as that it hath a sharpness, and strength, and taste, to disrelish, if not to kill, the proudest hopes which you can have of her value of you. She affects extremes, because she cannot suffer any condition but of plenty, and glory; in which, if she had not an assured, and very eminent kind of Being, she would fly to the other extreme, of retiredness;

XXXVIII *Observations on some of*

ness; and so rather obscure her self, than not be her self: it being natural to her, as her life, to maintain it in magnificence. She hath been told by her Physicians, that she is inclin'd to melancholly: and this opinion of theirs prov'd to be the best remedy for it, by the mirth which she express'd at it. This I say, to shew her to be of a chearful nature, in her own opinion, who best can judge of it; as she the most comely of all creatures can express it. She hath, as all noble hearts have, ambition; which, I conceive, she rather conserves, as a humor necessary to the mind, (as those of the body also are) than for any particular end, or wish; she being so free from the want of any thing, as that it must be a study, (and in that, a pain) for her to inquire what to desire.

All that remains to be added concerning this celebrated Lady is, that she had no children by the Earl of *Carlisle*, whom she surviv'd, without engaging in a second marriage, to the year 1660; and was then interr'd near her unfortunate father at *Petworth* in *Sussex*.

* *Orpheus alone could with the woods comply.*] To those who will not be satisfy'd without an appearance of truth in the story of *Orpheus*, I must recommend Mr. *Kennet's* Lives of the *Grecian* Poets; for, on this occasion he is only to be regarded as the father of fables,

Et quarum pars magna fuit.

And if we allow him to have been the son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, it will not seem strange that his music made the groves and rocks dance, stop'd the currents of rapid rivers, tam'd wild beasts, and charm'd the Pow'rs of death to restore his beloved *Eurydice*. Nay, many ages after he had been torn to pieces by the raving priestesses of *Bacchus*, his reliques are said to have propagated harmony; for, *Pausanias* (who wrote in the reign of *Antoninus Pius*) informs us of a prevailing tradition, that the nightingales which were bred near his sepulchre had much sweeter, and stronger

Notes,

Notes, than those of the same species in any other climate. I have already (page xx) mention'd *Horace's* moral for all these fictions, which are related at large by *Ovid* in the tenth and eleventh books of the *Metamorphoses*, to which I refer the reader: for, in this place it will be sufficient, and indeed necessary, to transcribe *Virgil's* account of him from Mr. *Dryden's* translation of the fourth *Georgic*, since it comprehends all, or most, of the particular incidents to which Mr. *Waller* has alluded.

The † *Seer*, who could not yet his wrath assuage,
Rowl'd his green eyes, that sparkled with his rage;
And gnash'd his teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar God
Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great misdeeds have met a due reward,
And *Orpheus's* dying pray'rs at length are heard.
For crimes, not his, the lover lost his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife:
Nor (if the Fates assist not) canst thou scape
The just revenge of that intended rape.
To shun thy lawless lust, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's side:
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly snake,
That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow Nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of *Mars* remurmur'd all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian shoars rebound.
Th' unhappy husband, husband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loss deplore,
And sought his mournful mind with music to restore.
On thee, dear wife, in desarts all alone,
He call'd, sigh'd, sung: his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.
Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, thro' forests void of light:

And

† Proteus.

And dar'd amidst the trembling ghosts to sing,
 And stood before th' inexorable King.
 Th' infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
 And, list'ning, crowd the sweet musician's side.
 Not flocks of birds when driv'n by storms, or night,
 Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight.
 Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarried maid,
 The mighty heroes more majestic shade;
 And youths on fun'ral piles before their parents laid. }
 All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reeds,
 With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
 And baleful Styx encompasses around,
 With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy ground.
 Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance,
 Th' infernal mansions nodding seem to dance:
 The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl,
 The furies harken, and their snakes uncurl:
 Ixion seems no more his pain to feel,
 But leans attentive on his standing wheel.
 All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
 In safety goes, with her melodious guide;
 Longing the common light again to share,
 And draw the vital breath of upper air:
 He first, and close behind him follow'd she,
 For such was Proserpine's severe decree.
 When strong desires th' impatient youth invade;
 By little caution and much love betray'd:
 A fault which easie pardon might receive,
 Were lovers judges, or cou'd hell forgive.
 For, near the confines of ethereal light,
 And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
 Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
 Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
 Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke;
 And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
 Three flashes of blue light'ning gave the sign
 Of covenants broke, three peals of thunder join.

Then

Then thus the bride; what fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to lose thy self and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
An iron slumber shuts my swimming eyes.
And now farewell! involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands, to join
In sweet embraces: — ah! no longer thine!
She said, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd, like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air;
And left her hopeless lover in despair.
In vain, with folding arms, the youth assay'd
To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:
He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise:
But she return'd no more, to bless his longing eyes.
Nor wou'd th' infernal ferry-man once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.
What shou'd he do, who twice had lost his Love?
What notes invent, what new petitions move?
Her soul already was consign'd to fate,
And shiv'ring in the leaky sculler sate.
For sev'n continu'd months, if fame say true,
The wretched swain his sorrows did renew;
By Strymon's freezing streams he sat alone,
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs,
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning tongues.
So, close in poplar-shades, her children gone,
The mother-nightingale laments alone:
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But, she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.
Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averse from Venus, and from nuptial joys.

Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
 Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known:
 He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd,
 And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.
 The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
 Of love disdain'd, and marriage-rites refus'd;
 With Furies, and nocturnal Orgies fir'd,
 At length against his sacred life conspir'd.
 Whom ev'n the savage beasts had spar'd, they kill'd,
 And strew'd his mangled limbs about the field.
 Then, when his head, from his fair shoulders torn,
 Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus born;
 Ev'n then his trembling tongue invoc'd his bride;
 With his last voice, Eurydice! he cry'd.
 Eurydice! the rocks, and river-banks reply'd.

* *A rural judge dispos'd of beauty's prize.*] At the nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, a golden apple was produc'd by *Discord*, with an inscription assigning it to the brightest of all the celestial Beauties, who compos'd that assembly. None of the Circle, except *Juno*, *Venus*, and *Minerva*, pretended a claim: but, those three Goddesses asserted their right with so much warmth, that *Jupiter* declin'd the arbitration; and sent them to plead before *Paris*, the son of *Priam*, who then liv'd a retir'd life on mount *Ida*; where he was become famous for deciding causes among the shepherds, with equal expedition and justice. *Lucian* has a pleasant Dialogue on this subject: and *Ovid* makes *Paris* give the following account of the Process in his Epistle to *Helen*.

*A p'ace there is in Ida's thickest grove,
 With oaks, and fir-trees shaded all above:
 The grass here grows untouch'd by bleating flocks,
 Or mountain goat, or the laborious ox.*

From

From hence Troy's tow'rs, magnificence, and pride,
 Leaning against an aged oak, I spy'd:
 When straight, methought, I hear'd the trembling ground
 With the strange noise of trampling feet resound.
 In the same instant † Jove's great messenger,
 On all his wings born thro' the yielding air,
 Lighting before my wond'ring eyes did stand;
 His golden rod shone in his sacred hand.
 With him three charming Goddesses there came,
 Juno, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
 With an unusual fear I stood amaz'd,
 'Till thus the God my sinking courage rais'd:
 Fear not! thou art Jove's substitute below,
 The prize of heav'nly beauty to bestow:
 Contending Goddesses appeal to You;
 Decide their strife.—— He spoke, and up he flew.
 Then bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
 And every one with curious eyes survey:
 Each of them merited the victory!
 And I, their doubtful judge, was griev'd to see
 That one must have it, when deserv'd by three.
 But yet that one there was which most prevail'd,
 And with more pow'rful charms my heart assail'd.
 Ah! would you know who thus my breast could move?
 Who could it be but the fair Queen of love?
 With mighty bribes they all for conquest strive;
 Juno will empire, Pallas valour, give:
 Whilst I stand doubting which I should prefer,
 Empire's soft ease, or glorious toils of war.
 But Venus gently smil'd, and thus she spake——
 They're dang'rous gifts: O, do not, do not take!
 I'll make thee love's immortal pleasures know,
 And joys that in full tides for ever flow:
 For, if you judge the conquest to be mine,
 Fair Leda's fairer daughter shall be thine,——

Q 2

She

† Mercury.

*She spake ; and I gave her the conquest ; due
Both to her beauty, and her gift of you.*

Mr. Duke.

‡ *Loud as his Amaryllis to resound*] Alluding to this
verse in *Virgil's* first Eclogue,

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.

Perspicuity being Mr. *Waller's* distinguishing character, one might be apt to imagine that a preceding Stanza in which *Virgil* was mention'd is lost, to which *his Amaryllis* related : but, some of the best writers in the last age used *He*, or *His*, by way of eminence, without naming the person : as I remember my Lord *Bacon* has done in his *Advancement of Learning*, "For they are (as *He* said) *se-
cures* or *mucrones verborum*" without mentioning the name of *Cicero* whom he cited.

* *The Countess of Carlisle in mourning.*

To form a just idea of the person whose death occasion'd the writing of these verses, it will be necessary to peruse his Character, as it is drawn by the Earl of *Clarendon*; whom on all occasions I shall employ to set Mr. *Waller's* Poems in a clearer light : and I presume, if *Thucydides* and *Livy* could have been made as serviceable in illustrating the *Greek* and *Roman* Classics, the world wou'd never have accus'd their Editors of being too sparing of their own speculations.

He was a younger brother of a noble family in *Scotland*, and came into the Kingdom with King *James*, as a Gentleman, under no other character than a person well qualify'd by his breeding in *France*, and by study in human learning ; in which he bore a good part in the entertain-
ment

ment of the King, who much delighted in that exercise: and by these means, and notable gracefulness in his behaviour, and affability, in which he excell'd, he had wrought himself into a particular interest with his Master, and into greater affection and esteem with the whole *English* nation, than any other of that country, by choosing their friendships and conversation, and really preferring it to any of his own: insomuch as upon the King's making him Gentleman of his bed-chamber, and Viscount *Doncaster*, by his royal mediation (in which office he was a most prevalent Prince.) he obtain'd the sole daughter and heir of the Lord *Denny* to be given him in marriage; by which he had a fair fortune in land provided for any issue he should raise, and which his son by this Lady liv'd long to enjoy. He ascended afterwards, and with the expedition he desir'd, to the other conveniencies of the Court. He was Groom of the Stole, and an Earl, and Knight of the Garter: and marry'd a beautiful young Lady, daughter to the Earl of *Northumberland*, without any other approbation of her Father, or concernment in it, than suffering him and her to come into his presence after they were marry'd. He liv'd rather in a fair intelligence than any friendship with the Favourites; having credit enough with his Master to provide for his own interest; and he troubled not himself for that of other men: and had no other consideration of money, than for the support of his lustre: and whilst he could do that, he car'd not for money; having no bowels in the point of running in debt, or borrowing all he could. He was surely a man of the greatest expense in his own person, of any in the age he liv'd; and introduced more of that expense in the excess of cloaths, and diet, than any other man: and was indeed the original of all those inventions, from which others did but transcribe copies. He had a great universal Understanding, and could have taken as much delight in any other way, if he had thought any other as pleasant, and worth his care: but, he found business was attended with more

rivals and vexations; and he thought, with much less pleasure, and not more innocence. He left behind him the reputation of a very fine Gentleman, and a most accomplish'd Courtier: and after having spent in a very jovial life above four hundred thousand pounds, which, upon a strict computation, he receiv'd from the Crown, he left not a house, nor acre of land to be remember'd by. And when he had in his prospect (for he was very sharp-sighted, and saw as far before him as most men.) the gathering together of that cloud in *Scotland*, which shortly after cover'd both kingdoms, he dy'd with as much tranquillity of mind, to all appearance, as used to attend a man of more severe exercise of virtue; and with as little apprehension of death, which he expected many days.

* *We find not that the laughter-loving dame*

Mourn'd for Anchises, &c.] This amour is related at large in an antient Greek Hymn to *Venus*, allow'd by *Thucydides* to have been written by *Homer*; of which we have a beautiful translation among Mr. *Congreve's* Miscellaneous Poems.

+ *Who by the pow'r of his enchanting tongue &c.*] He was employ'd by King *James I.* to mediate a peace between the States of *Bohemia* and the Emperor: and likewise to *Lewis XIII.* to intercede for the *French* Protestants: but, he was not so successful in either of these negotiations, as he is here represented.

± *Such as made Sheba's &c.*] i Kings x.

|| *Had Homer sat among his wond'ring guests &c.*] The primitive simplicity of those earlier ages supply'd *Homer* with only two short bills of fare, Nectar and Ambrosia for the Gods, and broil'd flesh and wine for his Heroes; to which I suppose this noble Peer would not have restrain'd his appetite to have been the *Achilles* of his Poem. His expensive luxury has already been mention'd in the Earl of *Clarendon's* character; to which I will add what is recorded

* Page 22.

+ Ibid.

± Page 23.

|| Ibid.

corded by *Osborn*, who was likewise his contemporary. The Earl of *Carlisle*, says he, was one of the *Quorum* that brought-in the vanity of Ante-suppers; not heard-of in our fore-fathers' time; and for ought I have read, or at least remember, unpractis'd by the most luxurious tyrants: the manner of which was, to have the board cover'd at the first entrance of the guests with dishes as high as a tall man could well reach, fill'd with the choicest and dearest viands sea or land could afford: and all this once seen, and having feasted the eyes of the invited, was in a manner thrown away, and fresh set-on to the same height, having only this advantage of the other, that it was hot. I cannot forget one of the attendents of the King, that, at a feast made by this monster in excess, eat to his single share a whole pye, reckon'd to my Lord at ten, "another writer says twenty," pounds * * * What follows is too coarse to be transcrib'd, till he comes to tell us. * * * When the most able Physicians, and the Earl's own weakness, had pass'd judgment: he could not live many days, he did not forbear his entertainments: but, made divers brave cloaths (as He said) to out-face naked and despicable *Death* withal: blaspheming God so far in the person of his handmaid Nature, as to say, she wanted wisdom, love, or power, in making man mortal, and subject to diseases: forgetting that if every individual his own lust had been able to have produc'd, should have prosecuted an equal excess with His, they would in a far less time than an age brought themselves, or the world, into the same disease he dy'd of, which was a consumption.

* *His absent Master's love into the heart*

Of *Henrietta* &c.] He was join'd in commission with the Earl of *Holland* to represent King *Charles*, at the marriage-ceremonies with the Princess *Henrietta* at *Paris*; where, as Mr. *Echard* informs us, on a magnificent theatre, erected for that purpose before the front of the Cathedral at *Nôtre-dame*, the Duke of *Chevereux*, adorn'd with gold

Q 4

and

and diamonds, stood between those two *English* Earls, who were clad in beaten silver, under a rich canopy plac'd upon the scaffold; into whose hands the King of *France*, and *Monsieur* his brother, consign'd the Queen of *Great Britain* their sister: and the marriage was solemniz'd according to the ordinary ceremonies of that Church.

† *And, like Camilla &c.]* See *Virgil's* seventh *Æneid*.

*Illa vel intacta segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu lasisset aristas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis,
Fervet iter, celeres nec tingeret aquore plantas.*

Out-strip'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and as she skim'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.

Mr. Dryden.

‡ *When the bold Charmer of Thessalia &c.]* This alludes to a superstitious conceit among the antients, that the moon when she was in an eclipse was distorted from her sphere by magic; to which art *Thessaly* was noted for having many pretenders.

* * * *Novi quo Thessala cantu
Eripias lunare jubar* * * *

Claudian in Rufin. lib. 1.

See the Episode of *Sextus* and *Eriatbo* in the sixth book of *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

† Page 23.

‡ Ibid.



|| In answer to one who writ a Libel against the Countess
of Carlisle.

The title of this Poem is supply'd from the Table to the first edition : the beginning of it refers to a passage in the fifth Iliad, where Homer introduceth Pallas inspiring Diomedes to wound Venus, when she was rescuing her son Æneas from imminent danger in a combat,

Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
And at the Goddess his broad lance extends:
Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the Graces wove!
Her snowy hand the rasing steel prophan'd,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded God;
Pure emanation, uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood;
For, not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.
With tender shrieks the Goddess fill'd the place,
And drop'd her off-spring from her weak embrace.

Mr. Pope.

* *Haft thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield &c.*] See Spenser's Fairy Queen Book I. Cant. 7.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was;
Ne might of mortal eyes be ever seen:
Not made of steel, nor of induring brass:
Such earthly metals soon consumed been:
But all of diamond, perfect, pure, and clean,
It framed was, one entire massy mould,
Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen:
That, point of spear it never piercen could,
Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would.

Q 5

The

|| Page 23.

* Page 24.

*The same to wight he never wont disclose,
 But when-as monsters huge he would dismay;
 Or daunt unequal armies of his foes;
 Or when the flying heav'ns he would affray:
 For, so exceeding shone its glist'ring ray,
 That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay:
 And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faint,
 As when her face is stain'd with magic arts' constraint.*

*No magic arts hereof had any right,
 Nor bloody words of bold enchanter's call:
 But, all that was not such as seem'd in sight,
 Before that shield did fade, and suddain fall:
 And when him list the rascal routs appall,
 Men into stones there-with he would transmew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all:
 And, when him list the prouder looks subdue,
 He would them gazing, blind; or turn to other hue.*

This quotation from the *Fairy Queen* recalls to mind the promise I made to say something of its Author: by which all that I intended was, that I would endeavour to rectify some errors which have descended to us in all the accounts we have receiv'd of that admirable Poet.

The Reverend Mr. Baker of St. John's College in Cambridge, whose universal learning is the least of his many excellent qualities, informs me from the University Register, that Edmund Spenser a Sizer (*Quadrantarius*) of Pembroke-Hall was matriculated on the 20th of May 1569: took the Degree of Batchelor of Arts 1572-3: and proceeded Master of Arts 1576: so that if we allow him to have been in the sixteenth year of his age at the time of his admission into College, we may conclude he was born about the year 1553; was introduc'd to the patronage of Sir Philip Sidney by the Dedication of his *Shepherd's Kalendar* *Augo Ætat.* 25; about two years before he was made Secretary

to the Lord Grey, on his being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. That he had at that time begun to write his *Fairy Queen* I believe will admit of no dispute: but, instead of deploring the fate of those six books which are suppos'd to have perish'd, I am entirely of Mr. Dryden's opinion, that upon Sir Philip's death he was depriv'd both of means and spirit to accomplish his design: the story of their being lost in his voyage from Ireland seems to be a fiction copy'd from the fate of Terence's Comedies, which itself has the air of a fiction: at best it was but a hearsay that pass'd the Biographers without due examination. But, as error can secure itself best beneath an affected congruity, they were in the right to proportion his labors to his life; and to supply him with six books more than he wrote, after they had given him above forty years more than nature assign'd him. His Epitaph hath been the principal cause of this error, to which the more deference has been pay'd upon a supposition that his Monument was erected in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the unfortunate Earl of Essex: for which opinion I never met with any surer foundation than four English verses under the Print which is prefix'd to one of the Folio Editions of his Works. I know that Camden says in his history of Queen Elizabeth, *Impensis Comitiss Essexia inhumatus*: by which he could only mean that he was interr'd at that Earl's expense; tho' *inhumatus* in the purest writers of antiquity always bears a quite opposite signification. But, I have lately discover'd that this Monument was set up above thirty years after Spenser's death, by Stone, who was master-mason to King Charles I: his diary is now in the possession of Mr. Virtue, from whence the following article is literally transcrib'd.

I allso mad a monement for Mer. Spenser the Poett; and set it up at Westmester, for which the Contes of Dorset payed me 40 l.

This Lady, who was daughter of George Earl of Cumberland, about the same time bestow'd a Monument on
Daniel,

Daniel, the Poet and Historian, at *Beckington* near *Philips-Norton* in *Somersetshire*; upon which there is an Epitaph which begins like *Spenser's*, "Here lies expecting the second coming of our Lord and Saviour," &c. From whence I am inclin'd to believe that the Lady recommended the care of procuring both inscriptions to *Stone*: and if he undertook to compose them himself, as from the style and spelling we may reasonably conclude he did, what exactness in the dates could be possibly expected? For, tho' he was perhaps the greatest master of his profession in that age, of which there needs no other evidence than the *Banqueting-House* at *Whitehall*, which he built under the direction of *Inigo Jones*; yet, he hath not left the least traces of literature to prove him competently qualify'd to write an Epitaph for a Poet. Upon the whole, I think from the calculation I have made, we may justly infer, that *Spenser* was at most but forty five years old when he dy'd, *Anno Dom. 1598.* at which age *Cambden* (if he was the editor of the first collection of *Westminster*-inscriptions.) might say with propriety that he dy'd immaturely. And questionless that article in which this expression is used, *Obiit immaturâ morte*, was intended only to guide the curious to that part of the Abbey in which the remains of so famous a person were deposited; tho' it has since been mistaken by many for a monumental inscription; for, at that time he had no Monument erected: of which the Latin verses subjoin'd to the prose-article are an accessory proof; having been probably selected from those that were written by the Poets who attended his funeral, as being the most pertinent to inform posterity that he was bury'd near *Chaucer*: which, I think, is all the merit they can justly pretend to; being servile imitations of Cardinal *Bembo's* Epitaphs on *Sannazarius*, and the immortal Painter of *Urbino*.

Another traditional error in *Spenser's* Life has been generally receiv'd, that he oppos'd *Andrews*, afterwards Bishop of *Winchester*, for a Fellowship in *Pembroke-Hall*, and was foil'd

foil'd in the contest. But, Mr. Baker with reason believes that *Spenser* at that time had left the University: at least it is certain that not he, but *Dove*; was *Andrews's* rival; to whom, tho' he fail'd in the competition, the Society allow'd a stipend, *tanquam Socius*, to retain him among them: for he was a person of great merit, the most celebrated Pulpit-Orator of that age, and before he dy'd attain'd to the mitre.

‡ *The Thracian could &c.*] See an account of *Orpheus* at the xxxviii. page.

|| *So have I seen the lost clouds pour &c.*] Sir *John Suckling* employs the same thought in his *Brennorals*.

*Tempests of wind thus (as my storms of grief
Carry my tears, which should relieve my heart,)
Have hurry'd to the thankless ocean clouds,
And show'rs, that needed not the courtesy;
When the poor plains have languish'd for the want,
And almost burnt asunder. * * **

+ To look upon this *Parthian* fight &c.] *Parthi pugnant
procurrentibus equis, aut terga dantibus: saepe etiam fugam
simulant, ut incautiores adversum vulnera insequentes habe-
ant.* Justin. lib. 41.

* To my Lord of Northumberland on the death of his Lady.

I cannot with any certainty inform my self in what year the Lady dy'd who occasion'd the writing this Poem; and will defer my conjecture 'till I come to fix the date of that which immediately succeeds. She was the Lady *Anne Cecil*, daughter of that Earl of *Salisbury*, to whom chiefly the old Earl of *Northumberland* imputed the loss of his liberty: and when he was told in the Tower what choice his son the Lord *Percy* had made, he express'd his

‡ Page 25. || Page 26. + Ibid. * Ibid,

his abhorrence of the marriage with this passionate exclamation, " My blood will not mingle with Cecil's in a bastard son." I can add nothing, and nothing needs to be added, to that amiable character which Mr. *Waller* has left of this Lady: and therefore I will procede to transcribe the Earl of *Clarendon's* account of her Lord, which is far from being equally advantageous to his memory.

Of those who were of the King's Council, and who stay'd and acted with the Parliament, the Earl of *Northumberland* may well be reckon'd the chief, in respect of the antiquity and splendor of his family, his great fortune, and estate, and the general reputation he had among the greatest men; and his great interest, by being High Admiral of *England*. Tho' he was of a family that had lain under frequent blemishes of want of fidelity to the Crown, and his father had been long a prisoner in the Tower, under some suspicion of having some knowledge of the Gunpowder Treason; and after he was set at liberty by the mediation and credit of the Earl of *Carlisle* (who had, without and against his consent, marry'd his daughter.) he continu'd to his death under such a restraint, that he had not liberty to live and reside upon his northern estate. Yet, this Lord's father was no sooner dead than the King pour'd out his favors upon him in a wonderful measure. He begun with conferring the Order of the Garter upon him: and shortly after made him of his Privy Council. When a great Fleet of ships was prepar'd, by which the King meant that his neighbour Princes should discern that he intended to maintain and preserve his sovereignty at sea, he sent the Earl of *Northumberland* Admiral of that Fleet (a much greater than the Crown had put to sea since the death of Queen *Elizabeth*.) that he might breed him for that service, before he gave him a more absolute command. And after he had in that capacity exercis'd himself a year or two, the King made him Lord High Admiral of *England*: which was such a quick succession of bounties and favors, as had rarely befallen any man, who had not

not been attended with the envy of a Favorite. He was in all his deportment a very great man; and that which look'd like formality was a punctuality in preserving his dignity from the invasion and intrusion of bold men; which no man of that age so well preserv'd himself from. Tho' his notions were not large or deep, yet his temper, and reservedness in discourse, got him the reputation of an able and a wise man: which he made evident in the excellent government of his family, where no man was more absolutely obey'd: and no man had ever fewer idle words to answer for: and in debates of importance he always express'd himself very pertinently. If he had thought the King as much above him, as he thought himself above other considerable men, he would have been a good subject: but, the extreme undervaluing those, and not enough valuing the King, made him liable to the impressions which they who approach'd him by those addresses of reverence, and esteem, that usually insinuate into such natures, made in him. So that after he was first prevail'd upon, not to do that which in honor and gratitude he was oblig'd to (which is a very pestilent corruption!) he was, with the more facility, led to concur in what, in duty and fidelity, he ought not to have done, and what at first he never intended to have done: and so he concurr'd in all the counsels which produc'd the rebellion, and stay'd with them to support it. * * *. He dy'd in the year 1668. *An. Aetat. 66.* and was bury'd near his sister the Countess of Carlisle at *Petworth*; having been the tenth Earl of his family, and the sixth who had been honor'd with the Garter.

‡ *Virtue would blush if Time should boast &c.*] This argument is used by *Sulpicius* in his inimitable Epistle to *Cicero* on the death of his daughter *Tullia*: *Nullus dolor est quem non longinquitas temporis minuat ac molliat; hoc Te expectare tempus tibi tu pe est, ac non ei rei sapientiâ tuâ Te occurrere*: and it is likewise employ'd by *Cicero* himself on another

another occasion: *Nam quod allatura est ipsa diuturnitas, qua maximos luctus vetustate tollit, id nos precipere consilio prudentiâque debemus.* Epist. 16. lib. 5.

* *The brave Æmilius &c.*] He conquer'd *Perseus*, and put a final period to the *Macedonian* empire; by which such immense wealth was brought into the *Public Treasury*, and that so well manag'd, that the Government had no occasion to impose any Taxes upon the *Roman* people before the war broke out between *Anthony* and *Cæsar*. Of two sons whom he passionately lov'd, one dy'd five days before his father's triumph; the other, three days after it: which loss he supported with the same invincible greatness of soul, with which he subdu'd the enemies of the State, and despis'd the plunder. In his speech on this occasion *Mr. Waller* forsakes *Plutarch*, to follow *Valerius Maximus*: *Precatus sum, ut si adversi quid Populo Romano immineret, totum in meam domum converteretur.*

|| *To my Lord Admiral of his late sickness and recovery.*

The time and occasion of writing this Poem appear to have been, when the Earl of *Northumberland* was appointed General of the *English* Army against the *Scots*, and excus'd himself from action, by pretending want of health; tho' his conduct soon afterwards evidenc'd it was want of inclination to exert that vigor which the King's affairs requir'd; and which, of all men living, he was the most bound by gratitude to have exerted. And therefore we may suppose that *Mr. Waller* made him the complement of these verses (a very seasonable one to cover his disaffection.) in the latter end of the year 1640, *Anno Ætat. 35*. And the death of the Earl's Lady being mention'd as if it were still green in his memory, the preceding Poem was probably written the year before, or perhaps a little earlier.

The

* Page 27.

|| Page 28.

‡ *The Ladies too, the brightest of that time &c.:*] The story of Orpheus hath been already related, pag. xxxviii: but, in this place it will not be improper to quote a few verses from the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, to which Mr. Waller seems to refer.

* * * *omnemque refugerat Orpheus
Fœmineam Venerem; seu quod malè cesserat illi,
Sive fidem dederat: multas tamen ardor habebat
Fungere se vati; multa doluere repulsa.*

* Orpheus fled the face of womankind,
And all soft union with the sex declin'd:
Whether his ill success this change had bred;
Or, binding vows made to his former bed:
Whate'er the cause, in vain the Nymphs contest,
With rival love to warm his frozen breast:
For, every Nymph with love his lays inspir'd;
But, every Nymph repuls'd, with grief retir'd.

Mr. Congreve.

† * * * *O'er young Adonis so
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the pretious show'r
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flow'r.]* See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book X.

* * * *Luctus monumenta manebunt
Semper, Adoni! mei, repetitaque morris imago
Annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri:
At cruor in florem mutabitur. An tibi quondam
Fœmineos artus in olentes vertere menthas,
Persephone, licuit? Nobis Cynereius heros
Invidia mutatus erit? Sic fata, cruorem
Nectare odorato spargit; qui tactus ab illo
Intumuit: sic, ut pluvio perlucida cœlo
Surgere bulla solet: nec plenâ longior horâ
Facta mora est, cum flos è sanguine concolor ortus:
Qualem, qua lento celant sub cortice granum,
Punica ferre solent: brevis est tamen usus in illo;*

Nam-

*Namque malè harentem, & nimia levitate caducum
Excutiunt idem qui præstant nomina venti.*

For thee, lost youth ! my tears, and restless pain,
Shall in immortal monuments remain :
With solemn pomp in annual rites return'd.
Be thou for ever, my *Adonis*, mourn'd !
Could *Pluto's* Queen with jealous fury storm,
And *Menthè* to a fragrant herb transform ?
Yet dares not *Venus* with a change surprize,
And in a flow'r bid her fall'n heroe rise ?
Then, on the blood sweet Nectar she bestows ;
The scented blood in little bubbles rose :
Little as rainy drops which flutt'ring fly,
Born by the winds along a low'ring sky.
Short time ensu'd, 'till where the blood was shed ;
A flow'r began to rear his purple head :
Such as in *Punia* apples is reveal'd,
Or in the filmy rind but half conceal'd :
Still here the fate of lovely forms we see ;
So sudden fades the sweet *Anemonè* !
The feeble stems to stormy blasts a prey ;
Their sickly beauties droop, and pine away :
The winds forbid the flow'rs to flourish long ;
Which owe to winds their name in *Grecian* song.

Mr. *Eusden* :

The passion of *Venus* for *Adonis*, is likewise describ'd with great delicacy by *Bion*, and our admirable *Shakespeare*, in language only inferior to the finest writers of antiquity. The mysterious sense of the fable is thus unveil'd by Mr. *Sandys*, in a note on this quotation from *Ovid*. The feasts of *Adonis* were yearly celebrated by the *Phœnicians*, (of which country they report him to be) beating their breasts, and tearing their garments, with universal sorrow : offering sacrifice to his *Manes* ; yet affirming the day following that he liv'd, and was ascended into heaven. The women that would not cut their hair, were injoin'd to pro-

strate

strate themselves to strangers, and to offer the hire of their bodies to *Venus*. This lamentation for the death of *Adonis* is mention'd by the Prophet *Ezekiel*; for so *Thamuz* is interpreted in the vulgar translation: altho' *Tremelius* take it for *Osiris*: however, both are the same in the allegory. *Solomon* is said in the first of the *Chronicles* to have follow'd *Astarten*; which some interpret to be this *Venus*, the Goddess of the *Sidonians*. She had her statue in mount *Libanus*, in a mournful posture; her head cover'd with a veil; leaning her cheek on her left hand, and sustaining her mantle with the other, into which her tears appear'd to descend. Now, *Adonis* was no other than the Sun, ador'd under that name by the *Phœnicians*; as *Venus*, by the name of *Astarten*: for, the Naturalists call the upper hemisphere of the earth which we inhabit, *Venus*; as the lower, *Proserpina*. Therefore they made the Goddess to weep, when the Sun retir'd from her to the six Winter-Signs of the Zodiac; short'ning the days, and depriving the earth of her delight and beauty: which again he restores by his approach into *Aries*. *Adonis* is said to be slain by a boar, because that beast is the image of the winter; savage, horrid, delighting in mire, and feeding on acorns, a fruit which is proper to that season. So, the winter wounds (as it were,) the Sun to death, by diminishing his heat, and lustre: whose loss is lamented by *Venus*, or, the widow'd earth, then cover'd with a veil of clouds: springs gushing from thence, (the tears of her eyes,) in greater abundance; the fields presenting a sad aspect, as being depriv'd of their ornament. But, when the Sun returns to the *Æquator*, *Venus* recovers her alacrity: the trees are invested with leaves, and the earth with her flow'ry mantle: wherefore the antients did dedicate the month of *April* to *Venus*. And not only the *Phœnicians*, but the house of *Judah* worship'd the Sun under the name of *Tamuz*, the same with *Adonis*: for, *Adon* in *Hebrew* signifies Lord; and he is the Lord, and Prince of the Planets; they calling his en-

entrance into the Sign of Cancer, the revolution of Tammuz.

This note of Mr. Sandys seems to have been made use of by Milton, in writing his catalogue of false Gods, in the first book of *Paradise Lost*.

* * * *With these in troop*

*Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call
Astarte, Queen of heav'n, with crescent horns:
To whose bright image, nightly by the moon,
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs.*

*In Sion also not un-sung, where stood
Her temple on th' offensive mountain; built
By that uxorious King, whose heart, tho' large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell*

*To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound, in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate*

*In amorous ditties, all a summer's day:
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea; suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded. The love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch*

** Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. * * **

† *The next support, fair hope of your great name, &c.]*
The Earl of Northumberland had five daughters by his first Lady, but no son; and therefore these verses must relate to his Lordship's younger brother, Henry; whom King Charles I. created Baron Percy of Alnwick.

* Chap. 8. verse 14.

† Page 29.



‡ S O N G.

Stay, Phœbus, stay!

The famous *Philip de Mornay* was a favorite and privy counsellor to *Henry IV. of France*, 'till that Monarch revolted to the *Romish* communion; from whom I suppose the Lady, to whom this Song is address'd, was descended: and she probably was one of Queen *Henrietta's* attendants, who upon the misbehaviour of *Madam St. George*, and the Bishop of *Mende*, were oblig'd to quit both the *English* Court and Kingdom, in the year 1627: but, this I offer purely as a conjecture of my own, and refer it to the reader's discretion to receive or reject it. The latter Stanza of these verses (which are certainly of Mr. Waller's earliest production) alludes to the *Copernican* system, in which the earth is suppos'd to be a planet, and to move on its own axis round the sun, the centre of the universe. Dr. *Donne* and Mr. *Cowley* industriously affected to entertain the fair sex with such philosophical allusions; which in his riper age Mr. Waller as industriously avoided.

† On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's picture.

Robert Sidney, the second of that name who succeeded to the Earldom of *Leicester*, marry'd the Lady *Dorothy Percy*, sister to the celebrated Countess of *Carlisle*, by whom he had a numerous issue. Of eight daughters, the Lady *Dorothy*, whom Mr. Waller has made immortal in his Poems, was the first-born; but, when or where she was born, I have not been able to discover; no mention being made of her name in the register at *Penshurst*. So that, like the *Grecian Venus*, (whom the Muses, I think,

never

never pretended to have seen in her cradle.) she appears at once in the full bloom and lustre of beauty, to receive the hymns of her adorers.

Non licuit populis parvam Te, Diva, videre.

In the year 1639 she was marry'd to Henry Lord Spenser, created Earl of *Sunderland* by King Charles I. in whose cause, a little more than four years after his marriage, he was slain at the battle of *Newbury*; before he had completed the twenty third year of his age. "A Lord of great fortune, and early judgment! who having no command in the army, attended upon the King's person under the obligation of honor: and putting himself that day (September 20th 1643.) in the King's troop a volunteer, before they came to charge was taken away by a cannon bullet." By this Lady he left three children, only one of which was a son, from whom the present Earl of *Sunderland* is lineally descended: and having surviv'd her Lord about forty years, she was buried in the same vault with him at *Brinton* in *Northamptonshire*, on the 25th of February 1683.

|| *Such was Philoclea, and such Dorus' flame!*] This verse is restor'd to its native purity from the edition that was printed in the year 1645. The whole Poem will appear obscure to those who are not acquainted with Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*: a book, in which the true spirit or vein of antient poetry, under the name of Romance, is allow'd to shine most, by a * late writer, whose palate was too delicate to relish many things, even in the learned languages, that were written after the decline of the Roman empire. *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* are the heroes of the story; both of royal descent, nearly related in blood, and patterns of perfect friendship. Being ship-wreck'd on the coast of *Laconia*, two shepherds conducted them to *Kallander*, whose character seems to be copy'd from that of *Axylus* in *Homer*.

* * * A

* * * *A friend to human race:*

Fast by the road, his ever-open door

Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.

Mr. Pope.

In his summer-house, among a great variety of exquisite pictures, the portrait of *Philoclea* gives him an opportunity of entertaining his guests with a parallel of her beauty, and her elder sister *Pamela's*. For my part, says he, when I mark'd them both, methought there was more sweetness in *Philoclea*, but more majesty in *Pamela*: methought *Love* play'd in *Philoclea's*, and threaten'd in *Pamela's*: methought *Philoclea's* beauty only persuaded; but, so persuaded! as all hearts must yield: *Pamela's* beauty used violence; and, such violence! as no heart could resist. In the process of the Romance, *Pyrocles* marry'd *Philoclea*; and *Musidorus* was passionately inamor'd of *Pamela*, whom Mr. Waller calls, *Dorus's* flame; (figuratively, as *Virgil* says, *Meus ignis Amyntas*; and *Horace*, *Digne puer meliore flammâ*.) he disguis'd himself like a shepherd, assum'd the name of *Dorus*, and being by that stratagem admitted into the service of *Dametis*, the rigid guardian of *Pamela*, he was likewise successful in the pursuit of his mistress. The noble Author of the *Arcadia* was great Uncle to the Lady to whom this Poem is address'd, and was slain at *Zutphen* in *Gelderland* in the year 1586. "This is that *Sidney*, whom as Providence
" seems to have sent into the world, to give the present
" age a specimen of the antients; so, did it on a sudden
" recall him, and snatch him from us, as more worthy
" of heaven than of earth. Thus, when virtue is come
" to perfection it presently leaves us; and the best things
" are seldom lasting. Rest then in peace, O *Sidney*! (if I
" may be allow'd this address.) We will not celebrate thy
" memory with tears, but with admiration. Whatever
" we lov'd in thee, (as the *best Author speaks of the best
" Governor of *Britain*.) whatever we admir'd in thee, con-
" tinues,

* *Tacitus* of *Agricola*.

“ tinues, and will continue in the memories of men; the
 “ revolutions of ages, and the annals of time. Many, as
 “ inglorious and ignoble, are bury'd in oblivion; but, *Sid-*
 “ *ney* shall live to all posterity.”

Cambden's Britannia.

† To Van Dyck.

Sir *Anthony Van Dyck* was born at *Antwerp* in the year 1599; and gave such early proofs of his most excellent endowments, that *Rubens* his master fearing he would become as universal as himself, to divert him from histories used to commend his talent in painting after the life; and took such care to keep him continually employ'd in business of that nature, that he resolv'd at last to make it his principal study. For his improvement he went to *Venice*, where he attain'd the beautiful coloring of *Titian*, *Paulo Veronese*, &c. and after a few years spent in *Rome*, *Genoa*, and *Sicily*, return'd home to *Flanders*, with a manner of painting so noble, natural, and easy, that *Titian* himself was hardly his superior; and no other master in the world equal to him, for portraits. He came over into *England* soon after *Rubens* had left it, and was entertain'd in the service of King *Charles* the First; who conceiv'd a marvellous esteem for his works; honor'd him with Knighthood; presented him with his own picture set round with diamonds; assign'd him a considerable pension; sat very often to him for his portrait; and was follow'd by most of the nobility, and principal gentry of the Kingdom. But, towards the latter end of his life, he grew weary of the continu'd trouble that attended face-painting; and being ambitious to immortalize his name by some more glorious undertaking, he went to *Paris*, in hopes of being employ'd in the grand gallery of the *Louvre*; but,

but, not succeeding in that design, he return'd to *England*, and made a proposal to the King by his friend *Sir Kenelm Digby* to form Cartones for the *Banqueting-house* at *Whitehall*: the subject of which was to have been the institution of the Order of the Garter, the procession of the Knights in their habits, with the ceremony of their instalment, and *St. George's* feast. But, his demand of fourscore thousand pounds being thought unreasonable, whilst the King was upon treating with him for a less sum, the gout and other distempers put an end to that affair, and his life, 1641, in the forty second year of his age; and his body was interr'd in *St. Paul's*. He was low of stature, but well proportion'd; very handsome, modest, and extremely obliging: a great encourager of all who excell'd in any art or science, and generous to the very last degree. He marry'd the daughter of the Lord *Ruthen* Earl of *Gowry*, one of the greatest Beauties of the *English* Court; and liv'd in state and grandeur answerable to her birth. His own garb was generally very rich: his coaches and equipage magnificent; his retinue numerous; his table very splendid; and so much frequented by people of the best quality of both sexes, that his apartments seem'd rather to be the Court of a Prince, than the lodgings of a Painter.

See *Mr. Graham's Lives of the Painters*.

* *Than did Prometheus for his fire.*] See page xxiv.

‡ *At Penshurst.*

The name of this Seat denotes its situation to be in a woody country, which is the extremity of the *Wealde* of *Kent*; to which *Mr. Waller* has alluded.

*Embroider'd so with flow'rs where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.*

R

In

* Page 33.

‡ Ibid.

In the Reign of King *Edward VI.* it was forfeited to the Crown by its former proprietor: and granted by that Prince to Sir *William Sidney*, Lord Chamberlain of his Household.

† *Had Dorothea liv'd &c.*] This verse is printed as it stands in the old edition: by which the Poem appears to have been written before Mr. *Waller* had determin'd to celebrate this Lady under the name of *Sacharissa*: a name which recalls to mind what is related of the *Turks*, who in their gallantries think *Sucar Birpara*, i. e. bit of sugar, to be the most polite and endearing complement they can use to the Ladies. For *Amphion*, and *Orpheus*, see the ninth and xxxviiiith pages of these Observations.

|| *Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth &c.*] These verses apparently refer to some tree in *Penshurst Park*, that was planted at the birth of the famous Sir *Philip*; of which there is now no tradition remaining in the family: but we may apply to it what *Cicero* says of the *Marian oak*, *Manet vero, & semper manebit, sata est enim ingenio: nullius autem agricola cultu stirps tam diuturna, quàm Poeta versu, seminari potest.*
de Legib. lib. 1.

* To my Lord of Leicester.

The Earl of *Leicester* was a man of great parts, very conversant in books, and much addicted to the Mathematics: and though he had been a soldier, and commanded a regiment in the service of the States of the United Provinces, and was afterwards employ'd in several embassies, as in *Denmark*, and in *France*, was in truth rather a speculative than a practical man; and expected a greater certitude in the consultation of business, than the business of this world is capable of: which temper prov'd very inconvenient

† Page 33.

Page 34.

* Ibid.

venient to him through the course of his life. He was, after the death of the Earl of *Strafford*, by the concurrent kindness and esteem both of King and Queen, call'd from his embassy in *France* to be Lieutenant of the Kingdom of *Ireland*: and in a very short time after, unhappily lost that kindness and esteem: and being, about the time of the King's coming to *Oxford*, ready to embark at *Chester*, for the execution of his charge, he was required to attend his Majesty for farther instructions at *Oxford*; where he remained: and tho' he was of the Council, and sometimes present, he desir'd not to have any part in the business; and lay under many reproaches and jealousies, which he deserved not: for, he was a man of honor, and fidelity to the King; and his greatest misfortunes proceeded from the staggering and irresolution in his nature.

E. of *Clarendon's* History, Book VI.

† *Not the bright shield of Thetis' son &c.*] See *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses*, Book xiii.

‡ *As fair Astræa &c.*] *Hesiod* calls her the daughter of *Jupiter* and *Themis*, and all succeeding Poets style her the Goddess of justice: during the earlier ages of the world, she is said to have inhabited among men, when all the other Deities had abandon'd them: intimating, that after mankind had renounced all reverence to religion, they for a while respected natural equity, as their common security; but that, being too weak a bond for society, was easily broke by the violence and rapine of succeeding generations.

Now, when the world with sin 'gan to abound,
Astræa loathing longer here to space
'Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heav'n, whence she deriv'd her race:
Where she hath now an everlasting place,
'Mongst those twelve Signs, which nightly we do see
The heaven's bright-shining baudrike to enchace;

R 2

And

† Page 35. ‡ Ibid.

lxviii *Observations on some of*

*And is the Virgin, sixth in her degree:
And next herself her righteous Ballance hanging be.*

Spenser Book v. Cant. 1.

|| *Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep.*] It is agreed on all hands that *Hymen* was the son of *Bacchus* (which seems to imply a secret satire that is too dangerous to be reveal'd.) but, some assign *Venus*, others *Urania*, for his mother: and marriage was the province over which he was universally allow'd to preside. I have alter'd this verse, I hope for the better, without any authority to warrant the change; for, in all the editions it is printed

Yet Hymen may inforce her vigils keep.

* *When lavish nature with her best attire.*] Imitated from Spenser's *Muioptomos*.

*To the gay gardens his unstaied desire
Him wholly carried to refresh his sprights:
There lavish Nature in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odors, and alluring sights.*

† *Those painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.*] The antients call'd *Iris*, (the Goddess of the rain-bow) the daughter of *Thaumas*, to express their admiration of that beautiful Phenomenon: tho' in that sense she is rather the parent, than the daughter, of wonder. Perhaps they deriv'd her pedigree from that description of the rain-bow in the eleventh Iliad.

*Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies.*

Mr. Pope.

A better author than *Homer* says, and at least as poetically as he, *Look upon the rain-bow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.*

So

|| Page 36.

* Ibid.

† Page 37.

* *So th' amorous tree, whilst yet the air is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired Palm &c.]* Ovalls,
whose accurate inquiries into the productions of nature
justly raise the value of his description of *Chilo*, informs
us, that the Palm-trees in that climate have this wonderful
property, that they never will bear any fruit but when
they are planted near each other. And when they find
one standing barren by itself, if they plant another, be it
never so small, (which they call the female) it will become
prolific: which, says he, I have myself found true by ex-
periments, and 'tis a thing well known to all.

† *The story of Phœbus and Daphne apply'd.*

The passion of *Apollo* for *Daphne* is related by *Ovid* in
the first book of his *Metamorphoses*; the application of
which has produc'd one of the most beautiful Poems in
our own, or any other modern language. Yet, I cannot
think Mr. *Waller* was so peculiarly fond of it, as likewise
to be author of the following version; but, rather give
credit to a Memorandum which I once found in the mar-
gin of an old edition, which affirmed that Sir *John Suck-
ling* translated it into *Latin*.

‡ *Such as wander by the brook of Lethe &c.]* See the
sixth book of *Virgil's Æneis* ver. 703.

*Interea videt Æneas in valle reduc'ta
Seclusum nemus, & virgulta sonantia sylvis,
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænat amnem.
Hunc circum innumera gentes populi que volabant.
Ac veluti in pratis, ubi apes æstate serena
Floribus insidunt variis, & candida circum
Lilia funduntur: strepit omnis murmure campus.
Horrescit visu subito, causasque requirit
Inscius Æneas: quæ sint ea flumina porro,*

R 3

Quirò

* Page 37. † Page 38. ‡ Page 40.

*Quive viri tanto complerint agmine ripas.
 Tum pater Anchises: anima, quibus altera fato
 Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
 Securos latices, & longa oblivia potant.*

Now in a secret vale the Trojan sees
 A separate grove, thro' which a gentle breeze
 Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through
 the trees. }

And just before the confines of the wood,
 The gliding *Lethe* leads her silent flood.
 About the boughs an airy nation flew,
 Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;
 In summer's heat on tops of lillies feed,
 And creep within their bells to suck the balmy seed:
 The winged army roams the field around;
 The rivers, and the rocks, remurmur to the sound.
Aeneas wond'ring stood: then ask'd the cause
 Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
 Then thus the Sire. The souls that throng the flood
 Are those, to whom by Fate are other bodies ow'd:
 In *Lethe's* lake they long oblivion taste;
 Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.

Mr. Dryden.

This notion is improv'd by *Milton*, who had not only
 the happy secret of turning whatever he touch'd into gold,
 but could give new lustre, weight, and purity, to what
 he found in the richest mines of antiquity.

Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her wat'ry labyrinth; whereof who drinks
 Forthwith his former state, and Being forgets;
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain. * * *
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Must ferry over this *Lethean* Sound,
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment:

And

*And wish, and struggle as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink!
But, Fate withstands; and to oppose th' attempt,
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford; and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight; as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. * * **

Paradise Lost Book II.

* So, in those nations which the sun adore &c.] This simile is restor'd from the edition that was printed in the year 1645; in all others it is omitted.

+ While in this Park I sing, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion &c.] Plutarch in the seventh book of his *Symposiacs* mentions horses, and deer, for being, of all irrational creatures, the most affected with harmony.

*For, do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud;
(Which is the hot condition of their blood.)
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound;
Or any air of music touch their ears;
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet pow'r of music! * * ** Shakespear.

‡ That cloven rock produc'd thee &c.] These verses seem to allude to the hill which is commonly call'd Mount *Sion*, from the foot of which the mineral waters near *Tunbridge* issue: and in writing them, Mr. *Waller*, I believe, had this passage in the 16th *Iliad* in view, which hath been imitated by *Virgil*, *Catullus*, and others before him.

O Man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But, sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace:

R 4

Nor

* Page 40. † Page 42. ‡ Ibid.

Nor ever am'rous Heroe caus'd thy birth;
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth:
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm:
A soul well-suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind!

Mr. Pope.

|| I might like Orpheus &c.] See page xxxviii.

* To my young Lady Lucy Sidney.

The title of this Poem is reprinted here as I find it in the first edition of Mr. Waller. The Lady to whom it is address'd was the Lady Dorothy's younger sister: she was born in the year 1625, and marry'd to Sir John Pelham, Grandfather to his Grace the present Duke of Newcastle.

† Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime &c.] *Ver enim tanquam adolescentiam significat, ostenditque fructus futuros: reliqua tempora demetendis fructibus, & percipiendis, accomodata sunt.*
Cicero de Senect.

* To Amoret.

I remember to have heard his Grace the late Duke of Buckinghamshire say, that the person whom Mr. Waller celebrated under the title of *Amoret* was the Lady Sophia Murray.

‡ * * * The Milky Way

Fram'd of many nameless stars!] Sir John Suckling has the same simile, where *Brenorals* stands gazing on *Francelia* while she sleeps;

Ho

|| Pag. 42. * Pag. 43. † Pag. 44. * Ibid.
‡ Page 47.

Mr. WALLER'S Poems. lxxiii

*Her face is like the Milky Way i'th' sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without name.*

Manilius in his first book recites the various opinions of antiquity concerning the Milky Way: and having mention'd the whimsical conjectures of Diodorus, Theophrastus, Metrodorus, the fable of Phaeton, and the fictitious reason of its name, he adds one cause which is receiv'd by the modern Philosophers, and another which in all ages has been agreeable to the poetical system.

*Nec mihi celandâ est fama vulgata vetustas
Mollior; è niveo lactis fluxisse liquorem
Pectore regina Divûm, cœlumque colore
Infecisse suo; quapropter Lacteus Orbis
Dicitur, & nomen causâ descendit ab ipsâ.
" An major densâ stellarum turba coronâ
" Contextit flammâs, & crasso lumine candet,
" Et fulgore nitet collato clarior orbis?"
An fortes anima, dignataque nomina cœlo,
Corporibus resoluta suis, terraque remissa,
Huc migrant ex orbe, suumque habitantia cœlum
Ætherios vivunt annos, mundoque fruuntur.*

* * * Nor must the softer fable dye,
That Juno's breast o'er-flowing stain'd the sky;
And made that Milky Way, which justly draws
Its name, *The Milky Circle*, from its cause.

" Or, is the spacious Bend serenely bright
" From little stars; which there their beams unite;
" And make one solid and continu'd light?" }
Or souls (which loos'd from the ignoble chain
Of clay, and sent to their own heav'n again.)
Purg'd from all dross by virtue, nobly rise;
In æther, wanton; and enjoy the skies? Mr. Creech.

|| * * * Hermes' rod.] Homer in the last books of
the *Ilias* and *Odyssæy* describes Mercury bearing a wand:

R 5

which

which in the latter of those Poems is employ'd to drive the souls of the suitors, whom *Ulysses* had slain, to the Shades:

Cyllenius now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand (that causes sleep to fly;
Or, in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the ghosts to realms of night, or day.)
Points out the long uncomfortable way. Mr. Pope.

This ensign of his power was call'd *Caduceus*, with which he is always describ'd by *Virgil* and others: but, the form and virtues are most amply related by our admirable *Spenser* in his *Fairy Queen*; the former, when he speaks of *Cambina's* wand, Book iv. Cant. 3. the latter in his description of the *Palmer's staff*, Book ii. Cant. 12.

In her right hand a rod of peace she bore,
About the which two serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tails together firmly bound;
And both were with one olive garland crown'd:
Like to the rod which *Maia's* son doth weild
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound. * * *

Of the same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which *Caduceus* whilom was made;
Caduceus, the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wents the *Stygian* realms invade,
Through ghastly horror, and eternal shade;
Th' infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can persuade;
And rule the *Furies* when they most do rage:
Such virtue in his staff had eke this *Palmer* sage.

Phurnutus, or *Cornutus*, (the critics are not agreed about spelling his name.) in his treatise on the nature of the Gods, moralizing this emblem of *Mercury's* wand, says, it denotes the power that eloquence has over the soul, both
to

to rouse and compose it: so that in this allusion Mr. Waller complements the Lady on the sovereign command that her beauty exercis'd over the passions.

* Upon the death of my Lady Rich.

In all Mr. Waller's collection of Beauties, no one appears more amiable in all lights than she whose untimely death is deplor'd in this excellent elegy. She was the Lady Anne Cavendish; sole daughter of William Earl of Devonshire; and was marry'd to the heir of that Earl of Warwick, whose Character will be recited in my observations on the succeeding Poem; by whom she left only one son; who, long after her death, marry'd Cromwell's youngest daughter. An alliance! which had she liv'd she would no doubt have endeavour'd to prevent; as it was most cordially detested by all her own loyal relations. Before she had completed the twenty seventh year of her age she dy'd at Lees, and was buried at Felsted, in Essex, in the year 1638: so that we may conclude Mr. Waller wrote this Poem Anno Ætat. 33. A Lady! whose accomplishments were in every kind so extraordinary, that they seem to have transcended even his genius to delineate them as they deserv'd: and therefore I will add two other descriptions of her person; from all which when we have form'd an idea of consummate beauty, and virtue, and apply'd it to my Lady Rich, we shall not flatter her memory. The verses were written by Mr. Sidney Godolphin, "a young Gentleman of extraordinary parts, who in an engagement with the rebels in the west, was slain at Chagford, a little town in the south of Devon; leaving the misfortune of his death upon a place, which would never otherwise have had a mention to the world." The prose inscription was compos'd by Dr. John Gauden, who

was

was prefer'd to the See of Exeter soon after the Restoration.

Possess'd of all that nature could bestow,
 All we can wish to be, or reach to know:
 Equal to all the patterns which our mind
 Can frame of good, beyond the good we find:
 All beauties which have pow'r to bless the sight,
 Mix'd with transparent virtue's greater light:
 At once producing love, and reverence,
 The admiration of the soul, and sense:
 The most discerning thoughts; the calmest breast;
 Most apt to pardon; needing pardon least:
 The largest mind, and which did most extend
 To all the laws, of daughter, wife, and friend:
 The most allow'd example, by what line
 To live; what path to follow; what decline:
 Who best all distant virtues reconcil'd,
 Strict, chearful, humble, great, severe, and mild:
 Constantly pious to her latest breath;
 Not more a pattern in her life than death:
 The Lady RICH lies here! More frequent tears
 Have never honor'd any tomb, than Hers.

Pia memorizæ sacrum
 Quam à posteris meritò exigit Nobilissima
 Heroïna ac Domina

D. • A N N A R I C H.

Illustrissimâ Devonienſis Comitſis familiâ oriunda; Warwicenſis filio & hæredi connubio juxta; ingens utriuſque gentis decus & ornamentum; præſtantiffimum verâ nobilitatis, nobiliſſimarumque virtutum exemplar: optatiſſimis animi corporiſque dotibus ſupra invidiam laudemque cumulata: animi æcelfi, conſtantis, generoſi; nec aula ſplendore, nec ſortis ſuæ faſtigio

fastigio elati: ingenii viridi, elegantis, splendidi, ad summa pulcherrimaque nati: genii benigni, amani, nitidissimi; ad infimorum usum suaviter demissi: sermonis politi, verum pondere magis quam verborum numero copiosi: gestus decori, gratissima majestatis comitatusque temperie venerandi: amoris puri, invicti, stupendi: amicitia cordata, fida, amicissima: vita admirationi quam laudi proxima: conscientia probe instructa, Christique sanguine perpurgata: pietatis non vulgaris, non ficta, non verbosa; quanta quanta fuit, tota vera, solida, sincera: ad speciem, plausum, populumve, nihil datum; ad Deum, ad Christum, omnia. Quicquid praeclari dixeris, Viator! cogitaverisque, par esse non potes meritis; nedum nimius: id enim omne quâ fuit fecitque superavit ILLA, quantum res verba superant, effectusque cogitata. Aureus revera pudicitia & forma, candoris & judicii, acuminis & prudentia, humilitatis & honoris, gravitatis & dulcedinis, sublimitatis & patientia, rationis & pietatis, humana divinaque pulchritudinis, nodus, & unio fulgentissimus. Sexum, aetatem, spem, & vota amicorum, fecundissima virtute supergressa, cui ad summam mortalium claritatem nihil defuit, nec ipse poteris ultra desiderare, Lector! prater vitam in terris diuturniorem: quum enim annos nondum 27 numerasset, caelo matura, spectatissimos parentes, nobilissimum conjugem, integerrimos fratres, numerosissimos amicos, charissimum filiolum, (unicum castissimi amoris pignus.) mortales denique omnes, amplissimam sibi virtutum messem pollicentes, pio certe pretiosoque Numini, placido felicitique sibi, solis invidis lato, ceteris acerbo tristissimoque fato (infanda tam praesentis quam postera aetatis jactura!) deseruit, Aug. 22. 1638. Hoc devotissimi pectoris monumentum lubens merensque posuit.

J. G.

† Like Hero's raper &c.] See the reference at page x.

‡ The Paphian Queen &c.] See page xlix.

§ Th' ha

¶ Page 49.

‖ Ibid.

Ixxviii *Observations on some of*

‡ *Th' heroic dame whose happy womb she blest.*] *Christian* Countess of *Devonshire* was the only daughter of *Edward* Lord *Bruce* of *Kinloss*, who deriv'd his lineage from *Robert Bruce* the *Norman*, two of whose descendents wore the *Crown of Scotland*; from whom by a female claim it devolv'd to the family of *Stuart*. Her life and character having been printed some years since, it will be superfluous to say more of her in this place, than what immediately relates to our Author; whom to her death she ever honor'd with her friendship and esteem. The Lord *Lisle* in a Letter to Sir *William Temple* in the year 1667, informs him that the old Countess of *Devonshire's* house was Mr. *Waller's* chief Theatre: the assembly of Wits at Mr. Comptroller's, says he, will scarce let him in: and poor Sir *John Denham* is fallen to the Ladies also: he is at many of the meetings at dinners; talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleas'd with those that seem willing to hear him: if he had not the name of being mad, I believe in most companies he would be thought wittier than ever he was: he seems to have few extravagances besides that of telling stories of himself, which he is inclin'd to. Some of his acquaintance say, that extreme vanity was a cause of his madness, as well as it is an effect. * * * Sir *William*, who affected to be sparing in his commendations of the moderns, confess'd, that though he never knew Mr. *Waller* enough to ADORE him, as many have done, and easily believ'd he might be enough out of fashion: yet he was apt to think some of the old cut-work Bands were of as fine thread, and as well wrought, as any of the new Points: and, at least, that all the wit he and his company spent in height'ning love and friendship, was better employ'd, than what is laid-out so prodigally by the modern Wits, in the mockery of all sorts of religion and government.

* *That a bold hand as soon might hope to force*

The rowling lights of heav'n, &c.] Imitated from Aurelius

Victor's

‡ Page 50.

* Ibid.

Victor's character of *Fabricius*, *qui difficilior ab honestate quam sol à suo cursu, averti posset*: which Tasso seems also to have had in view, Canto X. St. 24.

Prima dal corso distornar la Luna,

E le Stelle potrà, che dal diritto

*Torcere un sol mio passo. * * **

The moon her chariot shall awry direct,

E'er from this course I will diverted be.

Fairfax:

† To sacred Friendship we'll an altar rear:

Such as the Romans did erect of old] If Friendship had

been generally reputed a Deity by the people of Rome while they deserv'd the name of Romans, Tully would questionless have mention'd it, either in his admirable Treatise on that subject; or, in the second book of Laws, when he enacted *coluato Mentem, Virtutem, Pietatem, &c.* *Gyrardus* says, that she had no statues, nor altars; but, however, was reputed a Goddess: and in a Rabbinical author he found a Roman portrait of this Deity, in the form of a youth, with his head uncover'd; clad in a plain tunic; upon the borders of which were inscrib'd *Death and Life*; on his forehead, *Summer and Winter*; his finger pointed to his bosom, in which there was an opening that discover'd his heart, on which was written, *Far and Near*. In the next age, I confess that *Tacitus* tells us the Senate erected an altar to *Clemency and Friendship*; at which *Tiberius*, and that vile Minister *Sejanus*, receiv'd their servile adoration: a sure and melancholic sign that the Genius of Rome had abandon'd that once glorious nation to chains, contempt, and poverty! Nor can any severer invective be made against that act of superstition, than the character of their Idol-Emperor; whom their own Historians describe entirely devoted to low vice; timorous; indolent; dull to a degree of stupidity; and a tool to his minions, who had

not

not the appearance of any one virtue, nor birth, nor abilities, to countenance their master's tyranny.

|| Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd.] See the third book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

‡ Save that she grac'd &c.] In all the editions it is printed, *you* grac'd, as directed to *Sacharissa*; but I doubt not of the verse being originally written as it is here restor'd: for, the Lady *Dorothy Sidney* was not marry'd 'till about a year after this Poem was compos'd; and consequently a faultless wife could be then no part of her character.

† So look'd *Astræa* &c.] See page lxvii.

* The battel of the Summer-Islands.

The islands of *Bermuda* deriv'd that name from the first European discoverer, who was a Spaniard: but, about the year 1609, Sir *George Summers* being wreck'd on that coast, settled a colony there which he intended to have planted in *Virginia*, and call'd them the *Summer-Islands*: they are situate in 32 Degrees, and 30 minutes, of northern latitude.

||| Aid me, *Bellona*! &c.] She is suppos'd by some to be no other than *Minerva* consider'd in her martial capacity: others call her the sister of *Mars*, whose office it was to prepare his equipage whenever he took the field. *Virgil* gives us a groupe of these terrible Deities in his description of the battel at *Actium*, which *Vulcan* had engrav'd on *Aeneas's* shield.

* * * *Savit medio in certamine Mavors*

Calatus ferro, tristesque ex aethere Diræ,

Et scissâ gaudens vadit Discordia pallâ;

Quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello.

Æneid. 8.

Mars

|| Page 51. ‡ Ibid. † Ibid. * Page 52. ||| Ibid.

Mars in the middle of the shining shield
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field:
The *Dira* sowze from heav'n with swift descent;
And *Discord* dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the preace; her steps *Bellona* treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.

Mr. Dryden.

* *And orange-trees, which golden fruit do bear,*

Th' Hesperian garden &c.] When this Poem was written the orange-plantations of this island were in good repute: but, upon cutting down the cedars (which are said to be very sweet, though of a kind very different from what grow in other countries.) their produce is mightily decreas'd, lying too much expos'd to the north-west winds. The *Hesperian* garden was suppos'd to be situate in some of those islands near *Cape Verd* in *Africa*.

† * * * * and many a pound,

On the rich shore, of amber-greece is found.] The antients do not appear to have had any knowledge of amber-greece: the production of which is not accounted for in any satisfactory manner by the moderns: great quantities of this pretious drug are found in the sea near *Florida*; from whence it is suppos'd to be waisted to the coast of *Bermuda*, to which it lies exactly oppos'd.

‡ *The sweet palmitoes &c.*] The palmito is properly the innermost substance of the palm-tree, and the centre of all the branches; which is soft, of a pure white, and extremely delicious. The palm-tree when it has attain'd to its full growth is usually thirty feet high: it has no branches but only what bush around the head of the tree, the thickest of which seldom exceeds three inches in circumference. At the end of each branch there grow very broad leaves, shap'd like a fan: of which the islanders make hats, brooms, &c. which are their principal manufactures. From the

* Page 52.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

the trunk of these trees, they extract a liquor of a pale color, (much after the same way as from birch-trees in England.) which is so spirituous that it throws itself into a fermentation without the assistance of fire; and is very intoxicating.

* *Such as fierce Cato &c.]* This was Cato the Censor; who, as *Plutarch* informs us, produc'd some very large figs in the Senate, the size and flavor of which being extremely commended, he told them they grew no more than three days sail from *Italy*: and from thence took occasion to press with great vehemence the demolition of *Carthage*, which had long rival'd *Rome* in contending for universal empire. *Nihil equidem duco mirabilius, tantam illam urbem, ex de terrarum orbe per-cxx annos amulam, unius pomi argumento everfam: quod non Trebia, aut Trasymenus, non Cannæ busto insignes Romani nominis perficere potuere, non castra Punica ad tertium lapidem vallata, portaque Collina adequitans ipse Hannibal. Tanto propius Carthaginem pono Cato admovit!* *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 15.*

† *And with the eggs of various fowl &c.]* These islands are said to abound with variety of birds; among which there is a kind of sea-fowl that make their nests, and breed under-ground, like rabbits.

‡ *With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine.]* The plantain is a most delicious fruit, and generally preferr'd to the *Coco*: the figure of it is oblong, about four inches round: the substance of it is pure pulp, without either stone or kernel, inclos'd in a soft yellow rind: the tree on which it grows is usually three yards high, or something more, in its full maturity; and the bole about a yard in circumference. The pine-apple grows on a prickly shrub, and is larger than our melons; the rind when it is ripe is yellow, the pulp is very juicy and cool, but reckon'd unwholesome, unless it is qualify'd with hot spices before it is eaten.

|| So

|| *So sweet the air, so moderate the clime &c.*] The Reverend Dean of *Derry*, (whose Apostolical zeal induc'd him to make a particular inquiry) assures us, that no part of the world enjoys a purer air, or a more temperate climate: the great ocean which environs them at once moderating the heat of the south-winds, and the severity of the north-west. Such a Latitude on the Continent, says he, might be thought too hot: but, the air in *Bermuda* is perpetually fan'd, and kept cool, by sea-breezes; which render the weather the most healthy and delightful that could be wish'd; being of an equal tenour almost throughout the whole year, like the latter end of a fine *May*: insomuch that it is resorted-to as the *Montpellier* of *America*.

* *The Palma-Christi, and the fair Papà.*] The *Palma-Christi* is a plant with a large hollow stem, about a yard and half high, of a blueish purple color shaded with green; the leaves something resemble, but are larger than those of the fig-tree: on the top it bears a tuft of flowers, some inclining to a yellow, and others of a pale red. Some interpreters are of opinion that the *Hebrew* word denotes this plant in the fourth Chapter of *Jonah*, which our translators have render'd, a gourd. The trunk of the *Papà* is of a soft pithy substance, five or six inches round: it bears a coarse fruit which serves to eat with boil'd flesh; and is esteem'd to be wholesome, though not very delicious.

‡ *So, in this northern tract, our hoarser throats, &c.*] That the air and water of those temperate climates contribute much to mend the tone of the voice, will appear very credible to those who believe what is reported of the inhabitants of *Paraguay*; who by drinking of the *Rio de la Plata* have their voices improv'd to emulate the variety and sweetness of an Organ.

† *With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name &c.*] It cannot be suppos'd that Mr. Waller wou'd insinuate any remains of passion for the Lady *Dorothy* after her marriage; the

the names of *Sidney* and *Sacharissa* were laid down together in 1639: so that this Poem was certainly written before that year, though there are no hints from which we can discover exactly the time of its production. In the conclusion of the * last Poem to that Lady, he declares his resolution to make a voyage to divert his despair: and if he was a proprietor of the *Summer-Islands*, as it is reported he was, he might perhaps at that time accompany his friend the Earl of *Warwick*, who had a large share in that plantation: and that division of *Bermuda* which was ‡ the Scene of this action which Mr. *Waller* records, bears the name of that Earl: who, instead of loit'ring away life in Court-attendance, employ'd his younger years in settling colonies in the *West-Indies*: an employment more innocent, as well as more honorable, than what he afterwards engag'd in! " He was a man of a companionable wit, and " conversation; of an universal jollity; and such a license " in his words, and in his actions, that a man of less virtue could not be found out; so that one might reasonably have believ'd, that a man so qualify'd would not " have been able to have contributed much to the overthrow of a nation, and kingdom. But, with all these " faults, he had great authority with that people, who, " in the beginning of the troubles, did all the mischief: " and by opening his doors, and making his house the " rendezvous of all the silenc'd Ministers, in the time when " there was authority to silence them; and spending a " good part of his estate (of which he was very prodigal) " upon them; and by being present with them at their " devotions; and making himself merry with them, and " at them, (which they dispens'd with,) he became the " head of that Party, and got the style of a *Godly Man*. " When the King revok'd the Earl of *Northumberland's* " Commission of Admiral, he presently accepted the office " from the Parliament; and never quitted their service.

" And

* Page 43.

‡ Page 56.

" And when *Cromwell* disbanded that Parliament, he be-
 " took himself to the protection of the Protector; mar-
 " ried his heir to his daughter; and liv'd in so entire a
 " confidence, and friendship, with him, that when he
 " dy'd the Protector exceedingly lamented him. He left
 " his estate (which before was subject to a vast debt.)
 " more improv'd, and repair'd, than any man who traf-
 " fick'd in that desperate commodity of Rebellion."

E. of Clarendon's History, Book VI.

|| Like *Spenser's Talus with his iron flail.*] In the fifth
 book of the *Fairy Queen* he is said to have waited on
Alstra,

*But, when she parted hence, she left her groom,
 An iron man, which did on her attend
 Always, to execute her stedfast doom;
 And willed him with Arthegal to wend,
 And do whatever thing he did intend;
 His name was Talus, made of iron mould,
 Immovable, resistless, without end;
 Who in his hand an iron flail did hold,
 With which he thresh'd-out falsehood, and did truth unfold.*

A bold machine, and proper only to be play'd in *Fairy-
 Land?* but, it is not of *Spenser's* invention. For, *Talus*
 was a strict minister of justice under *Radamanthus* King
 of *Crete*, who us'd yearly to make three circuits round that
 island to put the laws in execution; which being engrav'd
 on brazen tablets, the *Greeks*, in their allegorical manner
 of speech, call'd him *The Man of Brass*; in which form he
 is represented by *Apollonius* in the *Argonautics*.

† * * * The pious Trojan so,
 Neglecting for *Creusa's* life his own,
 Repeats the danger of the burning town.]

Alluding

|| Page 57.

† Page 58.

lxxxvi Observations on some of

Alluding to this passage in *Virgil's* second *Aeneid*:

*Ipse urbem repeto, & cingor fulgentibus armis;
Stat casus renovare omnes, omnemque reverti
Per Trojam, & rursus caput objectare periculis. &c.*

In shining armor once again I sheath
My limbs; nor feeling wounds, nor fearing death:
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.

Mr. Dryden.

* To my Lord of Falkland.

In the beginning of the year 1639, (when Mr. Waller was in the thirty fourth year of his age) King Charles was oblig'd to raise an army to oppose the Scots in their intended invasion of England; and appointed the Earl of Holland, brother to the foremention'd Earl of Warwick, to be General of the Horse; which prov'd of fatal consequence to his Majesty's service: for, he no sooner brought the troops within view of the rebels, but he made a most shameful retreat; and left his courage, conduct, and fidelity to be question'd by all men, as their passions, or interests, inclin'd them to censure. "He was a very well-bred man, and a fine Gentleman in good times; but, too much desir'd to enjoy ease, and plenty, when the King could have neither: and did think poverty the most insupportable evil that could befall any man in this world." And by that base maxim he was probably sway'd, after he had receiv'd many unmerited favors, to abandon his royal benefactor when he most wanted his service. But, his ingratitude was severely reveng'd upon him by the very Party to which he revolted: and too late endeavouring to redeem the reputation of loyalty, he fell unpity'd a sacrifice to the same faction, for which, not many years before, he had

had too wantonly prostituted his honor. In that inglorious northern expedition, which occasion'd the writing this Poem, he was accompany'd by that great ornament of human nature, *Lucius Carey*, Lord Viscount *Falkland*; who about four years afterwards was slain at the battel of *Newbury*. "A person of such prodigious parts of learning
"and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight
"in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity
"and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that, if there were no other
"brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that
"single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all
"posterity."

E. of Clarendon's History, Book VII.

‡ Apollo bears as well his bow, as harp, &c.] Homer in his tenth *Odyssey*, and after him many of the Greek and Latin Poets, have mention'd the Giants' war; but, here it will be sufficient to quote a passage from *Horace*, which Mr. Waller seems to have principally regarded in this allusion.

*Sed quid Typhæus, & validus Mimas,
Aut quid minaci Porphyryon statu,
Quid Rhæetus, evolsisque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax,
Contra sonantem Palladis ægida
Possent ruentes? hinc avidus stetit
Volcanus, hinc matrona Juno, &
Numquam humeris positurus arcum,
Qui rore puro Castalia lavit
Crimis solutos; qui Lycia tenet
Dumeta, natalemque silvâ,
Delius, & Patareus Apollo.*

Ode IV. Lib. 3.

What

lxxxviii *Observations on some of*

What could *Typhæus*' tow'ring pride,
 With *Mimas*' wond'rous might ally'd
 In impious league, to scale the skies?
Porphyron of terrific size,
 And *Rhoetus* in the tumult join'd;
 With wild *Enceladus* combin'd;
 From mountain-tops who tore the woods,
 And hurl'd defiance to the Gods.
 How could their force sustain the field,
 When *Pallas* shook her sounding shield?
 Here, raging with redoubled might,
Vulcan provokes the rising fight:
 Here, *Juno* leads the radiant files
 Of warring Gods to glorious toils:
 And *Phœbus* with his silver bow
 With feather'd fates confounds the foe.
 The God! who loves, devoid of care,
 To bathe his length of golden hair
 In bright *Castalia*'s spring; and rove
 In *Lycia*'s cool sequester'd grove:
 And o'er the *Delian* lawn to stray,
 Where first he view'd the realm of day.

|| *When first she felt the twins, &c.*] Gen. xxv. 22.

* *A Lion so with self-provoking smart, &c.*] Imitated
 from *Tasso*, Book XX. Stan. 114.

*Come il leon si sferza, e si percote,
 Per isuegliar la feritâ nativa:
 Tale ei suo sdegni desta, &c.*

And as a lion strikes him with his train,
 His native wrath to quicken, and to move:
 So, he awak'd his fury and disdain, &c.

Fairfax.

Which

|| Page 63.

* Page 64.

Mr. WALLER's Poems. lxxxix

Which Mr. Cowley seems also to have copy'd in his verses to the King on his return out of Scotland:

This noise at home was but Fate's policy,

To raise our Spirits more high:

So, a bold lion, e'er he seeks his prey,

Lashes his sides, and roars, and then, away.

† *Deserted Ariadne &c.*] See Ovid's Epistles; and Catullus's beautiful Poem on the nuptials of *Peleus* and *Thetis*.

‡ *So, Nero once &c.*] After the *Gauls* had demolish'd Rome, it was rebuilt in haste, without any regular Plan to dispose the streets in the most convenient and beautiful manner. Nero (among whose innumerable extravagances, a passion for architecture was extremely predominant) resolving to remedy this defect, order'd the City to be set on fire: then, dressing himself in a theatrical habit, he survey'd the conflagration from the top of *Mecenas's* palace (the same which is celebrated by *Horace*, Ode xxix. Lib. 3.) and sung to his harp a Poem of his own composing on the burning of *Troy*.

|| *That eagle's fate &c.*] This alludes to an *Æsopian* fable, which is to be found in the most antient collections; and I remember *Gabrias* has comprehended it after his dry manner in four *Greek* iambics: but, it appears with all the grace, and purity, of *Phadrus*, in the late ingenious Mr. *Alfop's* translation.

*Fejuna prominenti aquila saxo insidens
Intenta prada, missili artus cuspide
Trajecta supremos trahebat spiritus.
Mox in sagittâ conspicans pennam ex suis
Alis revulsam, è pectore gemitus ciens
Hac verba fudit. O me in exitium meum
Spicula ministrantem! pereo enim ipsissimis
Quas protuli pennis! novo hoc mihi perculu
Furore mentem, & morte plus ipsâ dolet.*

S

* Had

† Page 64.

‡ Page 66,

|| Page 67.

* *Had Echo with so sweet &c.*] The stories of *Echo* and *Narcissus* are connected in the third Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

† Of *Mrs. Arden*.

I suppose she was either a Maid of Honor, or a Gentlewoman of the bed-chamber to King *Charles the First's* Queen; and the same who is mention'd in the list of Court-Ladies, who acted Mr. *Montague's Shepherd's Paradise*; which is deservedly ridicul'd by Sir *John Suckling* in his Session of the Poets.

‡ Of the Marriage of the Dwarfs,

The persons on whom these verses were written, were Mr. *Richard Gibson*, a favorite Page of the back-stairs; and Mrs. *Anne Shepherd*; whose marriage King *Charles I.* honor'd with his presence, and Gave the Bride. I have seen both of them painted by Sir *Peter Lely*; and they appear'd to have been of an equal stature; each of them measuring three feet and ten inches. They had nine children, five of which attain'd to maturity, and were well-proportion'd to the usual standard of mankind. Mr. *Gibson's* genius led him to painting; in the rudiments of which art he was instructed by *de Clein*, master of the Apistry works at *Mortlack*, and famous for the Cuts which he design'd for some of *Ogilby's* Things, and Mr. *Sandys's* excellent translation of *Ovid*. His paintings in water-colors were well esteem'd: but, the copies which he made of *Lely's* portraits gain'd him the greatest reputation. He had the honor to be employ'd in teaching her late Majesty Queen *Anne* the art of Drawing; and was sent-for into *Holland* to instruct

• Page 67.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

struct her sister the Princess of Orange. To recompense the shortness of their stature, nature gave them an equivalent in length of days; for, he dy'd in the seventy fifth year of his age: and his wife, having surviv'd him almost twenty years, deceas'd *Anno Dom.* 1709. *Ætat.* 89.

|| *And every man a Polypheme &c.*] The passion of Polypheme for Galatea, a beautiful young sea-nymph, is finely describ'd by Theocritus in his eleventh Idyllium; which Ovid has imitated in the thirteenth book of the Metamorphoses: from whence, to illustrate Mr. Waller's allusion, it will be sufficient to transcribe the description of the Nymph; and to set her Gallant in contrast, as Homer has painted him in the ninth *Odyssey*.

Oh lovely Galatea! whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are:
More flow'ry than the meads; as chrystal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more sleek thy skin
Than orient shells, that on the shore are seen:
Than apples fairer when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing as winter-suns, or summer shade:
More grateful to the sight than goodly planes;
And softer to the touch than down of swans;
Or curds new turn'd: and sweeter to the taste
Than swelling grapes that to the vintage haste:
More clear than ice, or running streams that stray
Thro' garden-plots; but ah! more swift than they.

Mr. Dryden.

When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view;
High, and with dark'ning lawrel cover'd o'er,
Where sheep and goats lay slumb'ring round the shore:
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'er-arching pine, and spreading oak.

S 2

|| Page 68.

A giant-shepherd here his flock maintains,
 Far from the rest, and solitary reigns;
 In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
 And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
 A form enormous! far unlike the race
 Of human birth in stature, or in face:
 As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
 Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.

Mr. Pope.

* Behold the brand of beauty &c.] Imitated from *Horace*, Ode xiii. lib. 4.

*Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi
 Multo non sine visu,
 Dilapsam in cineres facem.*

† To the sweet strains they advance,
 Which do result from their own spheres &c.] I believe *Pythagoras* was the first who advanc'd this doctrine of the music of the spheres; which he probably grounded on that Text in *Job*, understood literally, *When the morning stars sang together* &c. chap. xxxix. 7. For, since he study'd twelve years at *Babylon*, under the direction of that learned impostor *Zoroastres*, who is allow'd to have been a servant to one of the Prophets, we may reasonably conclude that he was conversant in the *Jewish* writings; among which the Book of *Job* was ever esteem'd of most authentic antiquity. *Jamblicus* ingenuously confesseth, that none but *Pythagoras* ever perceiv'd this coelestial harmony: and as it seems to be a native of imagination, the Poets have appropriated it to their own province; and our admirable *Milton* employs it very happily in the fifth book of *Paradise Lost*.

*That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song, and dance, about the sacred hill;*

Mystical

* Page 76.

† Page 77.

*Mystical dance! which yonder starry sphere
Of Planets, and of Fix'd, in all her wheels
Resembles nearest; mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd; yet, regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem:
And in their motions Harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. * * **

See likewise *Lucian's* defence of Dancing.

* *Pygmalion's fate revers'd is mine.*] See *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses*, Book x.

† *The fond Narcissus did admire.*] Describ'd in the third book of the same Poem.

‡ *To Chloris.*

Chloris! since first our calm of peace &c.] I never had the least suspicion that this little Poem was not genuine, before I found this memorandum annex'd to the title of it in the Table of an old edition. "Which Mr. Waller says "is supposititious, in an edition given my father, (out of "which I transcrib'd the additions into this.) faultily "printed, but corrected by the Author under his own "hand." After all, the verses are written so exactly in Mr. Waller's manner, and I not being able to inform the reader to whom this book formerly belong'd, I suppose he will think himself at liberty to believe that our Author wrote them when he was young; and afterwards was too delicate to own them under the title which they bear in the first impression, *To Chloris, upon a favour receiv'd.*

|| *Snatch'd from myself,*] Imitated from *Horace*, Ode xiii. lib. 4.

S 3

* * * *Quid*

* Page 77. † Ibid. ‡ Page 79. || Page 80.

* * * *Quid habes illius, illius,*

Qua spirabat amores.

Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

* *Thyrsis, Galatea.*

The person who is the subject of this Poem was the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter to the Earl of Denbeigh, by a sister of the Favorite Duke of Buckingham: she was contracted to the Duke of Hamilton, when she was but seven years of age; and in the Memoirs of her Lord, written by Burnet, we have her character at large. An Author! whom I quote the more willingly on this occasion, presuming his veracity may pass uncensur'd, now he happens to speak well of the dead.

She was a Lady of great and singular worth, and her person was noble and graceful, like the handsome race of the Villiers's: but, to such as knew her well, the virtues of her mind were far more shining. She was educated from a child in the Court, and esteem'd and honor'd by all in it; and by none more than the late King; (*Charles I.*) who, as he was one of the chastest Men, not to say Princesses; so, he was a perfect honorer of all virtuous Ladies. She was Lady of the Queen's bed-chamber, and admitted by her Majesty into an entire confidence and friendship: and, not only was her honor unstain'd; but, even her fame continued untouch'd with calumny: she being so strict to the severest rules, as never to admit of those follies which pass in that style for Gallantry. She was a most affectionate and dutiful wife; and used to say "She had the greatest reason to bless God for having given her such a husband, whom as she loved perfectly, so she was not ashamed to obey." But, that which crown'd all her other perfections, was the deep sense she had of religion. She liv'd, and dy'd in the communion of the Church

Church of *England*; and was a very devout person. Many years before her death she was so exact in observing her retirements to her closet, that, notwithstanding all her avocations, and the divertisements of the Court, (as the writer was inform'd by one who liv'd with her.) no day pass'd over her without bestowing large portions of her time on them; besides her constant attendance on the Chappel. She bore first three daughters, and then three sons: her daughters were Lady Mary, Lady Anne, and Lady Susanna: her sons were Charles, James, and William: but, all her sons, and her eldest daughter, dy'd young. A year before she dy'd, she languish'd; which ended in a consumption: of which, after a few months sickness, she dy'd: so that she prepar'd for death timeously. About a month before her death she call'd for her children, and gave them her last blessings and embraces: ordering them to be brought no more near her, lest the sight of them might have kindled too much tenderness in her heart, which she was then studying to raise above all created objects, and fix where she was shortly to be admitted. She dy'd the tenth of *May*, in the year 1638; and left her Lord a most sad and afflicted person: and, though his spirit was too great to sink under any burthen, yet all his life after he remember'd her with much tender affection. She dy'd, indeed, in a good time for her own repose, when her Lord was beginning to engage in the affairs of *Scotland*, which prov'd so fatal both to his quiet, and life. * * * From the date of her death it appears that Mr. Waller wrote this Poem *Anno Ætat. 33.*

* *Whom fortune join'd with virtue &c.*] Imitated from *Florus, Ad constituendum ejus (Roma) imperium contendisse virtus & fortuna videantur.*

† *Who with the royal, mix'd her noble, blood.*] One of the Duke of *Hamilton's* ancestors marry'd a sister of King *James* the third of *Scotland*; upon which the Parliament recogniz'd

S 4

* Page 83.

† Ibid.

recogniz'd the right of their descendents to succede to the Crown of that kingdom, whenever the royal line of the *Stuarts* should happen to fail.

† *As unripe fruit &c.] Quasi poma ex arboribus, cruda si sint, vi avelluntur; si matura & cocta, decidunt: sic vitam adolescentibus vis aufert; senibus maturitas.*

Cicero de senect.

‡ *The mighty Nimrod &c.] See Gen. x. He is thought to have been the same with Orion, the mighty hunter among the Greeks; whom Homer in the eleventh Odyssey describes pursuing the same diversion in the regions of the dead: by the Assyrians, (or rather, as Mr. Selden thinks, by the Greeks) he was plac'd near the Dog and the Hare among the stars; and, to denote his sovereignty whilst on earth, he is appointed to lead the southern constellations.*

*Cernere vicinum Geminis licet Oriona,
In magnam coeli tendentem brachia partem;
Nec minus extento surgentem ad sidera passu:
Singula fulgentes humeros cui lumina signant;
Et tribus obliquis demissus ducitur ensis.
At caput Orion excelsò immersus Olympo,
Per tria subductos signatur lumine vultus:
Non quòd clara minus, sed quod magis alta recedunt.
Hoc Duce per totum decurrunt sidera mundum.*

Manil. lib. 1.

First, next the *Twins* see great *Orion* rise,
His arms extended stretch o'er half the skies.
His stride as large; and with a stately pace
He marches on, and measures a vast space.
On each broad shoulder a bright star's display'd;
And three obliquely grace his hanging blade:
In his vast head, immers'd in boundless spheres,
Three stars less bright, but yet as great, he bears;

But,

But, farther-off remov'd, their splendor's lost.
Thus grac'd, and arm'd, he leads the starry host.

Mr. Creech.

‡ *The Earth's bold sons &c.*] Without enumerating the different interpretations that Politicians, Philosophers, and Divines have made of the Giants' war, the fable seems to owe its original to the building of *Babel*. From thence *Homer* deriv'd it to the *Grecians*; but the story was vary'd (as there is nothing more various than error.) by succeeding Poets, who affirm the Giants were, as *Milton* expresses it, *Earth-born*; but in the eleventh *Odyssey* they are said to be the sons of *Ephimedia* by *Neptune*: though I think they all agree in the manner of their invading the skies; and in making *Theffaly* the scene of action:

Proud of their strength, and more than mortal size,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies:
Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Ossa stood;
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood.

Dr. Broome.

* *Balls of this metal slack At'lanta's pace.*] See *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses*, Book X.

† *Who can blame Danae &c.*] *Acrisius* King of *Argos* having been admonish'd by an oracle that he was destin'd to be slain by a son whom his daughter *Danae* should bear, he confin'd her in a tower under a guard, in whose fidelity he thought himself secure. But, his brother *Praetor* being ambitious to gain the succession to his own family, prevail'd by bribery to be admitted to his Niece, and became father of *Persæus*, who afterwards chang'd *Acrisius* into a statue, by making him gaze on the *Gorgon's* head. To save the young Lady's reputation, the Poets gave an agreeable turn to the story; and affirm'd she was gallanted by *Jupiter*, who descended into her apartment in a shower

S 5

of

‡ Page 85.

* Page 86.

† Ibid.

of gold. Madam Dacier observes, that the Antients painted this story in a manner very different from what is practis'd by the moderns; who make Jupiter only appear as when he had turn'd himself into a bribe; (Horat. Lib. 3. Ode 16. *Converso in pretium Deo.*) but, it is evident from the following quotation from Terence, that he was represented in a human form, descending thro' a passage in the cieling, thro' which the golden show'r had fallen into Danae's bosom:

* * * *Virgo in conclavi sedet,
Suspectans tabulam quandam pictam ubi inerat pictura haec,
Fovem
Qua passio Danae misisse aiunt quondam in gremium im-
brem aureum. * * **
*Deum sese in hominem convertisse, atque per alienas te-
gulas
Venisse elanculum per impluvium fucum factum mulieri.*
Eun. Act. 3. Sc. 5.

|| 'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong &c.] See the eleventh Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

‡ Upon Ben. Johnson.

Whatever tradition hath preserv'd relating to those writers who are celebrated by Mr. Waller, has been so often repeated in the Lives of the English Poets, or mention'd in the *Athenae Oxonienses*, that it would be superfluous to transcribe what, really, would yield but small entertainment to the reader: and therefore I shall pass all, or most of them, over in silence, 'till I come to speak of my Lord Roscommon; of whom, I think, I am enabled to give a fuller account than has hitherto appear'd: and at present will only make this general observation on Mr. Waller's commendatory

mendatory verses, that they are to be esteem'd as the pure effects of candor and friendship; in many of which he seems, like a good-natur'd magistrate, to have been prevail'd upon by the innocent poverty of the books which he commends, to give them a pass-port for present subsistence, in their journey to the land where all things are forgotten.

* Narcissus, cozen'd by that flatt'ring Well.] See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book III.

+ * * * Plato had

Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd.] In his Dialogue call'd *Phædrus*, page 1224. Edit. Ficini: which is thus translated by Cicero, *Formam quidem ipsam, & tanquam faciem honesti vides: qua si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientia.* The sense of which is happily express'd by Mr. Dryden:

*For, Truth has such a face, and such a meen,
As, to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.*

|| Like Proteus, in variety of shapes.] See the fourth book of Homer's *Odyssey*.

* * * Our force t' evade,

His various arts he soon resumes in aid:

A lion now, he curls a surgy mane;

Sudden, our bands a spotted pard restrain:

Then, arm'd with tusks, and light'ning in his eyes,

A boar's obscene shape the God belies:

On spiry volumes there a dragon rides;

Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides:

And last, sublime his stately growth he rears,

A tree, and well-dissembled foliage wears.

* Page 87.

+ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

In

c *Observations on some of*

In moralizing this fiction (which is finely imitated, by *Vergil* in his fourth *Georgic*.) my Lord *Bacon* applies it to the various forms into which First Matter was moulded. His conjectures are always ingenious; but in explaining the fable of *Proteus*, I think he is more happy than in some other parts of his Wisdom of the Antients,

‡ To Mr. Henry Lawes, &c.

All the best Poets of that age were ambitious of having their verses compos'd by this incomparable artist: who, having been educated under Signor *Coperario*, introduc'd a softer mixture of *Italian* airs, than before had been practis'd in our nation. *Milton*, who was an exact judge, a good performer, and a passionate lover of music, has honor'd him with the following Sonnet.

Harry! whose tuneful and well-measur'd song,
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just Note, and accent: not to scan
With Midas' ears; committing short and long.
Thy worth, and skill, exempt thee from the throng
With praise, enough for Envy to look wan:
To after-age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth Air could'st humor best our tongue.
Thou honor'st verse! and verse must send her wing
To honor Thee, the priest of Phœbus' choir,
That tun'st the happiest lines in hymn, or story!
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee high'r
Than his Casella; whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

* Nay

* *Noy pleading, no man doubts the Cause.*] The Earl of *Clarendon* informs us that upon the great fame of his ability, and learning, (and he was very able and learned) by great industry, and importunity from Court, he suffer'd himself to be made the King's Attorney General. The Court made no impression upon his manners; upon his mind it did: and though he wore about him an affected morosity, which made him unapt to flatter other men; yet, even that morosity and pride render'd him the most liable to be grossly flatter'd himself, that can be imagin'd. And by this means the great persons who steer'd the public affairs, by admiring his parts, and extolling his judgment, as well to his face as behind his back, wrought upon him by degrees, for the eminency of the service, to be an instrument in all their designs: thinking that he could not give a clearer testimony that his knowledge in the Law was greater than all other mens, than by making that, Law, which all other men believed *Not* to be so: so, he moulded, fram'd, and persu'd the odious and crying project of Soap; and with his own hand drew and prepar'd the Writ for Ship-money; both which will be the lasting monuments of his fame. In a word; he was an unanswerable instance how necessary a good education, and knowledge of men, is to make a wise man; at least, a man fit for business. * * * He dy'd of the stone in the year 1634: and therefore, since he is mention'd in this Poem, as being alive when it was written, it is evident there is an error in the Title, which hath continued in all the editions since its first appearance *Anno Dom.* 1682, and cannot easily be rectified: unless we suppose it was originally dated 1625.

† *Content themselves with Ut, Re, Mi.*] Three Notes of the Gammut; which was invented about five hundred years ago by *Guido Aretino*, an *Italian* Monk, taken from the initial Syllables of this *Latin* Hymn to *St. John*:

Ut queant laxis.

Re-sonare fibris

Mi-ra gestorum

Fa-muli suorum,

Sol-ve polluti

La-bii reatum.

* To his worthy friend Sir Thomas Higgons, upon his translation of the Venetian Triumph.

The *Venetian Triumph* was a Poem compos'd by Gio. Francesco Busenello, address'd to his friend Pietro Liberi, instructing him to paint the famous sea-fight between the *Turks* and *Venetians* near the *Dardanelles*, in the year 1656: which *Thevenot*, who was at *Constantinople* during the action, has describ'd in the 53d Chapter of the first book of his *Travels*. This method of address was afterwards imitated by Mr. *Waller* in his Poem on the Duke of *York's* victory over the *Dutch*; and continued long the prevailing mode, both in Panegyric and Satire: 'till one of our Poets disgrac'd it so effectually, by degrading it from the pencil to *Vanderbank's* loom, that it will require a writer of Mr. *Waller's* genius, and authority, to bring it again into fashion among us. I cannot think, after all *Busenello's* complements, that *Liberi* ever attain'd to any distinguishing excellence in his art; since I do not remember that he is mention'd among the most eminent masters of the *Venetian School*. Besides this Poem, *Busenello* compos'd two Dramatic bawbles, the subjects of which are *Poppæa*, and *Statira*; which were acted by the *Vir-tuosi cantanti* at *Venice*: to the latter of which there is prefix'd a Protest, which, because it is short, and gives us an idea of the writer, I will stop to translate it. "The Author protests that every word and phrase relating to the Deity, viz. Gods, Idols, Idolatry, Stars,

" Heaven,

" Heaven, Destiny, Chance, and such others, are purely
 " the flights of his pen, to adorn his poesy, and give
 " strength to his diction. In other respects, the same Au-
 " thor who writes like a Poet, adheres religiously to the
 " faith and practise of a Christian."

|| *The winged lion &c.*] The arms of Venice, on which
Sannazarius writ this epigram;

*Romanus aquila postquam liquere cohortes;
 Magnanimus turmas ducit in arma-los.*

Since Rome's imperial eagles ceas'd their flight,
 The dauntless lion leads her troops to fight.

† *And with great Tasso &c.*] See page xxx.

‡ *Of this Nepenthe &c.*]

Mean-time, with genial joy to warm the soul,
 Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl;
 Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use t'assuage
 The boiling bosom of tumultuous Rage;
 To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
 And dry the tear-full sluices of Despair.
 Charm'd with the virtuous draught, th'exalted mind
 All sense of woe delivers to the wind. * * *
 These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,
 Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
 Who sway'd the sceptre where prolific Nile
 With various Simples cloaths the fatten'd soil.

For the several opinions what this *Nepenthe* was, I refer
 the reader to my friend Dr. Broom's excellent observations
 on the fourth book of *Homer's Odyssey*, from whence this
 quotation is taken: to which I shall only add the learned
Petit's conjecture; who believes it to have been a plant
 which *Dioscorides* and *Pliny* call *amothera*; which has a
 short stem, leaves like an almond tree, and flow'rs much

resembling a rose; the root of it (which is very long) being infus'd in wine, will make even savages gentle; which operation is denoted in the name. It must, indeed, be confess'd, that if the qualities of this plant are faithfully related, they correspond exactly with *Homer's Nepenthe*: which hath been imitated, and even improv'd, by *Spenser*, in the third Canto of the fourth Book of his *Fairy Queen*.

* *For when Anchises &c.*] See the reference at page xlvii.

† *To a friend of the different success of their loves.*

The title of this Poem in the first edition is, *To A. H. on the different success of their loves*; which initial letters were probably intended for *Alexander Hamden*, a relation of our Author, who engag'd with him in that confederacy, which is commonly call'd *Mr. Waller's Plot*: and though perhaps his name preserv'd him from being prosecuted with the same severity as others; yet, the Parliament suffer'd him to dye in prison, though no judgment had been given against him: for, *the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel*.

‡ *So, in some well-wrought hangings &c.*] *Homer*, in the fifteenth Book of his *Ilias*, makes *Hector* demolish the *Grecian* wall, and attempt to fire their navy; but, I think, there is no mention of *Minerva's* interposition thro' the whole adventure, to whom this epithet, *blue-ey'd*, is ever appropriated in both his Poems. *Iris*, indeed, is sent with *Jupiter's* command that *Neptune* should retire from the fight: but, that message being in favor of the *Trojans*, the *blue-ey'd virgin* cannot be understood to denominate her: neither did *Mars* inspire *Hector* in this action, but *Apollo*, who protected him with *Jupiter's* shield. Upon the whole,

* Page 98.

† Page 100.

‡ Ibid.

whole, I suppose Mr. Waller, without consulting Homer, trusted to his memory, which deceiv'd him in making this beautiful picturesque allusion.

* To Zelinda.

The Author seems to have compos'd these verses purely for an exercise of his fancy, upon reading the sixth Book of *Des Maretz's Ariane*: where *Palamede* addressing his courtship to *Zelinda*, who was descended from the *Parthian* Kings, she answer'd, " I am a Princess; and being such, " I will listen to proposals of this kind from none but a " Prince." Upon this the Gallant takes fire, and the dialogue grows so warm, that, as himself observes, it look'd as if he came to affront the Princess, rather than to insinuate himself into her affections. Mr. Waller, being probably of opinion that Monsieur *Palamede's* arguments were too *brusque* to be advanc'd in a dispute with a Lady, who number'd not fewer than twenty Kings of her progenitors, wrote this Poem in a more tender and courtly style;

I leave to be compar'd with *Des Maretz's* prose, by who... who are inclin'd to decide the prize of Gallantry between them.

† To my Lady Morton &c.

Anne Countess of Morton was daughter to Sir Edward Villiers, (the great Duke of Buckingham's brother.) and wife of Robert Douglas Lord Dalkeith; who on the death of his father succeeded to the Earldom of Morton. She was one of the most admir'd Beauties of that age; and the graces of her mind were not inferior to those of her person:

for

for which reason she was distinguish'd by the concurrent choice of King *Charles I.*, and his Queen, to be Governess to the Princess *Henrietta*, whom she conveyed in disguise from *Oatlands* into *France*, in the Year 1646. At that time Mr. *Waller* was there in exile; and to his private calamities had a large addition of sorrow, in seeing that coast covered with the wrecks of a royal family, which, but a few years before! he had beheld in so flourishing a security, that one might have reasonably believed the greatest violence of Fortune would have beat on it in vain. And very disproportionate to their affliction, and former grandeur, was their reception at the Court of *France*, through the artifice of that poor-spirited politician *Mazarin*; who, though he was a member of the *Sacred College*, seems to have reverenc'd *Cromwell* more than his Maker. But, having first observ'd that Mr. *Waller* presented these verses to the Lady *Morton*, *Anno Dom. 1650, Æt. 45*, I will dismiss this unpleasing subject with Cardinal *de Retz* his account of a visit which he pay'd at the *Louvre*, as it is told by his translator: * * * I went to visit the Queen of *England*, whom I found in her Daughter's chamber, who hath been since Dutches of *Orleans*. At my coming in, she said, "You see I am come to keep *Henrietta* company: the poor child could not rise to-day for want of "a Fire." The truth is, that the Cardinal (*Mazarin*.) for six months together had not order'd her any money towards her pension; that no trades-people would trust her for any thing; and that there was not at her lodgings in the *Louvre* one single billet. * * * I remember'd the condition I had found her in, and had strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner: which caus'd the Parliament (of *Paris*) to send forty thousand livres to her Majesty. Posterity will hardly believe that a Princess of *England*, grand-daughter to *Henry the Great*, hath wanted a faggot in the month of *January* to get out of bed, in the *Louvre*, and in the eyes of a *French Court*!

* *If Judith marching &c.*] See *Judith* chap. xiii.

† *So Venus from prevailing Greeks &c.*] In the fifth *Iliad*, *Minerva* incited *Diomed* to make a furious attack on the *Trojans*; and *Aeneas*, advancing to oppose him, was struck with so much violence on the hip with a stone that he fell, and fainted away with the contusion.

*There the brave Chief who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to Death's eternal shade:
But, heav'nly Venus (mindful of the love
She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove.)
His danger views with anguish, and despair;
And guards her off-spring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws;
Her arms, whose whiteness match the falling snows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail:
Safe thro' the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.*

Mr. Pope.

‡ *Quit all that Lely's art can take.*] Mr. *Graham* in the *Lives of the Painters* informs us, that *Sir Peter Lely* was born in *Westphalia Anno Dom. 1617*, where his father being a Captain, happen'd to be then in garrison. He was bred up for some time in the *Hague*; and afterwards committed to the care of one *de Grebber* of *Haerlem*. He came over into *England Anno 1641*, and persu'd the natural bent of his genius in *Landscape*s, with small *Figures*, and historical *Compositions*: but, finding the practice of painting after the life generally more encourag'd, he apply'd himself to portraits, with such success, as in a little time to surpass all his contemporaries in *Europe*. He was very earnest in his younger days to have finish'd the course of his studies in *Italy*; but, the great business, in which he was perpetually engag'd, not allowing him so much time, to make him-

• Page 104.

† Ibid.

‡ Page 106.

himself amends he resolv'd at last in a numerous, but well-chosen collection of the Drawings, Prints, and Paintings of the most celebrated masters, to bring the *Roman* and *Lombard* schools home to him. And what benefit he reap'd from this expedient, was sufficiently apparent in that admirable style of painting which he form'd to himself, by daily conversing with the works of those great men; in the correctness of his Drawing, and the beauty of his coloring; but, especially, in the graceful airs of his Figures, the pleasing variety of his postures, and his gentile negligence, and loose manner of Draperies: in which particular, as few of his predecessors were equal to him, so all succeeding artists must stand oblig'd to his happy invention, for the noble pattern which he has left them for imitation. He was recommended to the favor of King *Charles I.* by *Philip* Earl of *Pembroke*, then Lord Chamberlain; and drew his Majesty's picture when he was prisoner at *Hampton-Court*. He was also much in esteem with his son *Charles II.*, who made him his Painter, conferr'd the honor of Knighthood upon him, and would oftentimes take great pleasure in his conversation, which he found to be as agreeable as his pencil. He was likewise highly respected by all the people of eminence in the kingdom: and, indeed, so extraordinary were his natural endowments, and so great his acquir'd knowledge, that it would be hard to determine, whether he was a better Painter, or a more accomplish'd Gentleman: or, whether the honors which he has done his profession, or the advantages which he receiv'd from it, were the most considerable. But, as to his art, certain it is that his last pieces were his best; and that he gain'd ground, and improv'd himself every day, even to the very moment in which *Death* snatch'd his pencil out of his hand in an apoplectic fit, *Anno Dom. 1680. Ætat. 63.*

* *Not Juno's bird &c.*] These similes of the peacock's tail and the rain-bow are used by *Tasso* in the 16th Canto of his *Gierusalemme liberata*:

• Ne'l

*Ne'l superbo pavon si vago in mostra
Spiega la pompa del' occhuito piume;
Ne l'Irde si bella indora, e inostra
Il curvo grembo, e rugiadoso al lume.*

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
The eyed feathers of his pompous train:
Nor golden Iris so bends in the air
Her twenty-color'd bow, thro' clouds of rain.

Fairfax.

We likewise find them twice united by Spenser.

*** There stood an image all alone
Of massy gold, which with his own light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colors dight,
More sundry colors, than the proud pavone
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discolor'd bow she spreads thro' heaven's height!

Fairy Queen, B. III. C. 11.

Not half so many sundry colors are
In Iris' bow; nor heav'n doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling star;
Nor Juno's bird in his eye-spotted train
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Muiopotmos.

All which are imitated from, and are much inferior
to, Claudian.

*Non tales volucer pandit Junonius alas;
Nec sic innumeros arcu mutante colores
Incipiens redimitur hyems, cum tramite flexo
Semita discretis interviret humida nimbis.*

de rapt. Prof. lib. 2.

† A Panegyrick to my Lord Protector &c.

Upon the detection of Mr. Waller's design to promote
the King's service in the City (of which the Earl of Clarendon

† Page 113,

rendon

rendon has given a large account in the seventh book of his History of the Rebellion.) Whitelock informs us, that He obtain'd "a reprieve from General Essex; and after a "year's imprisonment, he pay'd a fine of ten thousand "pounds; was pardon'd, and travell'd into France:" where having continu'd for about ten years, upon his friends' application to Cromwell, who had then solely ingross'd the enslaving of the nation, he was permitted to return: and about the year 1654, *Anno Ætat.* 49, he express'd his gratitude to the Usurper in this admirable Panegyric.

* *Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face &c.*] See Virgil's first *Æneid*.

*Interea magno misceri murmure pontum,
Emissamque hyemem sensit Neptunus, & imis
Stagna refusa vadis: graviter commotus, & alto
Prospiciens, summâ placidum caput extulit undâ &c.*

Mean-time imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows, beating on the ground:
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the Main, &c.

Mr. Dryden.

But Mr. Waller seems to have had Fairfax's translation of Tasso more immediately in his thoughts, Book III. Stan. 52.

*Above the waves as Neptune lift his eyes,
To chide the winds, that Trojan ships oppress;
And with his count'nance calm'd seas, winds and skies:
So look'd Rinaldo, when he shook his crest.*

Without intending the least reproach to the memory of this excellent Translator, who so greatly improv'd the harmony of our versification, I may observe that this simile is grafted on the *Italian* stock; for, there is nothing in Tasso from whence it could naturally spring. And he hath taken the

the same liberty (the *Milbourns* of this age would call it unpardonable license.) in some other places; one of which occurs at present to my memory, and it is likewise a simile, Book VIII. Stan. 32.

*With that I saw from Cynthia's silver face
Like to a falling star, a beam down slide;
That, bright as golden line, mark'd out the place,
And lighten'd with clear streams the forest wide.
" So Latmos shone, when Phæbe left the chase,
" And laid her down by her Endymion's side."*

† *As Egypt does not on the clouds rely &c.]* The Egyptians call the Nile, the rival of the skies: and some accounts say they never used to lift up their eyes to heaven to express their adorations of an almighty Creator; but, transfer'd their religious gratitude to the river, for supplying their want of rain: which gross impiety *Lucan* seems to have alluded to in the eighth book of the *Pharsalia*;

*Terra suis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis,
Aut Jovis, in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.*

No tides of commerce roll to gild her coasts;
Her native wealth the fruitful region boasts:
Nor pays, for blessings on the tiller's toil,
Her vows to *Jove*: she puts her trust in Nile.

* *Rome, tho' her eagle thro' the world &c.]* Many of the natives, rather than they would submit to the invaders, fled into the farthest northern parts of our Island; from whence they made frequent incursions upon the new colonies: to prevent which, *Adrian* the Emperor order'd the *Roman* wall to be built, which extended about four-score miles; from the river *Eden* in *Cumberland*, to the banks of the river *Tine*. The materials of which this mound was compos'd were wood and earth; tho' by *Spenser's* de-

description one wou'd imagine that one of Frier Bacon's predecessors had been the chief engineer.

*Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bank
That Roman monarch built a brazen wall;
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flank
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all;
Which yet thereof Guallever they do call.*

Fairy Queen. B. IV. C. ii.

‡ *When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd.]* Plutarch in his discourse on the tranquillity of the mind says, that Alexander express'd this vain passion on hearing Anaxarchus assert a plurality of worlds.

*Unus Pellaos juveni non sufficit orbis;
Æstuat infelix, angusto limite mundi,
Ut Gyra clausus scopulis, parvâque Seripho.*

Juvenal. Sat. X.

One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd:
And struggling stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out. Mr. Dryden.

|| *So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane &c.]* Imitated from Fairfax's translation of Tasso, Book VIII, Stan. 83.

*So, when a lion shakes his dreadful maine,
And beats his tail, with courage proud, and wroth,
If his commander come, who first took paine
To tame his youth, his lofty crest down go'th, &c.*

† *Like Joseph's sheaves &c.]* See Genesis Chap. xxxviii.

‡ Page 116.

|| Page 120.

† Page 121.



* *Of a war with Spain, and fight at sea.*

As Mr. Waller design'd in the preceding Panegyric to persuade the nation to think itself safe, and happy, under the new Protector: so, in this Poem, his principal aim was to recommend the Protector to their reverence under the title of King; which the Usurper ambitiously affected. But, finding that the same evil spirit which he had artfully conjur'd-up against his lawful Sovereign, still possess'd the House of Commons to perplex his own affairs; he projected the scheme of engaging in a war with Spain; to be enabled by foreign spoil to establish his Government in what form, and under what denomination, he pleas'd; without depending on Parliamentary counsel or supplies. With this view he concluded a Peace with France against Spain; which is censur'd by Ludlow, Welwood, and others, for the falsest step he ever made, and the most fatal to the tranquillity of Europe. However, his own hopes were sufficiently answer'd by the success of that naval expedition, which is the subject of this Poem; which will be illustrated by my Lord Clarendon's account of the action.

Montagu, a young Gentleman of a good family, who had been drawn into the party of Cromwell, and serv'd under him as a Colonel in his army with much courage, was sent with an addition of ships to join with Blake; and join'd in commission of Admiral and General with him: Blake having found himself much indispos'd in his health; and having desir'd that another might be sent to assist him, and to take care of the Fleet, if worse should befall him. Upon his arrival with the Fleet, they lay long before Cales, in expectation of the Spanish West-India Fleet, and to keep in all ships from going out to give notice of their being there. After some months attendance they were at last compell'd to remove their station, that they might get fresh water, and some other provisions which they want-

ed:

ed: and so drew-off to a convenient Bay in *Portugal*; and left a Squadron of ships to watch the *Spanish* Fleet: which, within a very short time after the remove of the *English* Fleet, came upon the coast: and before they were discover'd by the Commander of the Squadron, ("Captain Richard Stayner,") who was to the lee-ward, made their way so fast, that when he got-up with them, though he was inferior to them in number ("having with him but "two Frigates, beside that in which himself sail'd; and "the *Spanish* Fleet consisting of eight men of war and "galleons.") they rather thought of saving their wealth by flight, than of defending themselves: and so, the *Spanish* Admiral run on shore in the Bay; and the Vice-admiral, in which was the ("Marquis of Bajadex") Vice-King of *Mexico*, with his wife, and sons, and daughters, fir'd; in which the poor Gentleman himself, his wife, and his eldest daughter perish'd: his other daughters, and his two sons, and near one hundred others, were sav'd by the *English*; who took the Rere-Admiral, and another ship very richly laden, "having above two millions of plate on "board," which, together with the prisoners, were sent into *England*; the rest escap'd into *Gibraltar*. * * *

This action having happen'd in the beginning of that auspicious month to the Usurper, *September*, 1656, we may conclude that Mr. Waller writ this Poem when he was enter'd into the fifty first year of his age.

|| *The lab'ring winds &c.*] *Florus* speaking of *Anthony's* large ships at the fight near *Actium*, says, *gemitu maris & labore ventorum ferebantur.*

† *Born under different stars, one fate they have.*] Imitated from *Cicero*, *Omnesne qui Cannensi pugna ceciderunt, uno astro fuerint? Exitus quidem omnium unus & idem fuit.* *de Divinat. lib. 2.*

* *So Jove from Ida &c.*] See page xviii.

|| Page 122.

† Ibid.

* Page 123.

‡ And, since he could not save her, with her dy'd.] Imitated from our English Tasso, where he speaks of the deaths of Edward and Gildippe, Book 10. Stan. 98.

He let her fall, himself fell by her side;
And, for he could not save her, with her dy'd.

* And, phoenix-like, in that rich nest they dye.] See Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book xv.

*Hæc, ubi quinque sua complevit sæcula vita,
Ilicis in ramis, tremulæve cacumine palma,
Unguibus & pando nidum sibi construit ore.
Quo simul ac cassias, & nardi lenis aristas,
Quassaque cum fulvâ substravit cinnama myrrhâ,
Se super imponit, finitque in odoribus ævum.*

He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd.)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and first he draws
The plan, with his broad bill, and crooked claws,
Nature's artificer: on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round: then, with the spoil
Of cassia, cinnamon, and stems of nard,
For softness strew'd beneath, his fun'ral bed is rear'd;
Fun'ral and bridal both: and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd;
On this incumbent, 'till ætherial flame
First catches, then consumes, the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odors, and in odors dyes.

Mr. Dryden.

† With these returns victorious Montagu.] In some late editions the title of this Poem injuriously gives the glory of this action to general Montagu, which is entirely due to Stayner: who, for his bravery on this occasion, and soon afterwards at Santa Cruz, was knighted by Cromwell: and

T 2

had

‡ Page 123. * Ibid. † Page 124.

had his valor been employ'd in a better cause, by a better master, he might have been justly rank'd amongst those who have merited most of the *English* nation. But, when *Montagu* came back from the coast of *Portugal*, the Marquis's two sons, and two surviving daughters, with about ninety other prisoners, and all the buillion, were committed to his care. *With these returns* he to *Portsmouth*, where he receiv'd the Protector's orders to bring them by land to *London*; and his orders were executed with great ostentation.

* *Upon the death of the Lord Protector.*

Mr. Waller wrote this Poem, *Anno Ætat. 53.*

+ * * * *So Romulus was lost.*] From the unanimous accounts of the best historians we may conclude that *Romulus* was murder'd by the Patricians, to whom his arbitrary spirit was grown insupportable: and to cover their revenge from the resentments of the populace, they publish'd how he suddenly vanish'd, whilst he was surrounded by the Senate; and was assum'd into the order of the Gods. While he was assassinated, there happen'd an eclipse of the sun, attended with a violent storm, which contributed to gain a general belief of his deification.

|| *With ruin'd oaks, and pines &c.*] Imitated from *Seneca*, if he was the author of *Hercules Oetaus*:

*Aggeritur omnis silva, & alterna trabes
In astra tollunt Herculi angustum rogam:
Rapit alta flammæ pinus, & robur tenax,
Et brevior ilex silva: contextit pyram
Populeæ silva, frondis Herculeæ nemus.*

‡ *Nature herself took notice of his death &c.*] He expir'd upon the third day of September 1658: a day he thought always

* *Pag. 124.* † *Ibid.* || *Page 125.* ‡ *Ibid.*

always very propitious to him, and on which he had twice triumph'd for two of his greatest victories. And this was now a day very memorable for the greatest storm of wind that had been ever known, for some hours before and after his death, which overthrew trees, houses, and made great wrecks at sea: and the tempest was so universal, that the effects of it were terrible both in *France*, and *Flanders*, where all people trembled at it: for, besides the wrecks all along the sea-coast, many boats were cast away in the very rivers: and within few days after, the circumstance of his death, that accompany'd the storm, was universally known.

He was one of those men, *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent*, whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time: for he could never have done half that mischief without great courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures, and humors, of men; and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth (tho' of a good family) without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height; and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors, and interests, into a consistence that contributed to his own designs, and to their own destruction: whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut-off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What was said of *Cinna* may very justly be said of him, *ausum eum, quæ nemo auderet bonus; perfecisse, quæ à nullo nisi fortissimo perfici possent*; he attempted those things which no good man durst have ventur'd on; and atchiev'd those, in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded. Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted any thing, or brought to pass what he desir'd, more wickedly; more in the face and contempt of religion, and moral honesty. Yet, wickedness, great as His,

could never have accomplish'd those designs, without the assistance of a great spirit, and admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

E. of Clarendon's History, Book XV.

* To the King, upon his Majesty's happy Return.

The subject of this, and most others of the succeeding Poems, are so generally known, that, in the sequel of these cursory Observations, I shall have little occasion to comment upon them. The date of This coincides with the 55th year of Mr. Waller's age: from which time his genius began to decline apace from its meridian: yet, whatever traces of old age may appear in his later compositions, (as *Longinus* says of *Homer*.) we must still confess it to be the old age of Mr. Waller.

* * * * *Cognoscite, Teucri!*

Qua fuerint ILLI juvenili in corpore vires.

We are told in the *Menagiana*, that when he presented this Poem to the King, his Majesty said he thought it much inferior to his Panegyric on *Cromwell*. Sir! reply'd Mr. Waller, we Poets never succede so well in writing truth, as in fiction.

† *Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.*] I suppose this thought was suggested to the Author by the death of the famous Mathematician Mr. *Oughtred*; who expir'd in a transport of joy upon hearing the Parliament had resolv'd to address the King to return to his dominions.

‡ *Like fainting Esther.*] See the Book of *Esther*, Chap. v.

|| Great Britain, like blind *Polypheme* &c.] See *Homer's* ninth *Odyssy*; and the third Book of *Virgil's* *Æneis*.

So

* Page 126.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

* *So Semele contented &c.*] See the third Book of *Ovid's* *Metamorphoses*.

† *Had Archimedes known &c.*] He was the most celebrated Mathematician of antiquity; and, by his wonderfull skill in mechanics, long preserv'd *Syracuse* from being taken by the *Romans* under the conduct of *Marcellus*. *Plutarch* says, he had such confidence in his art, as to boast, that if there was another earth on which he might fix his machine, he could remove the world out of its present situation.

‡ * * * *The first-English-born*
That has the crown of these three nations worn.] This peculiarity is express'd in the inscription round the Medal that was struck at his birth, HACTENUS ANGLORUM NULLI. See the Medals annexed to these observations, Fig. IV.

|| *For having rudely cut the Gordian knot.*] The story is thus told by *Collier*, abridg'd from *Cursius* and *Arrian*. *Gordius* king of *Phrygia*, and father of *Midas*, being a poor husbandman, had two yokes of oxen; with one of which he plow'd his land, with the other he drew his wain. As he was at plow an eagle perch'd upon the yoke of one of his oxen, and sat there 'till evening: Upon which consulting the soothsayers, a country virgin bade him sacrifice to *Jupiter* under the title of king: whereupon he married the Virgin, and had *Midas* by her. In the mean time the *Phrygians* being admonish'd by the oracle to take for their Sovereign the first person they met in a wain, met *Gordius* with his wife and son, and presently plac'd him on the throne. *Midas*, for the favor receiv'd from *Jupiter*, consecrated to him his father's cart. 'Tis farther said, that the knot which fasten'd the yoke to the beam, was so ingeniously and artificially contriv'd of the bark of a cornel-tree, that the ends of it could not be discover'd: and the noise of fame was, that whoever could unloose it, should obtain the empire of *Asia*. *Alexander* therefore coming to *Gordium*, and not able to unloose the knot, cut

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it

* Page 127.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

|| Page 128.

it with his sword; and boasted that he had fulfill'd the oracle.

† * * * You ascribe it all

To his high hand, which threw the untouch'd Wall

Of self-demolish'd Jericho &c.] The Author seems to allude to the strain of piety, in which the King's Declaration, and Letters, from *Breda* were written: and likewise to the inscriptions on two Medals that were stamp'd immediately upon the Restoration. See Fig. I. and II. For the demolition of *Jericho*, see *Joshua* chap. vi. which piece of sacred history the Greeks seem to have inverted, in their fable of *Amphion's* building the walls of *Thebes* by the power of music.

‡ Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,

Like ears of corn &c.] Imitated from *Fletcher's Philaster*, Act. III.

* * * * The People

Against their nature are all bent before him:

And, like a field of standing corn that's mov'd

With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

* Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood;

And pity'd those, who love with frailty shew'd.] See St. *Matthew's* Gospel, chap. viii. ver. 24. In this allusion *Mr. Waller* seems to touch tenderly upon his own want of resolution, which is related at large by the *Earl of Clarendon* in the seventh book of his history of the rebellion.

|| Of the first Paradise there's nothing found &c.] Various are the notions, both of *Jewish* and *Christian* writers, and generally vain, concerning the situation of *Paradise* before, and the disposition of it after, the *Fall* of our first parents: but, they seem to speak most rationally, who conceive it to have been destroy'd by the deluge, when all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered. Which opinion receives the sanction of *Milton's* concurrence, who may

† Page 128.

‡ Ibid.

* Page 129.

|| Page 130.

may be suppos'd to have study'd this subject with attention, and to have been serious in his assent, since he has inserted it into the Angel's prophetic description of Noah's flood.

* * * * All the cataracts

Of heav'n set open, on the earth shall pour
Rain, day and night : all fountains of the Deep
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, 'till inundation rise
Above the highest hills. Then, shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,
And there take root : an island salt, and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang!
To teach thee that GOD attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men, who there frequent, or, therein dwell.

Paradise Lost, Book xi.

* The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand.] See pages xix. and xxxviii.

† The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's sheet &c.] See Genesis chap. vii. and the Acts of the Apostles, chap. x.

‡ The structure by a Prelate rais'd, White-Hall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capitol &c.] Upon Cardinal Wolsey's falling from the favor of King Henry VIII, White-Hall, which he had built to be the Town-Scene of his own grandeur, was converted into a Royal Palace. In like manner the Capitol when completed by Tarquin the Proud, was only intended for a fortress and magazine, to awe the city, whenever it should attempt to struggle for its liberties : (a stratagem, which Pisistratus had practis'd

but

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* Page 130.

† Page 131.

‡ Page 132.

but a few years before at *Athens*; and secur'd the Govern-
ment to himself by seizing the cittadel.) but, the Capitol,
as well as *White-Hall*, was put to a nobler use than either
Tarquin the Old who founded it, or his successor who fi-
nish'd it, intended, by being made (if in prose I may use
so bold an expression.) a palace for *Jupiter*.

|| *So snow on Ætna &c.*] This simile is employ'd by
Mr. Cowley, who in his note upon it, to which I refer the
reader, confesseth that he copy'd it from *Claudian*:

*So, contraries on Ætna's top conspire;
Here, hoary frosts; and by them breaks-out fire:
A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep;
Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep.*

Ode to Mr. Hobs.

* *Here, like the people's pastor &c.*] This manner of ex-
pressing the function of a King is frequently used by Ho-
mer, tho' it seems to have been originally of eastern ex-
traction: See *Psalms* lxxx. 1. But, I suppose Mr. Waller
immediately refer'd to the reverse of a Medal that was
stamp'd at the coronation of King Charles II; on which
his Majesty was figur'd in a Roman military habit, with
a shepherd's crook in his hand, and a flock of sheep gra-
zing round him. See Fig. III.

† *On what the World may from that star expect,
Which at his birth appear'd &c.*] King Charles the First's
procession to St. Paul's, to give thanks for the birth of this
son, was eminently distinguish'd, by the appearance of a
star about noon, which was express'd beaming from the
centre of the Medal that was struck on that occasion; See
Fig. IV. and afterwards we find it repeated on that which
was stamp'd immediately upon the Restoration. Fig. II.

|| Page 133.

* Ibid.

† Page 134.



† Of the invasion and defeat of the Turks.

The siege of *Vienna*, which occasion'd the writing this Poem, began about the middle of *July* 1683. (in the 78th year of Mr. *Waller's* age.) and was carried-on with great fury by an army of a hundred thousand *Turks*, under the conduct of the Grand Visier: but, he was compell'd to raise it on the tenth of the following *September*, by that heroic Prince *John Sobieski* King of *Poland*; at whose arrival the Infidels made such a precipitate flight, that they left behind them their field-equipage, and the Standard of the *Ottoman* empire; with a hundred and eighty pieces of Cannon. Upon this defeat the commotions grew so violent among the Janisaries, that the Sultan was oblig'd to commute for his own safety with the death of his great favorite *Cara Mustapha* the Grand Visier, who was strangled at *Belgrade* on the 25th of *December* 1683. He had attain'd to the highest dignities, and command, that a subject is capable of enjoying in that government, by the interest of the Sultanes's-Mother *Valida*, to whom for many years he had been a Gallant: but, not long before this fatal campaign, he had fall'n passionately in love with *Basch-Lari*, the Sultan's sister; which so irritated the forsaken *Valida*, that she made use of the necessities of the state to be reveng'd for his inconstancy; and prevail'd with her son the Emperor *Mahomet* to send for his head; to which he is said to have assented with the greatest reluctance.

* *Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom.*] This Sultan *Mahomet* was the Son of *Ibrahim*, who was depos'd and strangled in the year 1649.

‡ *He Bassas' heads to save his own &c.*] *Mustapha*, to clear his approaches to the Princess *Basch-Lari*, put to death the Bassa of *Buda*, to whom she had lately been marry'd;
on

on pretence that he fail'd of performing his duty in an action against the *Imperialists* before *Vienna*: and to cover that cruelty to his rival, he sentenc'd two of the same dignity to be strangled with him.

‡ *Before another Solymán they get.*] This refers to the second of that name, who made vast additions to the *Ottoman* dominions: he reigned forty six years, every one of which is said to have been distinguish'd by a glorious action.

|| *What Angel shall descend &c.*] The remaining part of the Poem complements King *Charles*, on the general peace concluded at *Nimeguen*; where most of the Princes, and States, of *Europe* submitted to his Majesty's arbitration, for adjusting their several pretensions.

* *In battels won, Fortune a part doth claim &c.*] *In armis militum virtus, locorum opportunitas, auxilia sociorum, classes, commeatus, multum juvant: maximam vero partem quasi suo jure Fortuna sibi vindicat.*

Cicero pro Marcello.

† *What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules.*] The actions of *Theseus* have already been refer'd to at page x. which the reader may find recited together by *Ovid* in the seventh book of his *Metamorphoses*: in which he seems to have copy'd the praises of *Hercules* (*Jupiter's* son by *Alcmena*, a *Theban* Lady.) in the eighth book of *Virgil's Æneis*.

*Tum Salii ad cantus, incensa altaria circum,
Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis:
Hic juvenum chorus, ille senum; qui carmine laudes
Herculeas & facta ferunt: ut prima noverca
Monstra manu, geminosque premens eliserit angues:
Ut bello egregias idem disjecerit urbes,
Trojamque, Oechaliamque: ut duros millo labores
Rege sub Eurystheo, fatis Junonis iniquæ
Pertuleris. Tu nubigenas, invictæ! bimembres,*

Hyla

‡ Page 135. || Page 136. * Ibid. † Ibid.

*Hylæumque, Pholæumque manu : tu Cressia mactas
 Prodigia, & vastum Nemea sub rupe leonem.
 Te Stygii tremuere lacus ; te janitor Orci,
 Ossa super recubans antro semosa cruento.
 Nec Te ulla facies, non terruit ipse Typhæus
 Arduus, arma tenens : non te rationis egentem
 Lernaus turbâ caput circumstetit anguis.
 Salve, vera Jovis proles, decus addite Divis ;
 Et nos, & tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo !*

The *Salii* sing, and cense his altars round
 With *Saban* smoke, their heads with poplar bound :
 One choir of old, another of the young,
 To dance, and bear the burthen of the song.
 The Lay records the labors, and the praise,
 And all th' immortal acts of *Hercules*.
 First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
 The serpents strangled with his infant hands.
 Then, as in years, and matchless force he grew,
 Th' *Oechalian* walls, and *Trojan*, overthrew.
 Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,
 Procur'd by *Juno's*, and *Eurystheus'* hate.
 Thy hands, unconquer'd Hero ! could subdue
 The cloud-born *Centaurs*, and the monster-crew.
 Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood ;
 Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
 The triple porter of the *Stygian* fear,
 With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet ;
 And, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
 Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight ;
 Thee, God ! no face of danger could affright :
 Nor huge *Typhæus*, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
 Increas'd with hissing heads in *Lerna's* lake.
 Hail *Jove's* undoubted son ! An added grace
 To heav'n, and the great author of thy race !
 Receive the grateful off'rings which we pay,
 And smile propitious on thy solemn day !

Mr. Dryden!

‡ To

‡ To the Queen upon her Majesty's birth-day, &c.

Queen *Catharine*, Infanta of *Portugal*, was born on the fourteenth of *November* N. S. 1638: but her birth-day was observ'd in *England* on the twenty fifth of that month, agreeable to the old method of computation: on which day *Mr. Waller* presented this Poem to her Majesty, soon after her recovery from a dangerous fever, *Anno Dom.* 1663. *Ætat. sua* 58.

|| On your pale cheek &c.] Imitated from *Tasso*, Book XX.

*E'l bel volto, e'l bel seno à la meschina
Bagnò d'alcuna lagrima pietosa; &c.*

And her fair face, fair bosom, he bedews
With tears; tears of remorse, of ruth, of sorrow:
As the pale rose her color lost renews,
With the fresh drops fall'n from the silver Morrow;
So, she revives; and cheeks empurpled shews,
Moist with their own tears, and with tears they borrow.

Fairfax.

This Poem concludes that edition which was printed in the year 1664: at which time *Mr. Waller* express'd his resolution to hang up his harp, by subscribing these two verses from *Horace*, *Epist.* 1. *lib.* 1.

*Nunc itaque & versus, & cætera ludicra pono;
Quid verum, atque decens curo, & rogo, & omnis in
hoc sum.*

But, since he soon relaps'd into Poetry, I thought it would not be very material to preserve them any longer in their usual station.

† This happy day two lights are seen,

A glorious Saint &c.] The Queen having been born on the

‡ Page 137.

|| Page 138.

† Ibid.

the same day which the Kalendar appoints for commemorating the martyrdom of St. *Catharine*, or *Æcaterina*, or *Eccaterina*, (for those who agree in their invocations, differ about the orthography of her name; and cannot determine whether it is of *Arabic*, or of *Grecian*, extraction.) it is probable that her Majesty, after the mode of the *Romish* communion, adopted her for her Guardian Saint. And this conjecture seems to be confirm'd by the reverse of a Medal that was stamp'd after her arrival in *England*, (the Reader will find a type of it annex'd, Fig. V.) where St. *Catharine* is express'd standing by the fragment of a wheel; having a palm in her right hand, and a sword revers'd in her left. In these verses Mr. *Waller* mistakes the manner of her death to have been by being broken alive upon the wheel: but, her Legend says that the machine was shatter'd to pieces by light'ning, as soon as it was laid upon the scaffold; whereupon *Maximin* order'd her head to be sever'd from her body: both which were instantly carry'd from *Alexandria* to mount *Sinai* by Angels; near to which they are at present deposited in a silver shrine: see *Thevenot's Travels*, Book I. Chap. 27. But, after all their pompous accounts of this Virgin-Saint, some of the *Romanists*, even *Baronius* himself, confess there is a visible mixture of fable in her story: for which reason, when the *Parisian Breviary* was reform'd about forty years since, the revisers thought it was not worthy to be retain'd among the rest of their pious Romances.

* *When Lords and Commons with united voice &c.*] King *Charles* at the meeting of his first Parliament in *May 1661*, imparted to them his intentions to marry the Infanta of *Portugal*: whereupon both Houses attended his Majesty at *Whitehall* to express their "humble acknowledgment and
" thanks for the free and gracious communication of his
" resolutions to marry with the Infanta of *Portugal*; which
" they conceiv'd to be of so high a concernment to this
" nation, that they receiv'd it with great joy and satisfaction;

cxxviii *Observations on some of*

"tion; and did with all earnestness beg a blessing upon,
 "and a speedy accomplishment of it: and they could not
 "but express their own unanimous resolutions; which
 "they were confident would have a general influence up-
 "on the hearts of all his subjects. That they should up-
 "on all occasions be ready to assist his Majesty in the pur-
 "suance of these his intentions, against all oppositions
 "whatsoever."

|| *With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd*

The glorious Prince &c.] John Sobieski while he was on-
 ly Grand Marshal of the Crown, and Grand General of
 the Kingdom, of Poland, regain'd sixty towns from the
 Rebel-Cossacks in *Ukrania*; took from the *Tartars* all the
 Palatinate of *Bracklaw*; defeated the *Ottoman* army in the
 famous engagement at *Choczim*, that lasted three days; in
 which action near thirty thousand Infidels were slain. Up-
 on the death of King *Michael* he was elected to succede
 him in the throne of *Poland*, May 19, 1674: and still per-
 sisted in his victorious progress against the *Turks*, 'till he
 constrain'd them to accept of a Peace. And when they
 afterwards invaded the Imperial territories, and had driven
 the Emperor from his capital city, he march'd in person
 against them, and rais'd the siege of *Vienna*, ‡ in the man-
 ner I have lately recited. And, to crown all his other he-
 roic qualities, it must be remember'd, that he was a pas-
 sionate lover of letters himself, and a generous protector
 of learned men. He dy'd at *Warsaw*, Anno Dom. 1696, in
 the 72d year of his age: having liv'd so long! that his
 subjects forgot how much both They, and all Christen-
 dom, ow'd to his valor; and transfer'd the Crown from
 his son to another competitor. It appears from the date
 in the title of this Poem, that Mr. *Waller* wrote and pre-
 sented it to the Queen, Anno Ætat. 78.

* *Venus, her myrtle; Phœbus has his bays.] Imitated
 from Virgil. Ecl. 7.*

Formosa

|| Page 139.

‡ Page cxxiii.

* Page 140.

Formosa myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo.

† * * * That bold nation, which the way did show
To the fair region, where the sun does rise.] After Bar-
tholomew Diaz, in making his observations on the coast of
Afric, had discover'd the Cape of good hope; Vasco de Ga-
ma, with some other Portuguese adventurers, about the
year 1497, by the encouragement of King John II, and
his successor Emanuel, attempted a passage to the East-Ind-
ies by doubling the Cape; which they perform'd with
success: and there they open'd a vein of commerce, that
yielded immense wealth to the Kings of Portugal; of
which for some time they remain'd sole proprietors with-
out molestation.

‡ Of her Royal Highness, mother to the Prince of
Orange &c.

Mary Princess of Orange was the eldest daughter of King
Charles I, born at St. James's Anno Dom. 1631, and con-
tracted in the tenth year of her age to William, only son
of Frederic Henry Prince of Orange. She was a Lady whose
piety, and incomparable goodness of nature, were not con-
fin'd to a fruitless compassion of the calamities of her fa-
mily; but, render'd her active in promoting their interests,
and bountiful to their friends, when they wanted her sup-
port, and protection. After nineteen years absence, she
return'd to her native country, to partake in the general
joy at her Brother's Restoration. Soon after her arrival,
the House of Commons presented her Highness with ten
thousand pounds: which, tho' it might in some measure
evidence their own duty, and affection; was but a poor
equivalent for only one article of her bounty; she having
for

for many years appropriated one half of her annual revenue, to the support of the Duke of *Glocester*; that he might not be influenc'd to change his religion, by accepting a pension from the Catholic Princes: but, her soul was too noble either to balance benefits herself, or to suffer others to reduce them to a strict computation. After she had pass'd about three months in *England*, she dy'd of the small-pox, and was interr'd in *Henry VII's Chapel*, *December 31. Anno Dom. 1660. Ætat. sue 29.* At the time of his writing this Poem *Mr. Waller* appears to have been in the 55th year of his age.

|| *Like the blest oil &c.*] See 2 *Kings* chap. iv.

† * * * *A nymph of your own train*

Gives us your character &c.] The Lady *Anno Hyde*, as she had the glory of giving birth to two great Queens; so, she was equally happy in owing her own to *Edward Earl of Clarendon*; one of the most able, most incorrupt, and most pious Ministers of State, that ever any Monarch employ'd, in any age, or nation. She attended her father when he follow'd King *Charles* into exile; where she was marry'd, without his knowledge, to the Duke of *York*: but, by mutual consent, their marriage was conceal'd 'till after the Restoration. *Burnet*, (whom *Mr. Dryden* long since observ'd to be venomously nice in his commendations.) allows her to have been "a very extraordinary woman. " She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things. " She soon understood what belong'd to a Princess; and " took state on her rather too much. She writ well; and " had begun the Duke's Life; of which she shew'd me " a volume: it was all drawn from his Journal; and He " intended to have employ'd Me in carrying it on. She " was bred to great strictness in religion, and practis'd secret confession: *Morley* told me he was her confessor: " she began at twelve years old, and continued under his " direction, 'till, upon her father's disgrace, he was put " from

" from the Court. She was generous and friendly ; but, " was too severe an enemy." After a long indisposition she dy'd in the beginning of the year 1671, in the thirty fourth year of her age ; and was buried in great state, on the south side of King Henry VII's Chapel.

* To the Duchess of Orleans &c.

The Princess *Henrietta Maria*, youngest daughter of King *Charles I*, was born at *Exeter* on the 16th of *June*, 1644. When she was about two years old she was privately conveyed into *France* ; † as hath already been observ'd in the remarks on the Poem to the Countess of *Morton* : where, soon after the Restoration, she was marry'd to the *French King's* only brother, *Philip Duke of Anjou* ; who succeeded to the title of *Orleans*, on the death of his uncle. But alas!

Eumenides tenuère faces de funere raptas,

*Eumenides straverunt sorum. * * **

She is said to have been extremely beautiful ; and even *Burnet* confesseth that she was thought the wittiest woman in *France* : tho' soon afterwards repenting of his ingenuity, he takes some pains to poison her reputation. Being prevail'd upon by the *French King* to endeavour to engage her brother, King *Charles II*, in a league with him to humble the *Dutch*, she arriv'd at *Dover* about the middle of *May* 1670 ; where she stay'd something more than a fortnight ; and was entertain'd by all her royal relations, attended with the flow'r of the *English Court*, with all possible demonstrations of joy : during which time a scheme against *Holland* was concerted. Her husband, while she

was

was absent, either wrought upon by the weakness and malice of his own nature, or the wicked insinuations of others, contracted an ill opinion of her conjugal virtue; so that nothing but her blood could extinguish his jealousy: and accordingly, soon after her return to *St. Cloud*, she was dispatch'd by a dose of sublimate, given her in a glass of succory water, when she had just completed the twenty sixth year of her age. During her torments, which for about ten hours were violent, she express'd great resignation; and told the Duke of Orleans, that *she was the willingest to die, because her conscience upbraided her with nothing ill in her conduct towards Him.* After such a declaration of her innocence, made in the very article of death, it ill became a Christian Bishop to impeach her fidelity! Mr. Waller writ this Poem *Anno MDC. 65.*

* *Upon her Majesty's new buildings at Somerset-House.*

The Queen-Mother, *Henrietta Maria*, return'd, with a design to pass the remainder of her life in *England*, *Anno Dom. 1662*; when Mr. Waller was in the 57th year of his age. Upon settling at *Somerset-House*, she beautify'd the old Palace, and, I think, added all those buildings that front to the river. Mr. Cowley has an excellent copy of verses on this occasion.

+ *Orpheus could make the forest dance &c.]* See page xxxviii.

‡ *The picture of fair Venus (that For which men say the Goddess sat) Was lost 'till Lely &c.]* I cannot recollect any story to which Mr. Waller might allude in the two first verses: and perhaps he only refer'd to the turn of a *Greek* epigram, on the celebrated statue of *Venus*, which was carv'd by *Praxiteles*.

Anj

* Page 142.

† Page 144.

‡ Page 145.

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too,
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view :
All these I frankly own without denying ;
But, where has this Praxiteles been prying ?

Mr. Addison.

For an account of Sir Peter Lely, see page cvii.

|| As once the lion honey gave &c.] Alluding to Samson's riddle in the fourteenth chapter of Judges.

* A wall, like that which Athens had &c.] The Athenians, alarm'd with the report of Xerxes's preparations to invade Greece, (justly apprehending that he would endeavour to take severe revenge, for the defeat they had given the Persians at Marathon.) sent to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, to know what measures they should observe for their preservation. They were advis'd to defend themselves with wooden walls ; which Themistocles interpreted to signify that they should trust to their navy : and prevail'd with the people to recommend the city to the care of Minerva, and transport their wives and children to a neighbouring island : whilst he embark'd on board the fleet, with all that were able to bear arms ; and, in a short time, by his conduct the Persians were effectually defeated.

† Upon the Earl of Roscommon's translation of
Horace &c.

Wentworth Dillon Earl of Roscommon was born in Ireland, whilst the government of that kingdom was committed to the care of the great Earl of Strafford ; to whom the Countess of Roscommon (descended from the Boyntons of Brampton in the County of York.) was nearly related : and when he was baptiz'd, the Lord Lieutenant gave him the

|| Page 145.

* Page 147.

† Page 148.

sur-name of his own family. In that kingdom he pass'd the first years of his infancy : but, his father having been converted by Arch-bishop *Usher* from the communion of the Church of *Rome* ; the Earl of *Strafford*, apprehending that his family would be expos'd to the most furious effects of religious revenge, at the beginning of the *Irish* rebellion sent for his God-son into *England* ; and plac'd him at his own seat in *Yorkshire*, under the tuition of Dr. *Hall*, a person of eminent learning and piety. By him he was instructed in *Latin* ; and without learning the common rules of *Grammar*, which he could never retain in his memory, he attain'd to write in that language with Classical elegance and propriety ; and with so much ease, that he chose it to correspond with those friends who had learning sufficient to support the commerce. When the cloud began to gather over *England*, and the Earl of *Strafford* was singled out for a prey to popular fury ; by the advice of the Lord Primate *Usher*, he was sent to complete his education at *Caen* in *Normandy*, under the care and direction of the famous *Bochartus*. After some years he travel'd to *Rome*, where he grew familiar with the most valuable remains of antiquity ; applying himself particularly to the knowledge of Medals, which he gain'd in perfection : and spoke *Italian* with so much grace, and fluency, that he was frequently mistaken there for a native. Soon after the Restoration he return'd to *England*, where he was graciously receiv'd by King *Charles II*, and made Captain of the Band of Pensioners. In the gaities of that age he was tempted to indulge a violent passion for Gaming ; by which he frequently hazarded his life in duels, and exceded the bounds of a moderate fortune. A dispute with the Lord Privy Seal about part of his estate obliging him to revisit his native country, he resign'd his Post in the *English* Court : and, soon after his arrival at *Dublin*, the Duke of *Ormond* appointed him to be Captain of the Guards. His beloved *Horace* observ'd, that the diseases of the mind are seldom cur'd by change of air ; the truth of which was confirm'd

by

by his Lordship's example : for, he was there as much as ever distemper'd with the same fatal affection for Play ; which engag'd him in one adventure that well deserves to be related. As he return'd to his lodgings from a gaming-table, he was attack'd in the dark by three ruffians, who were employ'd to assassinate him. the Earl defended himself with so much resolution, that he dispatch'd one of the aggressors ; whilst a Gentleman, accidentally passing that way, interpos'd, and disarm'd another : the third secur'd himself by flight. This generous assistant was a disbanded Officer, of a good family, and fair reputation ; who, by what we call the partiality of Fortune, to avoid censuring the iniquities of the times, wanted even a plain suit of cloaths to make a decent appearance at the *Castle*. But, his Lordship on this occasion presenting him to the Duke of *Ormond*, with great importunity prevail'd with his Grace that he might resign his Post of Captain of the Guards to his friend ; which for about three years the Gentleman enjoy'd : and upon his death, the Duke return'd the Commission to his generous benefactor.

The pleasures of the *English Court*, and the friendships he had there contracted, were powerful motives for his return to *London*. Soon after he came, he was made Master of the Horse to her Royal Highness the Duchess of *York* : and marry'd the Lady *Frances*, eldest daughter of *Richard Earl of Burlington* ; who before had been the wife of Colonel *Courtney*. And about this time, in imitation of those learned and polite assemblies, with which he had been acquainted abroad ; particularly one at *Caen*, (in which his Tutor *Bochartus* dy'd suddenly, whilst he was delivering an Oration,) he began to form a Society for the refining, and fixing the standard of our language ; in which design his great friend Mr. *Dryden* was a principal assistant. A design ! of which it is much easier to conceive an agreeable idea, than any rational hope ever to see it brought to perfection among us. This project, at least, was entirely defeated by the religious commotions that ensu'd on King
James's

James's accession to the throne : at which time the Earl took a resolution to pass the remainder of his life at *Rome*; telling his friends, it would be best to sit next to the chimney when the chamber smok'd. Amid these reflections he was seiz'd by the Gout; and being too impatient of pain, he permitted a bold *French* pretender to physic to apply a repelling medicine, in order to give him present relief; which drove the distemper into his bowels: and in a short time put a period to his life, in the year 1684. The moment in which he expir'd, he cry'd out, with a voice that express'd the most intense fervor of devotion,

My God, my Father, and my Friend,

Do not forsake me at my end!

He was bury'd with great funeral pomp in *Westminster Abbey*; but, his friends seem to have thought his own writings a more durable monument, than any they could erect to his memory. And in them we view the image of a mind that was naturally serious, and solid; richly furnish'd, and adorn'd, with all the ornaments of art, and science; and those ornaments unaffectedly dispos'd in the most regular, and elegant order. His imagination might have probably been more fruitful, and spritely, if his judgment had been less severe: but, that severity (deliver'd in a masculine, clear, succinct style,) contributed to make him so eminent in the didactical manner, that no man with justice can affirm he was ever equal'd by any of our own nation, without confessing at the same time that he is inferior to none. In some other kinds of writing his genius seems to have wanted fire to attain the point of perfection: but, who can attain it! *Mr. Waller* address'd this Poem to his Lordship, *Anno Ætatis. 75.*



||| *Ad Comitum Monumetensem, &c.*

This Copy of Latin verses I found prefix'd to the Earl of Monmouth's translation of Cardinal Bentivoglio's History of the Wars of Flanders: which having been publish'd in the year 1678, we may suppose that Mr. Waller wrote it Anno Ætat. 73.

* *On the Duke of Monmouth's expedition into Scotland, &c.*

The Scots intending to justify the barbarous murder of Archbishop Sharp by an open rebellion, made their general rendezvous at Boshwell-Bridge; where they found their numbers increas'd to about seventeen thousand men. King Charles having order'd the Duke of Monmouth to suppress this insurrection in its infancy; his Grace accordingly repair'd to Scotland with almost incredible expedition: and soon after his arrival, in one decisive action, routed, and dispers'd the rebels; who left about eight hundred slain, and twelve hundred prisoners, behind them. This battel having been fought on the 22d of June, 1679; we may conclude that Mr. Waller wrote these verses in the 74th year of his age.

+ *Wish sword as potent as his charming rod.*] See page lxxiii.

|| *Achilles' arms dazzle &c.*] Describ'd by Homer in the 18th book of the Ilias.

† * * * * *Our author brings*

His well-known pedigree from Kings.] The book to which this Poem is prefix'd was written by George Lord

||| Page 150. * Page 152. † Ibid. || Page 153.

‡ Page 154.

cxixviii *Observations on some of*

Berkeley; created Earl of *Berkeley* by King *Charles* the second. He was a person of strict virtue, and piety; and of such an undistinguishing affability to men of all ranks, and parties, that, I have been told, Mr. *Wycherley* strain'd his character into that of Lord *Plausible* in the *Plain Dealer*. The founder of this noble family is said to have been a younger son to one of the *Danish* Kings; who attended the Duke of *Normandy*, and settled in *England* after the Conquest.

* *To Mr. Creech on his translation of Lucretius.*

I have pass'd over the preceding Poem, because I am not perfectly convinc'd of its being genuine. But, I can with greater confidence assure the reader, that, since this edition was printed off, I have discover'd that these verses to Mr. *Creech* were written by a person still living; who, though he has convers'd familiarly with the best Poets of our nation for almost half a century, never profess'd himself a member of the faculty: his name, as well as the motive of his writing them, I am oblig'd to conceal. And farther, to shew that commendatory verses are not always the result either of judgment, or candor; but, sometimes of caprice, or particular views; I have equal reason to believe that the same person is author of that anonymous Poem, which is printed next after Mr. *Evelyn's*, before the same translation of *Lucretius*; which has hitherto been ascrib'd by some to Bishop *Sprat*, to Mr. *Dryden* by others.

* Page 156.



The

|| The Triple Combat.

In the year 1675 came over to the *English* Court the famous Duchess of *Mazarine*; who had formerly the greatest fortune of any Lady in *Europe*, and was judg'd to have as much merit, at least so far as wit, and beauty could extend, the two captivating qualities of her sex. She was once thought a fit match for the King himself, and so design'd, "by the Queen-mother *Henrietta Maria*, and "Cardinal *Mazarine*:" but now, with the loss of her fortune, and her reputation, and the final parting from her husband, she was forc'd to take refuge in the *English* Court: where she was for awhile set up as a rival to the Duchess of *Portsmouth*; and might probably have prov'd so, had not her amorous inclinations towards another been too soon discover'd to the King: who notwithstanding allow'd her a half-pension, four thousand pounds a year; and her house for many years became the rendezvous of all the men of wit, and quality; and the scene of all the news of the town; of gaming, curious and exquisite entertainments, and all manner of diversions. The reader may find a much fuller character of her in the works of *St. Evremont*, and *Abbot St. Real*; but, this relation from *Mr. Echard* is sufficient for the present occasion.

‡ *But, Portsmouth &c.*] An account is given us of this Lady by a late venerable writer, who seem'd to delight in stooping from his Episcopal character, to pick-up that kind of truth, with which other historians would not dirty their fingers. However, tho' he recorded the amours of *Nell Gwyn*, *Molly Davies*, and many other *filles de joie*; we are not to suppose that these were some of the many important occasions, in which, *he says*, he was trusted, and often employ'd: but, perhaps he conceiv'd my Lord *Bacon*'s simile to be no less solid, than it is witty;

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and

and thought such light stuff as the annals of love, might float long upon the current of Time; since a great part of *Polybius*, *Livy*, and other weighty *Greeks*, and *Romans*, is irrecoverably sunk in the gulf of oblivion. But, without guessing at his intentions, let us hear him.

This year, 1672, the King declar'd a new Mistress, and made her Duchess of *Portsmouth*. She had been Maid of Honour to *Madame*, the King's sister, and had come over with her to *Dover*: where the King had expressed such a regard to her, that the Duke of *Buckingham*, who hated the Duchess of *Cleveland*, intended to put her on the King. He told him that it was a decent piece of tenderness for his sister, to take care of some of her servants. So, she was the person the King easily consented to invite over. That Duke assur'd the King of *France*, that he could never reckon himself sure of the King, but by giving him a Mistress that should be true to his interests. It was soon agreed to. So, the Duke of *Buckingham* sent her with a part of his equipage to *Dieppe*; and said he would presently follow. But he, who was the most inconstant and forgetful of all men, never thought of her more; but, went to *England* by the way of *Calais*. So, *Montague*, then Ambassador at *Paris*, hearing of this, sent over for a yacht for her; and sent some of his servants to wait on her; and to defray her charge, 'till she was brought to *White-hall*. And then, Lord *Arlington* took care of her. So, the Duke of *Buckingham* lost the merit he might have pretended to; and brought over a Mistress, whom his own strange conduct threw into the hands of his enemies. The King was presently taken with her. She studied to please and observe him in every thing. So that he pass'd over the rest of his life in a great fondness for her. He kept her at a vast charge. And she, by many fits of sickness, some believed real, and others thought only pretended, gained of him every thing she desired. She stuck firm to the *French* interest, and was its chief support. The King divided him-

himself between her, and mistress Gwyn; and had no other avowed amour.

† For Little Britain *these, and those for Rome.*] The Duchess of *Portsmouth* was born in *Lower Bretagne*; in *France*; which, tho' it is a very large province, is usually call'd *Little Britain*, to distinguish it from our island. Her rival the Duchess of *Mazarine* was neece to the Cardinal-Minister of that name, and a native of *Italy*.

|| Yet, like the three on *Ida's top* &c.] See page xlii.

‡ The ruder combats in *Alsatia*.] The same year in which the Duchess of *Mazarine* came into *England* (immediately upon whose arrival I suppose Mr. *Waller* wrote this Poem, in the 70th year of his age,) the *French*, under the conduct of *Turenne*, committed intolerable devastations in *Alsace*: and compell'd the confederate *German* army to abandon the defense of it, and repass the *Rhine* with twenty thousand men; after they had lost very near double that number.

* Of an Elegy made by Mrs. Wharton &c.

She was the daughter, and co-heiress, of Sir *Henry Lee* of *Ditchley* in *Oxfordshire*; who having no son, left his estate to be divided between this Lady, and her sister the Countess of *Abingdon*; whose memory Mr. *Dryden* has celebrated in a funeral panegyric. She was the late Marquis of *Wharton's* first wife; and dy'd without issue. The Earl of *Rochester's* mother was aunt to her father Sir *Henry Lee*; for which reason Mr. *Waller* says they were ally'd both in genius, and in blood.

† Page 158.

|| Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

* Page 159.



† Upon our late loss of the Duke of Cambridge.

He was the Duke of York's first son by his second Lady, *Mary d'Este*; born the 7th of November 1677; and dy'd when he was about a month old.

|| Instructions to a Painter &c.

I have already observ'd (page cii.) that Mr. Waller imitated *Busenello's Venetian Triumph* in the address of this Poem: in which (as, indeed, in most of his Panegyrics,) he hath so closely confin'd himself to historical fact; and is so particular, and full, in describing the whole action, that very few passages will require any explanation. He wrote it *Anno Ætat. 60.*

‡ Make heav'n concern'd, and an unusual star &c.] It appear'd December 24, 1664.

* By the dark Pole the wary Belgian steers.] Upon breaking the peace with England, the States sent orders to *de Ruyter* to sail home with the *Smyrna*, and East-India ships, by the coast of Norway and Denmark: but, they narrowly escap'd being destroy'd, or taken, by our fleet, in the port of Berghen.

||| Our first success in war make Bæchus crown &c.] On the 15th of October 1664, Prince *Rupert*, with his squadron of sixteen men of war, came to Spithead; and in the beginning of November, the Duke of York, Lord High-Admiral of England, went down to Portsmouth; and joining with the Prince, and the Earl of Sandwich, took charge of the Fleet: and struck such terror upon the coasts of Holland, that *Opdam* was willing to lie still with his navy at the *Goree*: while the Dutch *Bourdeaux* fleet, homewards

† Page 160.

|| Page 161.

‡ Ibid. * Page 162.

||| Ibid.

wards bound with wine and brandy, fell most of them into the hands of the *English*; and (together with other laden ships, to the number of above a hundred and thirty.) were brought into the *English* ports; and condemn'd for lawful prizes by the Admiralty, tho' no war had been actually declar'd. This proceeding was thought to be more arbitrary than was allow'd by the Law of Nations; and yet, it must not be forgot that *de Ruyster* the *Dutch* Admiral, did, the same year, dispossess the *English* of their factories at *Cape Verd*, and the isle of *Gogée*; and committed other hostilities, while there was all the appearance of friendship and alliance.

Mr. Echard.

† *Those barb'rous pirates willingly receive*
Conditions &c.] In the same year, and month of *October*, Sir *Thomas Allen* concluded a peace with the *Algerines*: and afterwards in his return fell upon a *Dutch* squadron in the *Streights*, and brought home four prizes.

‡ *Th' illustrious Duchesse &c.*] See her character at page cxxxi.

|| *Our Hamburgh merchants are become their prey.*] The opening of the war happen'd in *May* 1665; when the Duke of *York* with several of the Nobility set sail with the royal fleet of *England*, consisting of a hundred and seven men of war, fourteen fire-ships &c. divided into three squadrons. The first, under the red flag, was commanded by the Duke himself, *Pen* and *Lawson*: the second, being the white squadron, was under the conduct of Prince *Rupert*, *Minns*, and *Sanfon*: and the third, which was the blue squadron, was commanded by the Earl of *Sandwich*, *Cuttins*, and Sir *George Ayscough*. With this formidable navy the Duke of *York* stood off the coasts of *Holland*, before the *Dutch* so much as appear'd: and coming before the *Texel*, he sent-in a squadron so near the shore and harbour,

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† Page 162.

‡ Page 163.

|| Page 164.

bour, that the inhabitants were in a great alarm and consternation; and erected beacons all along the sands from the *Texel* to the *Maeſe*, to give notice upon any attempt of landing. All this Daring of the *English* could not draw out the enemy's fleet; and therefore, after the taking many rich merchant-men in the mouth of their rivers and ports, and meeting with some tempestuous weather, the Duke set sail for the *English* coasts. The *Dutch* took that advantage and opportunity of coming out, with their whole fleet, divided into seven squadrons, amounting to a hundred and three men of war, eleven fire-ships, seven yachts, with tenders; and intercepted the *English* *Hamburgh*-fleet: who had sent to the Duke, lying before the *Texel*, for a convoy; which was dispatch'd to them: and bringing them along the *Holland* coasts when the Duke was sail'd away; and unhappily missing of a vessel which he had sent to meet them, and give them notice of his removal; they fell-in with a squadron of the *Dutch*, sent-out purposely to attend their coming; and were most of them taken. See Mr. *Echard's* History.

* *As dying tapers &c.*] Imitated from *Tasso*;

*Come face rinforza anzi l'estremo
Le fiamme, e luminosa esce di vita &c.*

As a hot brand flames most e'er forth it go'th,
And dying, blazeth bright on every side.

Fairfax.

† *The Roman fleets at Actium &c.*] The sea-fight near *Actium*, a promontory of *Epirus*, put a final period to the civil wars of *Rome*, by *Octavius's* obtaining a complete victory over *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*; about thirty years before the Christian *Æra* commenc'd. Which action having

* Page 164.

† Ibid.

establiſh'd *Augustus* in the quiet poſſeſſion of the whole empire, *Virgil* thought it ſo important, that he employ'd a God to figure it on his heroe's ſhield, in the concluſion of his eighth *Aeneid*; to which I refer the reader.

* *The great Achilles march'd not to the field &c.*] See *Homer's* eighteenth *Iliad*.

‡ *Againſt him firſt Opdam his ſquadron leads,*

Proud of his late ſucceſs againſt the Swedes.] *James* Lord *Opdam*, Baron of *Waſſenaer*, was of a noble, and very antient, extraction; who, while the adminiſtration of the common-wealth was in *de Wit's* charge, obtain'd the commiſſion of Admiral purely by the dint of military merit; being ſtrongly attach'd in his inclinations to the Houſe of *Orange*. In the year 1658, when the *States* join'd in the quarrel of *Denmark* againſt *Sweden*, he commanded their fleet in the *Sound*; where, at the very time that he was ſeverely afflicted with the gout, he engag'd and defeated the *Swedes*; while the two contending Kings ſtood, on the oppoſite ſhores, ſpectators of his bravery.

|| *So trembled Jacob*] *Gen.* chap. xxxvii.

† *But fell, like Phaeton &c.*] See the ſecond book of *Ovid's* *Metamorphoſes*. *Monſieur Neuville*, who wrote the ſupplement to *Grotius's* hiſtory of *Holland*, ſays, the *Dutch* affirm'd that an *Engliſh* gunner, employ'd by *Opdam* on board his own ſhip, deſignedly fir'd the powder-room: an action ſo much of the old *Roman* ſtrain, that I wonder *They* could either believe, or report it. The brave Admiral was bury'd in the new Church at *Delf*; where the *States* erected a magnificent tomb over his aſhes: round which many emblems of his great qualities are plac'd, in ſtatues, and tables of relievo; with a long *Latin* inſcription, which ſays, that in the 55th year of his age,

*Herculeo exemplo flammis viam ſibi ad Superos paratam
invenit :*

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againſt

* Page 165. ‡ Ibid. || Page 166. † Page 167.

cxlvi *Observations on some of*

against which no reasonable exception could have been made, if the monument had stood in a heathen temple.

|| *That, bears the radiant ensign of the day.*] Translated from *Lucretius* Book V.

*Propterea noctes hiberno tempore longa
Cessant, dum veniat radiatum insigne diei.*

‡ *Fierce, goodly, young ! Mars he resembles. &c.*] Imitated from the seventh *Iliad*, where *Homer* describes *Ajax* when he was going to engage with *Hector*:

*He moves to combat with majestic pace :
So stalks in arms the grizly God of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares ;
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.*

Mr. Pope.

* *Last, draw the Commons, at his royal feet
Pouring-out treasure, &c.*] By the confession of their own Historian, the *Dutch* in this engagement lost nineteen men of war, and had six thousand slain: above two thousand, with several officers, were brought prisoners into *England*. About three months after this glorious victory, the Parliament, by reason of the contagion that rag'd in *London*, assembled at *Oxford*; and voted a new supply of twelve hundred and fifty thousand pounds; to be rais'd by a proportionable addition to the monthly assessment, to begin at *Christmas* following. And likewise voted a month's farther assessment of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds; to commence from the expiration of the former assessment to be granted to his Majesty: with a desire to his Majesty, to dispose of it to his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*.

† So,

|| Page 167.

‡ Ibid.

* Page 170.

of Mr. WALLER's Poems. cxlvii

† So, Jove himself, when Typhon &c.] The *Cretans*, (whose national infincerity became a proverb, which is recorded in sacred writ,) affirm'd that *Jupiter* was not only a native of their island, but dy'd there: and at *Gnosus* they pretended to shew his sepulchre: which was employ'd by *Lactantius*, and other primitive Christians, to expose the stupidity of the heathen superstition. Even some of the pagan writers, and particularly *Callimachus*, have censur'd them for it.

* * * On *Ida's mount*,

Or *Dictæ*, studious of his country's praise,
The *Cretan* boasts thy natal place: but oft
He meets reproof deserv'd: for, he presumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st
To die, but liv'st the same to-day and ever.

Mr. Prior.

Typhon was one of the Giants, whose attempt against the skies hath already been mention'd, page lxxxvii. and xcvi. His enormous size struck the Gods with such a terror, that they fled, (even *Jupiter* himself,) and conceal'd themselves in *Egypt*. The reader will find a full account of him in the fifth book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

‡ His thunder mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.] Imitated from *Virgil's* description of thunder in the 8th *Æneid*:

*Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosa
Addiderant, rutuli tres ignis & alitis austri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.*

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more;
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame:
And Fears are added, and avenging flame.

Mr. Dryden.

|| Tasso.

† Page 171.

‡ Ibid.

|| Tasso knew how the fairer sex to grace &c.] When the Court was at *Windsor*, these verses were writ in the *Tasso* of her Royal Highness at Mr. *Waller's* request, by the late Duke of *Buckinghamshire*: and I very well remember to have heard his Grace say, that the Author employ'd the greatest part of a summer in composing, and correcting, them. So that however he is generally reputed the parent of those swarms of Insect-Wits who affect to be thought *easy writers*; it is evident that he bestow'd much time, and care, on his Poems, before he ventur'd them out of his hands. That *illaborata facilitas* which a great critic assigns for the distinguishing character of *Cicero's* prose, may with equal propriety be apply'd to Sir *George Etherege's* style in his Comedies, and to Mr. *Waller's* versification. I have already spoken of *Tasso*, page xxx, who paid a particular complement to her Royal Highness's family in the character of his favorite *Rinaldo*. She was the daughter of *Alphonso d'Este*, by his consort *Laura Margareta Mazarini Martinazzi*: and, as she is describ'd by the late Earl of *Peterborough*, in the bloom of her youth she rival'd the fancied charms of the Poet's *Armida*. "She was tall, and admirably shaped: her complexion was of the last fairness; her hair as black as jet; so were her eye-brows, and her eyes; but, the latter so full of light, and sweetness, as that they did dazzle, and charm too: there seemed given to them from nature sovereign power; power to kill, and power to save: and in the whole turn of her face, which was the most graceful that could be framed, there was all the features, all the beauty, and all that could be great, and charming, in any human creature!"

|| Page 175.



• of



* OF DIVINE LOVE.

THE divine Poems were the last of Mr. Waller's productions, most of them having been written when he was about eighty years old: in which, though there is not the same elevation, and fire, as in his earlier compositions,

*His setting sun still shoots a glimm'ring ray;
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay.* Mr. Dryden.

† Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon fall.] The history of Dagon falling prostrate before the Ark is recorded 1 Samuel, chap. v. This idol was of human shape to the waist; and downward resembled a fish; as the Tritons, and Nereids, are usually painted. Milton gives a full description of him in the first book of *Paradise Lost*.

* * * * Next, came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive Ark
Maim'd his brute image; head and hands lop'd off
In his own temple; on the groundsel edge;
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers;
Dagon his name: sea-monster! upward, man;
And downward, fish. Yet, had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus; dreaded thro' the coast
Of Palestine; in Gath; and Ascalon;
And Accaron; and Gaza's frontier-bounds.

The

* Page 177.

† Page 179.

The oracles of *Apollo* at *Delphi* were in great reputation. *Strabo* describes the place where they were deliver'd, to have been a deep grotto, from whence proceeded an exhalation that inspired the priestess with a divine fury. She was seated on a tripod over the opening of the cave; from whence in her ecstasies she pronounc'd the oracles, generally in verse: but, those which she spoke in prose were reduc'd into Numbers, by certain Poets who assisted at the shrine for that purpose.

The temple of *Jupiter Hammon* was situate in the deserts of *Libya*, about two hundred miles distant from *Egypt*. For, *Ham* the son of *Noah* (as the learned Dr. *Prideaux* observes.) being the first planter of *Egypt*, and *Libya*, after the flood, in the following idolatrous ages became the God of those countries: and in an island about five miles in circuit of firm land among those sandy deserts, had a temple erected in his honor. He was the same whom the *Greeks* call'd *Jupiter*; and the *Egyptians*, *Ammon*; which in succeeding ages were join'd together; being worship'd under the denomination of *Jupiter Hammon*.

¶ As late philosophy our globe has grac'd &c.] See page lxi.

‡ * * * bold *Epicurus* taught

That his blest Gods vouchsafe us not a thought.] His doctrine is thus summ'd-up by his great admirer *Lucretius*, lib. I:

*Omnis enim per se Divum natura necesse est
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur;
Semota ab nostris rebus, sejunctaque longè:
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.*

The

The Gods, by right of nature, must possess
 An everlasting age of perfect peace :
 Far off remov'd from us, and our affairs,
 Neither approach'd by dangers, or by cares :
 Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add ;
 Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

E. of Rochester.

** Religion thus remov'd &c.] *Utiles autem esse has opiniones quis neget, cum intellegat quàm multa firmentur jurejurando ? quanta saluti sint foederum religiones ? quàm multos divini supplicii metus à scelere revocavit ? quàmque sancta sit societas civium inter ipsos, Dis immortalibus interpositis, tum iudiciis, tum testibus ?* Cicero de Leg. lib. 2.

*† This mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul ;
 Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all.] The former of the passages here refer'd-to is in *Exodus* xxxii. 32. the other is in the *Epistle to the Romans* chap. ix. 3. Both which Texts Mr. Waller seems to have understood too rigorously, according to the letter of our *English* translation. For, both the Prophet and Apostle express'd only the most fervent zeal, to lay down their lives for the glory of God, and the service of his people: the most exalted strain of piety that mere humanity is capable of attaining ! But, in our version, these noble sentiments (especially that of St. Paul) are made to resemble the unintelligible raptures of a modern enthusiast.

† Love, what *Isaiah* prophes'y'd &c.] Chapter xl. ver. 4.

|| As *Saul's* afflicted spirit &c.] 1 *Sam.* xvi. 23.

‡ The world's great conqu'ror &c.] See page cxii.

* Like that sweet oil &c.] Some account has already been given of Mrs. Wharton at page cxli: the passage here refer'd-to is in the thirtieth Chapter of *Exodus*.

For,

** Page 180.

*† Page 181.

† Page 187.

|| Page 188.

‡ Page 190.

* Page 195.

† For, as that angel up to heav'n did rise &c.] See *Judges*, chap. xiii.

* He that did first this way of writing grace &c.] *Exodus*, chap. xxxiii.

|| Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And swell'd so high by her old Kishon taught.] See the
fifth chapter of *Judges*; and the twenty first *Iliad*.

* * The rising light employ'd &c.] See *St. Luke's Gospel*, chap. i.

‡ As Hannah's seed was vow'd &c.] *1 Sam.* chap. i. vers.
28.

† Page 195.

* Page 196.

|| Page 197.

* * Page 198.

‡ Ibid.



EPIGRAMS,



EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

* Under a Lady's picture.

SUCH Helen was! &c.] *Ampelius* speaks of a picture of *Helen* that was painted in Fresco at *Ambracia*: which being recorded in his chapter of the wonders of the world, I suppose was esteem'd an original. If the counterfeit *Dares*, and *Cedrenus*, had seen that portrait, or even *Helen* herself, they could not have been more perfectly skill'd in her particular features, than they affect to be thought in the descriptions they have left us of her person. They tell us that her hair was of a pale yellow, long, and full; her complexion, extremely fair; her mouth, small; her eyes, large, and majestic, having a little mole betwixt her eye-brows; her breast, and shape, exact and delicate: and that she was of a temper most engagingly sweet, without the least affectation. *Constantine Manasses* describes her much in the same manner; and when he comes to speak of her neck (in which he seems to have taken his model from *Lucian*.) he gives a better turn to the fable of *Jupiter's* amour with *Leda*, than I remember to have found in any other writer.

Her ivory neck was taper'd lovely long;
Whence antient bards recite in mystick song,
How from a swan the fatal Beauty sprung.

3

After all, these descriptions give us but a faint-idea of her charms, when compar'd with *Homer's* account what effect they had on *Priam*, and his old counsellors, in the third *Iliad*.

They

*They cry'd, No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms:
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a Goddess! * * **

Mr. Pope.

As to Mr. Waller's epigram, I can much easier agree with the author of one of the *Tatlers*, that every woman thinks herself describ'd in the two first verses, than that they are a piece of false wit: and I believe all the admirers of *Horace*, a numerous party! will support me in dissenting from his criticism. † This expression,

** * * Non pulchrior ignis,
Accendit obfessam Ilion,*

has hitherto never been accus'd of impropriety; and I think it is particularly commended by *Dacier*: whose country-man *de la Fosse* approv'd so well of the whole six lines in Mr. Waller, as to change them into a madrigal, and print them for his own. Yet, shall we arraign him of wit-felony? or commend the perfect knowledge he had of the genius of the *French* nation? which wou'd never have allow'd the verses to have been polite, if he had honestly confess'd that they were imported from *England*.

*Telle fut celle dont les charmes
Mirent toute la Grece en armes!
Trop heureux le Berger qui fut son favori!
Mais, si la belle Grecque eût eu cet air modeste,
Paris à sa patrie eût été moins funeste;
Le respect l'eût fait taire, & lui seul eût péri.*

† Epod. xiv.



† Epi-

† Epigram upon the Golden Medal.

The title of this epigram is so concise, that it renders the conclusion of it almost as obscure as any passage in *Persius* or *Lycophron*. I am very diffident in advancing a conjecture so much in the dark: yet, for once I will venture; in hope that since it is offer'd with caution, it will be rejected with candor, if it is not approv'd. *Rosi*, the celebrated graver to King *Charles II*, was so passionate an admirer of the beautiful *Mrs. Stuart*, (afterwards Duchess of *Richmond*.) that on the reverse of the best of our coin he delineated the face of *Britannia* from her picture: And in some Medals, where he had more room to display both his art and affection, the similitude of features is said to have been so exact, that every one who knew her Grace, at the first view could discover who sat for *Britannia*. This epigram therefore complements the Duchess, upon her virtue being impregnable, and superior to temptation: in which sense, whatever effect it may have upon our faith, it is reconcil'd to our understanding. And, if I may be indulg'd in carrying my conjecture a little farther, I fancy these verses were compos'd, soon after *Rosi* had stamp'd that Medal which is added at the end of these Observations, Fig. VI; the date of which is coincident with the sixtieth year of Mr. Waller's age. For the story of *Danae* see page xcvi.

* Not the brave Macedonian youth alone;

But base *Caligula* &c.] *Alexander's* vanity in desiring to be thought the son of *Jupiter*; and his artifice to gain that title from his priest at the temple of *Ammon*; are related by several writers; and too well known to be farther enlarg'd upon. But a pretense to divinity was still more insupportable in that monster *Caligula*, whose gross immoralities had debas'd him beneath the rank of rational creatures:

† Page 203.

* Page 207.

tures: yet, he boasted of his gallantries with the *Moon*, (who seems indeed to have been the mistress of his brain,) and order'd the heads of several Deities to be taken away, and plac'd his own upon their statues. To consummate his impious folly, he had his effigies cast in gold, clad with the habit and ensigns of *Jupiter*; which he intended to fix in the Sanctuary of the temple at *Jerusalem*: but, he was murther'd before he had completed that horrid profanation.

† *The Syrian King &c.*] See *Daniel*, chap. iv.

|| *Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendish.*

This gallant Gentleman was a younger son of *William* Earl of *Devonshire*; and brother to that beautiful, and every way excellent Lady *Rich*, who hath already been mention'd, pag. lxxv. His genius led him equally to excel in letters and in arms: but, the course of his studies (in which the mathematics engag'd his principal attention.) being interrupted by the Rebellion, he was among the first who drew their swords in the Crown's defense: and after many signal services perform'd for the King in the north, he was slain at *Gainsborow* 1643, in the twenty third year of his age. *Cromwell*, who commanded that party of rebels by which he was defeated, in a Letter to the Committee of Association then sitting at *Cambridge*, says, " my Captain Lieutenant slew him with a thrust under the " short ribs:" which may very well consist with another account, which informs us that he was murther'd in cold blood, after quarter had been offer'd, and he had accepted it. His body was then deposited at *Newark*; but remov'd, and bury'd with his mother's at *Derby*, in the year 1674.

Early

† Page 207. || Page 209.

* *Early abroad he did the world survey &c.*] The memoirs of the family of *Cavendish* inform us, that after this Gentleman had made the tour of *France* and *Italy*, he embark'd at *Venice* for *Constantinople*; and, after a long circuit by land thro' *Natolia*, sail'd to *Alexandria*; thence to *Cairo*: visit'd *Malta* in his course to *Spain*; and from *Spain* returning to *Paris*, he arriv'd in *England* about the end of *May*, in the year 1641.

† *Epitaph on the Lady Sedley.*

She was *Elizabeth*, only daughter of the learned Sir *Henry Savil*, Provost of *Eaton College*; and wife to Sir *John Sedley*, a *Kentish* Baronet; by whom she was mother of that Sir *Charles*, who so fairly distinguish'd himself amongst the politest Wits in the Court of King *Charles* the second.

|| *Epitaph to be written under the Latin inscription, &c.*

Charles Howard, Lord Viscount *Andover*, was eldest son to *Thomas* Earl of *Berkshire*; whose child, for whom this Epitaph was intended, lies interr'd in *New-Elm Church*, in the County of *Oxford*: from whence I have receiv'd the *Latin* inscription refer'd-to in the title; which is such a wretched composition, and the chisel has mangled it so much in the pointing, and spelling, that I can make no other use of it, but only to discover by this noble youth's having dy'd in the year 1641, that Mr. *Waller* seems to have written these verses before he was banish'd, and probably in the thirty seventh year of his age.

* Page 209.

† Page 210.

|| Page 211.

The

* *The Maid's Tragedy* alter'd.

I have nothing to add to what has already been said of these alterations, in the Preface to the second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems, page 291: but, shall only observe, that Langbaine mistook in affirming that King Charles II. would not suffer the Play to appear on the Stage: for, I have been assur'd by my friend Mr. Southorne, that in the latter end of that reign he has seen it acted at the Theatre Royal, as it was originally written by Fletcher; but, never with Mr. Waller's alterations.

† *The first Act of the Tragedy of Pompey,*

This translation from Corneille I found appropriated to Mr. Waller, in a Letter which was communicated to me by my honor'd friend Sir Clement Cottrel, Master of the Ceremonies: it was written to his Grandfather by Mrs. Philips, the celebrated Orinda; and contains the following criticism on our Author's performance, and her opinion of the whole. * * * "I must then tell you, that Mr. Waller's own Act is not free, in my opinion, from just exceptions. The word Roman blade choques me very much; his frequent double rhymes in an heroic Poem; his calling Pompey a Consul, when that was not in the original, or the history; (both the Consuls being with him at Pharsalia.) Pharsalian kites, for, *les vautours de Pharsale*. I cannot relish his *Englishting*, *le dernier preuve de leur amitié*, their new friendship: and many additions, and omissions of the Author's sense." * * * "I think

“ a translation ought not to be used, as Musicians do a
 “ Ground, with all the liberty of descant; but, as Pain-
 “ ters when they copy. And the rule that I under-
 “ stood of translation, ’till these Gentlemen inform’d me
 “ better, was, to write so *Corneille’s* sense, as it is to
 “ be suppos’d *Corneille* would have done if he had been
 “ an *Englishman*: not confin’d to his lines, nor his num-
 “ bers, (unless we can do it happily.) but always to
 “ his meaning: or, to say all, to translate as *the Tem-
 “ ple of Death* † is translated: where the original appears
 “ in its own true undisfigur’d proportion; and yet beau-
 “ tify’d with all the riches of another tongue. But, af-
 “ ter all this, let me assure you, that what I have said
 “ of these Gentlemen’s translation, is to engage you to
 “ tell me your opinion, rather than to speak mine:
 “ which yet is, that all together it is an excellent
 “ piece, and done with great spirit, and happiness: and
 “ whosoever shall attack it, must shew themselves either
 “ very envious, or idle.” ***

And thus I have endeavour’d to discharge the debt of
 gratitude which I ow’d to Mr. *Waller’s* memory, for
 the pleasure I have receiv’d in reading his Poems; by
 attempting to restore the text to its original purity; and
 adding such illustrations as some of them very much
 wanted. They are extended, I confess, to a much greater
 length than I design’d: yet, I am very sensible that
 many defects are remaining; which I shall be glad to
 see supply’d, as I wish the whole had been undertaken,
 by some abler hand; having a far stronger inclination to
 please and improve myself with the writings of others,
 than to trouble the world with my own.

† By Sir Charles Cotterel; which I have read in manu-
 script; it never was printed.

SPEECHES,



SPEECHES, LETTERS, &c.

HIS SPEECHES, which stand next in order to be consider'd, shew Mr. Waller to have been so absolute a master of eloquence, that if he had liv'd in the days of *Demosthenes*, or *Tully*, his compositions of that kind might have born the test of their judgments; and their Pleadings would have receiv'd honor from his approbation. "He was, says the Earl of *Clarendon*, a man very powerful in language; and who, by what he spoke, and in the manner of speaking it, exceedingly captivated the good will and benevolence of his hearers; which is the highest part of an Orator." This admirable talent he had frequent opportunities of exercising in the House of Commons; of which I believe he was a Member from the time of his leaving *Cambridge*, in the reign of King *James the First*; to the end of that Parliament which was dissolv'd in the year 1678: in which long tract of time he doubtless made many Speeches; of which posterity has the greater reason to regret the loss, by taking an estimate of their value from the excellence of what are remaining. The title prefix'd to each of them informs us of the time, and occasion, of their being spoken: but, it will not be superfluous to give a short account of the person whose Impeachment is the subject of the †second: in which, tho' Mr. Waller observes great decency in language, the prosecution of his uncle *Hambden* seems to have sower'd the natural sweetness of his temper.

Sir,

Sir Francis Crawley was born at Lutton in Bedfordshire April 6th 1584, being the day on which the famous lawyer Blonden dy'd in London: which circumstance is said to have determin'd his father to train him up for the Bar. L'loyd the biographer affirms, that he did not only laugh (like Zoroastres.) immediately after his birth; but likewise, the very moment in which he expir'd. Having completed his studies in the University, he was remov'd to Gray's Inn; where both his parts, and integrity, soon render'd him very eminent in the study, and practise, of the Law. When he was very young he receiv'd a Writ to be a Serjeant, from King James the first: and in the reign of his successor, upon the death of Sir Francis Harvey, was promoted to be one of the Justices in the Court of Common Pleas: where he sat when he was impeach'd by the turbulent faction: who by silencing him, and the other oracles of the Law, design'd to intimidate the rest of his Majesty's council; that they might not deliver their opinions with that unanimity, firmness, and freedom, which would have retriev'd His interests, and prov'd destructive to their own: but, Sir Francis and all his brethren escap'd, without having any pains, or penalties, inflicted on their persons.

Being heated in this rhetorical contest, Mr. Waller seems to have resign'd himself implicitly to the conduct of that artful Demagogue, who (as †Cicero says of Catiline.) "had a head to contrive, and a tongue to persuade, and "a hand to execute, any mischief:" which, by a very pardonable slip of his memory, the Noble Historian mistook for the character of Cinna. And thus, for about three years, having concurr'd with the faction in many violent conclusions, he had gain'd their confidence so far, as to be nam'd one of the Commissioners to wait on the King at Oxford with a Libel; which They call'd Propositions

X
† Erat ei consilium ad facinus aptum; consilio autem neque lingua, neque manus, deerat. Orat. 3. in Catil.

tions for a Peace. They were receiv'd in the garden at *Christ Church*; where, by right of precedence due to the birth, and quality, of his Fellow-Commissioners, Mr. *Waller* was the last: to whom, when he was kneeling to kiss his hand, his Majesty was pleas'd to say, "*Tho' you are the last, yet you are not the worst: nor the least in my favor.*" I am verily persuaded that the compunction of soul which he receiv'd from this affectionate reproof, prevail'd so far over the diffidence, and caution, of his nature, as to make him engage in that confederacy, which prov'd so calamitous to himself! so fatal to some of his friends, and associates! and occasion'd * the last of his Speeches; "to which he as much ow'd the keeping his head, as *Catiline* did the loss of his to those of *Tully*." The subject is too unpleasant to be longer enlarg'd upon; of which the reader will find an ample relation in the seventh book of the Earl of *Clarendon's* history of the rebellion. And tho' his Lordship has hitherto been censur'd by some, for having industriously represented Mr. *Waller's* behaviour on that occasion in too disadvantageous a light; his impartiality, I presume, will in some measure be vindicated by our Author's † Letter to the Earl of *Portland*, which was never printed before. I was favor'd with an authentic copy of it by the Reverend Dr. *Tanner* Chancellor of *Norwich*; in whose possession at present the original manuscript is preserv'd. || The Letter after that which is address'd to my Lady *Lucy Sidney*, (who hath already been mention'd in these Observations, page lxxii) was prefix'd to that collection of his Poems which was printed during his exile: I never met with any tradition to what Lady it was originally directed; but, it appears not to have been design'd for a public Dedication. ‡ The Preface which has found a place in every edition since the year 1664, is preserv'd in this; because I believe it was either written by our Author, or his immediate direction: and by the mention of his

* Page 275. † Page 280. || Page 281. ‡ Page 285.

his sufferings for the royal cause, it seems design'd for a modest Memorial, preparatory to his standing candidate for the Provostship of *Eaton* College ; as he did, soon after it was publish'd : in which competition Dr. *Allestry* prevail'd. But, this edition would have appear'd extremely defective, if the other * Preface had been omitted ; which is generally known to have been written by a person, whose fine genius, and consummate learning, have long render'd him one of the brightest ornaments of our age : and tho' it was a casual essay, compos'd in his youth ; it is too finish'd a masterpiece for me to have expected either pardon, or praise, had I attempted another dissertation.

* Page 287.

F I N I S.





II



III



IV



V



VI

